

Esquire

AUTUMN

• **THE QUARTERLY FOR MEN**



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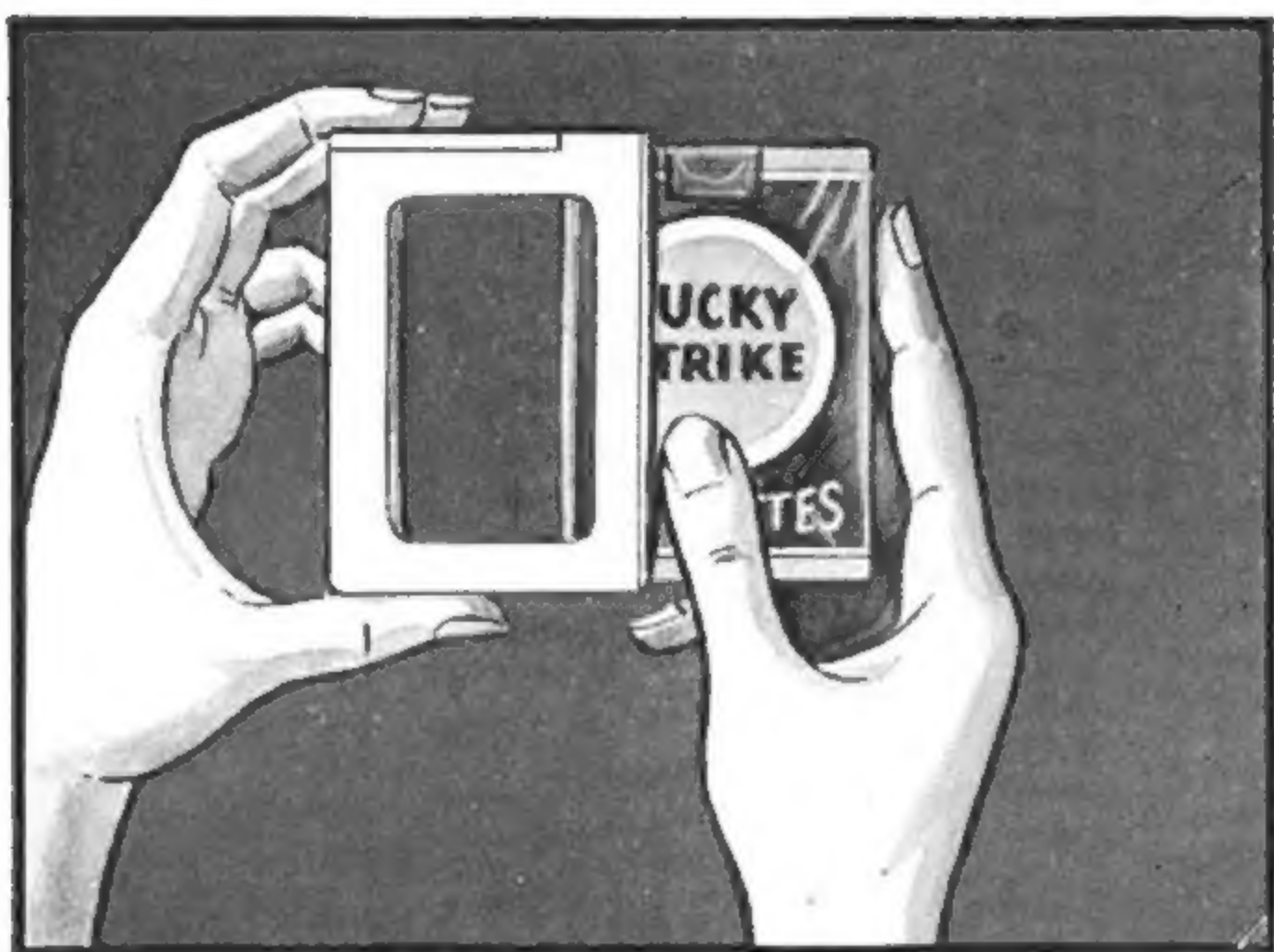
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ESQUIRE
OCTOBER 15, 1933

ESQUIRE is published quarterly by the Esquire Publishing Company, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entry as second class matter applied for at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Advertising offices, 40 East 34th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, \$1.50 a year in advance; in Canada, \$1.00 a year extra postage.

Vol. I No. I
Whole No. I

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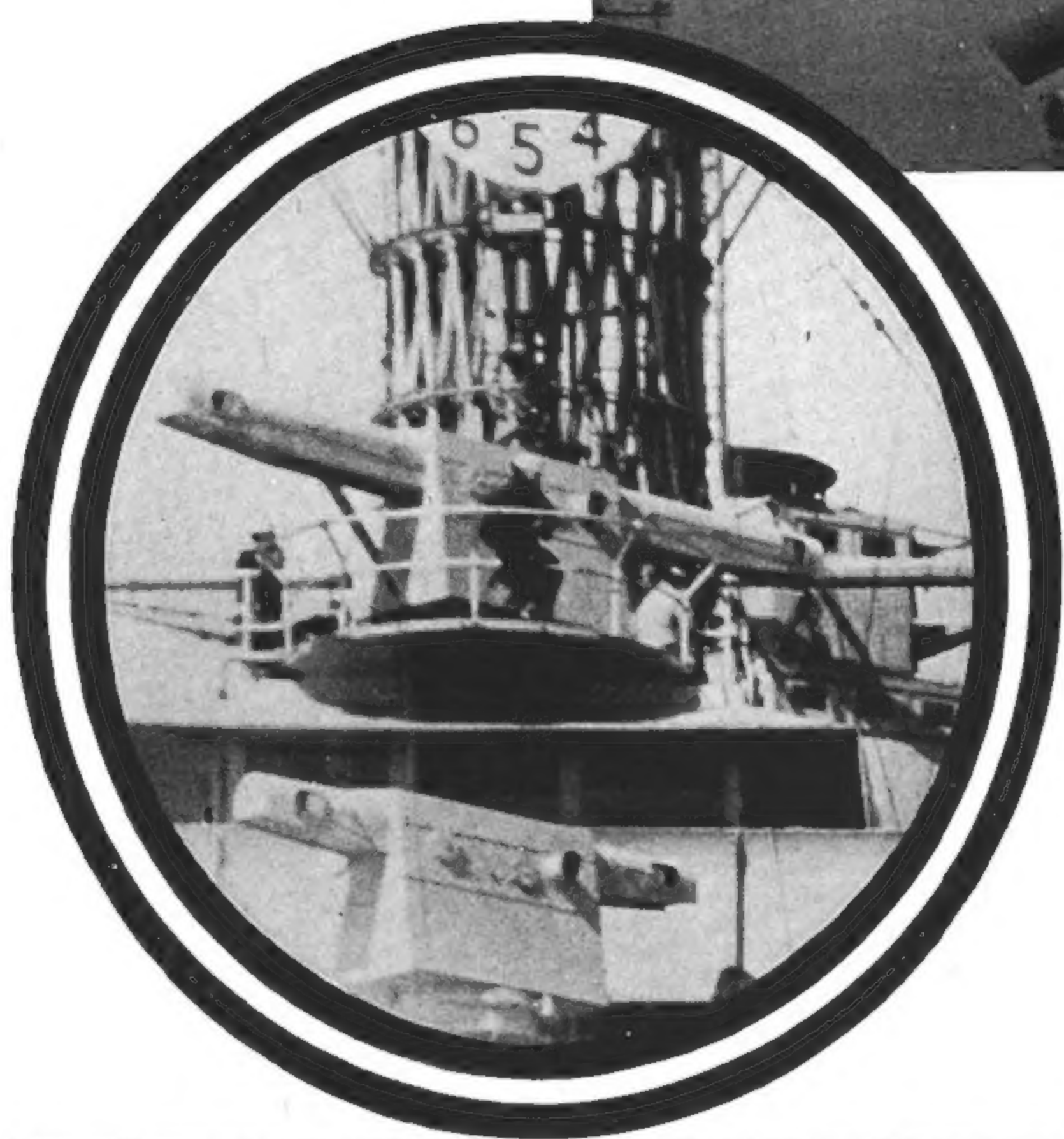
A coat of excellent cut, with pleasant, casual lines. A single-breasted model with fly front and raglan shoulders. Popular for its fashionable color, its good style, its comfort and its protection. Ask for *Shelters* made by the United States Rubber Company.



"Shelters", identified by this label, include lightweights, gabardines, reversibles and wool flannels in many popular styles. All genuinely waterproof.



Bettini



*Sanforizing is to cloth finishing
what range finding is to gunnery*

Big guns are trained on invisible targets. Instruments, rather than eyesight, must find the range and determine the direction that the giant projectile is to take. Without precision range finders, hitting the target is all a matter of luck. With them, it is an exact science.

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Washable garments made from cotton and linen fabrics Sanforized-shrunk keep their place and stay "put" in the style, in the fit and in the value as originally inbuilt in them by their makers.

For Sanforizing is the controlled mechanical process that shrinks washable fabrics completely, permanently and uniformly.

Nearly every kind of washable apparel . . . slacks, suits for sports and business wear, shirts, shorts, pajamas, work clothes . . . is now available in fabrics *Sanforized-shrunk*.

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Do not be misled into believing that Pre-shrunk is Sanforized-shrunk. There's a vast difference. Pre-shrunk may mean only partially shrunk—Sanforized-shrunk is positive and complete—guarantees permanent fit. For your protection, buy washables identified by the words

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SANFORIZED PROCESS OF CONTROLLED SHRINKAGE—Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Patentee, 40 Worth Street, New York City

FIRST Puff ENJOYMENT



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*

Lektrolite has made a social debut in the pockets and homes of smart New Yorkers who abhor caloused finger tips, blisters, and dickering with lighter mechanics. Really, old fashioned "lighters" are so passé!

*

Gift giving is a keen delight when you can give the unusual. 1933's perfect gift for the Birthday, favors, bridge prizes and what have you, is a Lektrolite. Incidentally, why not give yourself one? After all, you're your own best friend!

*

If all the "lighters" hidden in thirty million desk drawers were laid end to end...they'd reach the heights of ridiculousness. But seriously, you can trade in your old "lighter" toward a 1933 stream line Lektrolite. Rolls Royce does it, why can't we?



Lektrolites come in a wide range of models, from the simple and workmanlike, yet handsome, plain ones at as little as \$5 to the tremendously impressive ones, executed in costly materials with the ultimate of craftsmanship, at as much as \$300. Of course, they all light the same—which means, the first time, with no fuss, no muss, no mental hazard.

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Lektrolites are modernly conceived in fashionable enamels and smart metals including silver, gold and platinum. If you want real swank, you can have your initials or club insignia engraved on a Lektrolite at slight additional cost. Remember, we will trade in your old "lighter" and if your dealer doesn't carry Lektrolite, use this convenient coupon.

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Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire

THE QUARTERLY FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
W. H. WEINTRAUB

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As for General Content ESQUIRE aims to become the common denominator of masculine interests—to be all things to all men. This is difficult to accomplish, all at a crack, and we would be foolish to expect to work out the formula down to the last little detail, in a first issue. One of the things that are needed, for the ultimate shaping of this magazine into what will be its final form, is a frank reaction from the readers. We won't know how to please you in future issues unless and until you tell us what you think of the way we started out. The one test that has been applied to every feature that is in this first issue has been simply and solely: "Is it interesting to men?" How often were we wrong? Come on, let's have it—we're leading with the chin.

As for Physical Format In page layouts, typographic dress, and general make-up we have tried to allow this magazine to take on an easy natural masculine character—to endow it, as it were, with a baritone voice. It would have been easier, to be frank, to follow the much fancier handling that characterizes so many of the general magazines, that are calculated to captivate the woman reader, but we thought you'd welcome a change from that, so we have consciously tried to avoid all fuss and feathers, in dishing up this magazine's contents. Maybe in this matter, too, you can help us with suggestions. Is it easy to read? Do you like the page size? Enough pictures? Got any ideas?

As for the Color Pages Once we picked up an issue of one of the humor magazines containing a full page cartoon in color. We forget which one it was, or we'd be pleased to credit it, but anyway, turning to that colored cartoon was like coming upon the proverbial diamond in a coal heap. That accounts for the fact that so many of our color pages are devoted to cartoons. The use of color gives us a chance, also, to give the humorous drawings a variety of treatments that would not otherwise be possible. Some of them, we think, come very close to that ideal state of being classifiable, with equal applicability, under the heading of art as well as humor.

A Word to the Contributor We have known editorial staffs in which it seemed to be a matter of pride that a bevy of assistants made such a formidable barrier that only a thin trickle of favored contributions ever penetrated to the inner editorial sanctum. We take an especial joy in applying reverse English to any such high hat policy, and herewith solemnly promise that, at least as long as ESQUIRE remains a quarterly, every contribution will get the attention of the editor and one of the publishers. This will also serve to explain why we may take an ungodly long time in returning scripts and drawings. All contributions should be addressed to the Chicago office, 919 North Michigan Avenue.

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JOHN GROTH, Art Director

The use of any person's name in any fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of ESQUIRE. It is never done knowingly.

A Magazine for Men Only It is our belief, in offering ESQUIRE to the American male, that we are only getting around at last to a job that should have been done a long time ago—that of giving the masculine reader a break. The general magazines, in the mad scramble to increase the woman readership that seems to be so highly prized by national advertisers, have bent over backward in catering to the special interests and tastes of the feminine audience. This has reached a point, in some of the more extreme instances, where the male reader, in looking through what purports to be a general magazine, is made to feel like an intruder upon gynaeceic mysteries. Occasionally, features are included for his special attention, but somewhat after the manner in which scraps are tossed to the patient dog beneath the table.

As for Selling The Old Man What we can't figure, for the life of us, is why woman-readership should be valued so highly as to make a step-child out of the interests of male readers. This is one magazine that is going to try to be general, but is determined to stay masculine. "Selling the wife" is an important job, but certainly not one that has ever suffered for the lack of help from us. We can think of a selling job, however, that has been sadly neglected, and that is the one of insurance against the destruction, all too frequent, of sales arguments that have been received by the little woman with a glow of approval, at the first skeptical grunt from the old man.

As for the Fashion Features ESQUIRE aims to be, among other things, a fashion guide for men. But it never intends to become, by any possible stretch of the imagination, a primer for fops. We have been studying men, and men's clothes, for many years, and we have come to the conclusion that the average American male has too much inherent horse sense to be bothered very much by a lot of dress rules that nobody but a gigolo could possibly find either time or inclination to observe. On the other hand, we feel that men have long since ceased to believe that there is anything effeminate or essentially unbusinesslike about devoting a little care and thought and study to the selection of clothes.

As for the Future Issues The launching of this magazine is an ambitious job, and already we have heard the wailing of countless Cassandra's. "Why so many color pages—why so many features—how do you think you'll ever keep it up?" Well, a definite answer to the doubting Thomases is in preparation, in the shape of our second issue, which will be out December 1st. There we intend to show, not by promises but by performance, that the standard established by the first issue of ESQUIRE is meant to be a low mark rather than a high one, and that it will be not merely equaled but surpassed, in every issue from here out. For further details on this intriguing subject, and for a partial intimation of what is in store, see page 104.



*Impressions mean **so** much...*

Pictured here, out of an artist's imagination, is a fine American business office. Sumptuous and inviting as it is, however, there is nothing unusual about it—for hundreds of American business men occupy offices that are equally impressive. . . . They do not sit in offices like these out of any personal vanity, or because such fine surroundings are considered essential to their work. They simply know that the dignity of the businesses they represent cannot properly be upheld in an ordinary, routine office setting. . . . And, for identical

reasons, a goodly portion of America's business leaders are never seen riding in other than Cadillac cars. For they know full well that, of all those material possessions which bespeak a man's place in the general life of his community, none is more instantly recognized than his automobile.



Cadillac

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

THIS department is pleased to inaugurate itself with the following charming testimonial to its usefulness, which is served up without garnishment fresh, yea, even steaming, as it arrived from the Village abode of **Robert Buckner**:

"I understand that you cannot close your forms without one of mine, the which is herewith enclosed, in graphic detail.



ROBERT BUCKNER

"In case you might wish to further embroider your page of contributors with those fascinating little homey details which make the authors seem more like pals than mere lovers, I am appending a gripping (one p, please) paragraph, in its way a gem of understatement, which may make the name R. H. Buckner less of an awesome, god-like force, and more human, understandable to the masses. So saying:

"I am a Virginian, played football at the University, to the anguish of my friends and the delight of my enemies. Studied medicine at Edinburgh, and am a minor authority on Scotch. Have worked, not always respectfully, as newspaper reporter, manager of a Belgian hotel, guide to Waterloo, courier, interpreter, tennis pro, salesman, ghost writer, publicity man and advertising manager of various publishing houses. Am the first American to make a living writing English stories for English magazines, including a love-problem department for working girls under the nom-de-passion of Luella Lee. My favorite poet is O. Nash, because of the panache; my favorite spot, Hetch Hetchy, Calif., because of the timbre. I love birds, children, rainbows, and oh so many things. Am presently engaged on the long-awaited Great American Novel, to be called, *Maizie, the Patrolman's Sweetie: or, His Beat-Route Sugar*.

"There, I think that will do the trick. The accompanying photo conveys something of the rugged individualism of Buckner the man and artist, and may indicate the solid foundation of his prose style. 'No mean pebble. Indeed, what a boulder!'—*London Needlework Weekly*. 'He'll bear watching'.—*Scotland Yard News*."

We were going to tell you something about Mr. Buckner as a "discovery" of ours, but now that he's practically famous, we are relieved of that necessity. Anyway, if you like *Stonewall and Ivy*, in this issue—and if you don't we're through with you, which would, in that case, make it mutual, not to say unanimous—then wait 'til you see *Little Augie and the Davis Cup*, in the next issue. There's a story. What panache and what timbre!

Esquire's Own News Revue, which appears on the opposite page, is the

work of **Nat Karson**, a young artist whose pedigree contains that familiar formula, "by New York out of Chicago." If you know your Chicago art world, you know that first success, as it comes to Chicago artists, is usually computed as the accumulation of sufficient funds for the purchase of a ticket to New York. Lasting success means being able to return to the old town on the Lakefront without having to resort to the hitchhike route. Well, Nat Karson's been a big success—he maintains studios in both places, and rides the train, with a ticket, back and forth between them.

Here is a key, not that you need it, to the News Revue: Upper left, with saluting hand between the flaming uprights of the word July, General Italo Balbo, with World's Fair crowds before him and World's Fair buildings to his left. At his right, George Bernard Shaw, celebrating his 77th birthday. Lower left, Wiley Post, with part of the crowds that greeted him—perhaps the part that still remember him, such is the transient fame of flyers. Just above, Ramsey MacDonald, with the remains of the Disarmament—or was it the Arms?—Conference. Next below, Mussolini in radio salute to Balbo. Next above, Hitler and the Bayreuth Festival under the Nazis. Center, F. D. himself and the Blue Eagle. Upper right, the Recovery that started—and that's still the right word—in August. Right center, Irving Berlin writes a new show. Next below, the polo without which September could hardly be considered official. Next below, Primo Carnera upon whom, how suddenly, "assurance sits as a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire." Next below, Farley lines up another couple of Southern states for Repeal. Lower right, New Yorkers duly and dutifully begin what the majority of the critics will call, for the fifth or maybe tenth successive year, the worst theatrical season in history.

We forgot something? The fellow at top center? Why, that's **ESQUIRE**—about a tenth as large as life and twice as natural.



NAT KARSON

John Groth, whose work is featured on so many of our pages, is the Art Director of **ESQUIRE**. A restless experimenter with media, he has brought to the captioned humorous drawing a variety of treatment that it has never been accorded before, at least in general magazines. One of the most interesting and least familiar of these treatments is the monotype, examples of which are to be found on pages 52 and 106. The evolution of a monotype is as follows. First the drawing is made in plain line. Then a glass plate is laid over it. Following the outlines of the pen drawing, which show clearly through the glass plate, the drawing

is done over again, in oils, direct on the glass. A plain piece of drawing paper is then laid on the glass, and its back is run over by a hand roller. The resultant impression, made upon the drawing paper by contact with the wet surface of the oil paints on the glass, is a monotype, and constitutes the finished drawing that is reproduced in our pages.



JOHN GROTH

Mr. Groth is a young Chicagoan whose work has only recently begun to attract national attention. One-man shows have been given him, this month, in Milwaukee and in Washington, the latter in the National Gallery. For one so young (he is still under twenty-five) his technical skill and mastery of media is remarkable. We predict that he will go far on the long road that lies ahead of him.

Ernest Hemingway is in Spain. His newest book, a volume of short stories, is called *Winner Take Nothing*. As this is written before the book's appearance, we cannot list all the stories, but we can tell you that it contains at least one story, *Sea-Change*, that stacks up with the finest he has ever done.

For those of you who have waistlines, we wish that Mr. Hemingway had included, in his account of marlin fishing, the fact that he lost 26 pounds during the three months he spent fishing the Cuban Coast.

Manuel Komroff's newest book is *I, the Tiger*. We can heartily recommend it. Mr. Komroff is the author of *The Grace of Lambs*, *Juggler's Kiss*, *Coronet*, and *A New York Tempest*. He lives in New York but is in Hollywood at present. From there he writes: "out here they are innocent in everything but sex."

John Dos Passos is in Spain with his good friend Ernest Hemingway, having gone there after a summer spent at Antibes. Before returning to America, he will do the illustrations for Mr. Hemingway's Spanish Letter, scheduled for the next issue. While everyone has heard of Dos Passos as a writer, many may be surprised to see the evidence, on page 11, that he is also an artist. As far as we know, this is the first time that one of his drawings has been reproduced in color in a periodical, although his water colors have appeared in two books, one his own volume of travel sketches, *Orient Express*, the other *Panama*, by Blaise Cendrars, a book of poems (and pretty advanced stuff, too, we warn you) of which he was the translator as well as the illustrator. Mr. Dos Passos came to fame in 1921 with the publication of *Three Soldiers* (now available in a Modern Library

edition), although his first novel, *One Man's Initiation*, appeared in 1920. His best known books are *Rosinante to the Road Again* (1922), a volume of travel sketches and essays on Spain, *A Pushcart at the Curb*, poems (1922), *Streets of Night*, (1923), *Manhattan Transfer* (1925), *The 42nd Parallel* (1930), and *1919* (1932). The last four named are novels.

He is an author who ought to be read by everyone and could get along without being read by his admirers—we mean, that he has a tremendous following among the long haired literary audience and deserves to have it among all readers of books. No one, with the possible exception of James Joyce (and you could get us into an argument on this point very easily) has had such a pronounced influence on the contemporary novel. The characteristic Dos Passos novel, kaleidoscopic in treatment and polyphonic in form, took shape with *Manhattan Transfer*. *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919*, while complete books in themselves, are connected and carry the same cast of characters. A novel now in preparation carries on from the point where *1919* left off. The incident treated in Mr. Dos Passos' story in this issue forms a part of the material for this new novel. Until someone can show us conclusively that we're wrong, we lay our money, in the Great American Novel Sweepstakes, on the ultimate great book of which *42nd Parallel* and *1919* form the beginning and middle.



JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Joseph Auslander is doing a man-size job, with his new series of poems depicting New York life in its sterner aspects. We are proud and pleased to be able to present this series in the pages of **ESQUIRE**. The second poem of the series, which will appear in our next issue, is *Night Court*. Mr. Auslander, who is equally well known as poet, anthologist and lecturer, lives in Manhattan.

William McFee is the author of *The Harbormaster*, *Casuals of the Sea*, etc. His newest book is *No Castle in Spain*.

George Ade is, next to Aesop, the best known* writer of fables. His, written in slang, brought him fame these many years gone.

Montague Glass is the well-known author of *Potash and Perlmutter*.

Gibert Seldes is the editor of the recent news-reel movie, *This is America*. His book, *The Seven Lively Arts*, was one of the first to give the movies

*unless you want to get precious and ring in a fellow named Fontaine.

Continued on page 116

MARLIN OFF THE MORRO

A Cuban letter

by **ERNEST HEMINGWAY**

THE rooms on the northeast corner of the Ambos Mundos hotel in Havana look out, to the north, over the old cathedral, the entrance to the harbor, and the sea, and to the east to Casablanca peninsula, the roofs of all houses in between and the width of the harbor. If you sleep with your feet toward the east, this may be against the tenets of certain religions, the sun, coming up over the Casablanca side and into your open window, will shine on your face and wake you no matter where you were the night before. If you do not choose to get up you can turn around the other way in the bed or roll over. That will not help for long because the sun will be getting stronger and the only thing to do is close the shutter.

Getting up to close the shutter you look across the harbor to the flag on the fortress and see it is straightened out toward you. You look out the north window past the Morro and see that the smooth morning sheen is rippling over and you know the trade wind is coming up early. You take a shower, pull on an old pair of khaki pants and a shirt, take the pair of moccasins that are dry, put the other pair in the window so they will be dry next night, walk to the elevator, ride down, get a paper at the desk, walk across the corner to the cafe and have breakfast.

There are two opposing schools about breakfast. If you knew you were not going to be into fish for two or three hours, a good big breakfast would be the thing. Maybe it is a good thing anyway but I do not want to trust it, so drink a glass of vichy, a glass of cold milk and eat a piece of Cuban bread, read the papers and walk down to the boat. I have hooked them on a full stomach in that sun and I do not want to hook any more of them that way.

We have an ice-box that runs across the stern of the boat with bait iced down on one side and beer and fruit iced on the other. The best bait for big marlin is fresh cero mackerel or kingfish of a pound to three pounds weight. The best beer is Hatuey, the best fruits, in season, are Filipino mangoes, iced pineapple, and alligator pears. Ordinarily we eat the alligator pears for lunch with a sandwich, fixing them with pepper and salt and a freshly squeezed lime. When we run into the beach to anchor, swim and cook a hot lunch on days when fish are not running you can make a French dressing for the pears, adding a little mustard. You can get enough fine, big avocados to feed five people for fifteen cents.

The boat is the Anita, thirty-four feet long, very able in a sea, with plenty of speed for these fish, owned and skippered by Capt. Joe Russell of Key West who brought the first load of liquor that ever came into that place from Cuba and who knows more about swordfish than most Keywesters do about grunts. The other man on board is the best marlin and swordfisherman around Cuba, Carlos Gutierrez, of Zapata, 31, Havana, 54 years old, who goes Captain on a fishing smack in the winter and fishes marlin commercially in the summer. I met him six years ago in Dry Tortugas and first heard about the big marlin that run off Cuba from him. He can, literally, gaff a dolphin through the head back-handed and he has studied the habits of the marlin since he first went fishing for them as a boy of twelve with his father.

As the boat leaves the San Francisco wharf, tarpon are rolling in the slip. Going out of the harbor you see more of them rolling near the live fish cars that are buoyed alongside the line of anchored fishing smacks.

Off the Morro in the entrance to the harbor there is a good coral bottom with about twenty fathoms of water and you pass many small boats bottom fishing for mutton fish and red snappers and jigging for mackerel and occasional kingfish. Outside the breeze freshens and as far as you can see the small boats of the marlin fishermen are scattered. They are fishing with four to six heavy hand-lines in from forty to seventy fathoms drifting for the fish that are travelling deep. We troll for the ones that are on the surface feeding, or travelling, or cruising fifteen or twenty fathoms down. They see the two big teasers or the baits and come up with a smash, usually going head and shoulders out of water on the strike.

Marlin travel from east to west against the current of the gulf stream. No one has ever seen them working in the other direction, although the current of the gulf stream is not so stable; sometimes, just before the new moon, being quite slack and at others running strongly to the westward. But the prevailing wind is the northeast trade and when this blows the marlin come to the top and cruise with the wind, the scythe tail, a light, steely, lavender, cutting the swells as it projects and goes under; the big fish, yellow looking in the water, swimming two or three feet under the surface, the huge pectoral fins tucked close to the flanks, the dorsal fin down, the fish looking a round, fast-moving log in the water except for the erect curve of that slicing tail.

The heavier the current runs to the eastward the more marlin there are; travelling along the edge of the dark, swirling current from a quarter of a mile to four miles off shore; all going in the same direction like cars along a highway. We have been fighting a fish, on days when they were running well.

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The Anita in Cabanas harbor, looking out to sea. A mile off shore from here, extending four miles to eastward, is one of the best marlin grounds on the coast



Black marlin, 12 feet, 8 inches, 468 pounds, the biggest catch of this season, brought to gaff by E. H. in 65 minutes



Pauline Hemingway fighting a white marlin



Giving the left arm a rest in the second hour



J. H. N. Hemingway with his first marlin, 47 pounds



Big black marlin on board the Anita



A glass of manzanilla for one the sharks got

BACK HOME IN 1919

*... "we could stand the war, but
the peace has done us in" . . . a
short story written and illustrated*

by **JOHN DOS PASSOS**

CHARLEY ANDERSON lay in his bunk in a glary red buzz: *Oh Titine* . . . damn that tune last night. His head was full of voices and champagne fizzle and Mrs. Johnson's long hazel eyes and her singysweet tones: the French are so much wiser. He lay flat with his eyes hot; the tongue in his mouth was thick warm sour felt.

He dragged his feet out from under the blanket and hung them over the edge of the bunk, big white feet with pink knobs on the toes. He let them drop to the red carpet and hauled himself shakily to the porthole. He stuck his head out. Instead of the dock, fog, little greygreen waves slapping against the boat's scaling side. At anchor. A gull screamed above him hidden in the fog. He shivered and pulled his head in. Christ what a head.

At the basin he splashed cold water on his face and neck. *Home, bygod, safe and sound*, his voice croaked. Where the cold water hit him his light skin flushed pink. *In the pink*, it croaked again. *Don't be a damn fool*, it answered hoarsely. He began to feel cold and sick and got back into his bunk and pulled the still warm covers up to his chin. *The morning after, that's when you want a woman*, it croaked. Can that stuff, no more French girls now. Home. (Mrs. Johnson now, with her long wise hazel eyes.) Damn that tune. He jumped up. His head and stomach throbbed in time now. He pulled out the chamberpot and leaned over it. He gagged; a little green bile came. No I don't want to puke. He got into his underclothes and the whipcord pants of his uniform and lathered his face to shave. Shaving made him feel blue. What I need's a . . . He rang for the steward. "Bonjour m'ssieur". "Say Billy, let's have a double cognac, tootsuite." He buttoned his shirt carefully and put on his tunic. He looked at himself in the glass. His eyes had red rims and his face looked green under the sunburn. Suddenly he began to feel sick again; a sour gagging was welling up from his stomach to his throat. God these French boats stink. A knock, the steward's frog smile and "Voila m'ssieur", the white plate slopped with a thin amber spilling out of the glass; "When do we dock?" The steward shrugged and growled "La brume."

Green spots were still dancing in front of his eyes as he went up the linoleum smelling companionway. Up on deck the wet fog squeezed wet against his face. He stuck his hands in his pockets and leaned into it. Nobody on deck, a few trunks, steamerchairs folded and stacked. To windward everything was wet. Drops trickled down the brass rimmed windows of the smoking room. In every direction nothing but fog.

Next time around he met Joe Askew. Joe looked fine. His little moustache spread neat under his thin nose. His eyes were clear.

"Isn't this the damndest note, Charley? Fog."

"Rotten."

"Got a head?"

"You look topnotch, Joe."

"Sure, why not? I got the fidgets, been up since six o'clock. Damn this fog, we may be here all day."

"It's fog all right."

They took a couple of turns around the deck.

"Notice how the damn boat stinks, Joe?"

"It's being at anchor, and the fog, stimulates your smellers I guess. How about breakfast?" Charley didn't say anything for a moment then he took a deep breath and said, "All right let's try it."

The dining saloon smelt of onions and brass polish. The Johnsons were already at the table. Mrs. Johnson looked pale and cool. She had on a little grey hat Charley hadn't seen before, all ready to land. Paul gave Charley a sickly kind of a smile when he said hello. Charley noticed how Paul's hand was shaking when he lifted the glass of orange juice. His lips were white.

"Anybody seen Ollie Taylor?" asked Charley.

"The major's feelin' pretty bad I bet," said Paul giggling.

"And how are you Charley?" Mrs. Johnson intoned sweetly.

"Oh I'm . . . I'm in the pink."

"Liar," said Joe Askew.

"Oh I can't imagine," Mrs. Johnson was saying, "what kept you boys up so late last night."

"We did some singing," said Joe Askew.

"Somebody I know" said Mrs. Johnson, "went to bed in his clothes." Her eye caught Charley's.

Paul was changing the subject: "Well we're back in God's country."

"Oh I can't imagine" cried Mrs. Johnson, "what America's going to be like."

Charley was bolting his wuffs avec du bakin and the coffee that tasted of bilge.

"What I'm looking forward to," Joe Askew was saying, "is a real American breakfast."

"Grapefruit," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Cornflakes and cream," said Joe.

"Hot corn muffins," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Fresh eggs and real Virginia ham," said Joe.

"Wheatcakes and country sausage," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Scrapple," said Joe.

"Good coffee with real cream," said Mrs. Johnson laughingly.

"You win," said Paul with a sickly grin as he left the table.

Charley took a last gulp of the coffee that tasted like bilge. Then he said he thought he'd go on deck to see if the immigration officers had come. "Why what's the matter Charley?" He could hear Joe and Mrs. Johnson laughing together as he ran up the companionway. . . .

Once on deck he decided he wasn't going to be sick. The fog had lifted a little. Astern of the Niagara he could see the shadows of other steamers at anchor, and beyond a

rounded shadow that might be land. Gulls wheeled and screamed overhead. Somewhere across the water a foghorn groaned at intervals. Charley walked round and round the deck. When he passed the door to the smoking room he could hear somebody vomiting in the men's toilet. Through the open porthole he caught a glimpse of Paul's white face. He walked up forward again and leaned into the wet fog. No he wasn't going to be sick.

Joe Askew came up behind him smoking a cigar and took him by the arm: "Better walk Charley," he said. "Isn't this a hell of a note? Look's like little old New York had gotten torpedoed during the late unpleasantness . . . I can't see a damn thing, can you?"

"I thought I saw some land a minute ago, but it's gone now."

"Musta been Atlantic Highlands; we're anchored off the Hook . . . Goddam it I want to get ashore."

"Your wife'll be there, won't she Joe?"

"She ought to be . . . Know anybody in New York, Charley?"

Charley shook his head. "I got a long ways to go yet before I go home . . . I don't know what I'll do when I get there."

"Damn it we may be here all day," said Joe Askew.

"Joe," said Charley, "suppose we have a drink . . . one final drink."

"They've closed up the damn bar."

They'd packed their bags the night before. There was nothing to do. They spent the morning playing rummy in the smoking room. Nobody could keep his mind on the game. Paul kept dropping his cards. Nobody ever knew who'd taken the last trick. Charley was trying to keep his eyes off Mrs. Johnson's eyes, off the little curve of her neck where it ducked under the grey fur trimming of her dress. "I can't imagine," she said again, "what you boys found to talk about so late last night . . . I thought we'd talked about everything under heaven before I went to bed."

"Oh we found topics, but mostly it came out in the form of singing," said Joe Askew.

"I know I always miss things when I go to bed." Charley noticed Paul beside him staring at her with pale loving eyes. "But," she was saying with her teasing smile, "it's just too boring to sit up."

Paul blushed, he looked as if he were going to cry; Charley wondered if Paul had thought of the same thing he'd thought of. "Well, let's see; whose deal was it?" said Joe Askew briskly.

Around noon Major Taylor came into the smoking room. "Good morning everybody . . . I know nobody feels worse than I do. Commandant says we may not dock till tomorrow morning."

They put up the cards without finishing the hand. "That's nice," said Joe Askew.

"It's just as well," said Major Taylor, "I'm a wreck. The last of the harddrinking hardriding Taylors is a wreck. We could stand the war, but the peace has done us in."

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PAINTED IN WATERCOLOR FOR ESQUIRE

PORT OF NEW YORK *by* JOHN DOS PASSOS



“Whip-poor-will!”

THE NEW LEISURE

*What it means in terms of the
opportunity to learn the art
of living, as told to S. J. Woolf*

by **NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER**

ONE of the most obvious objects of life is to learn how to live. That means two things: first, that you must make life physically possible by such compensated effort as will provide the necessities of physical existence and comfort for yourself and those dependent on you; and second, that you will seek to find and to make opportunity to use your human capabilities and abilities in larger and non-material ways and fashions, both for your own satisfaction and for the good of your kind.

We call the first work and we call the second leisure. There is a great difference between leisure and unemployment. Unemployment means an absence of the first—work—and it destroys the basis for real leisure. It merely fills up the hours of the day with anxiety and worry, and so long as work is not available leisure is impossible, because leisure is the outgrowth and accompaniment of successful work.

If you are an animal you don't have any leisure except, I suppose, the time spent in sleep, if that be leisure; but a human being has all these capabilities and possibilities and becomes increasingly human as he finds opportunity for their manifestation and enjoyment.

An immense mass of the population of the modern world has known very little of leisure. Their work, the first of these two aspects of life, has occupied most or all of their hours and what little period might have been given to leisure has really been spent in recovering from fatigue. Now we have come to a point where the interest of the intelligent mass of mankind is focused on so raising the standard of living that, first, work will be properly remunerated and systematically provided, and second, that leisure will be offered, together with indication and guidance as to how it may best be used.

One of the physical characteristics of leisure is that it involves the rest and relaxation of the nervous system. The strain on the nerves of a brain worker of any kind, for example, is very serious and very severe during the hours of occupation, whether they are long or short. True relaxation, therefore, should involve relaxation that may take the form of physical exercise or games. It may take the form of light occupation of some non-serious kind—work-

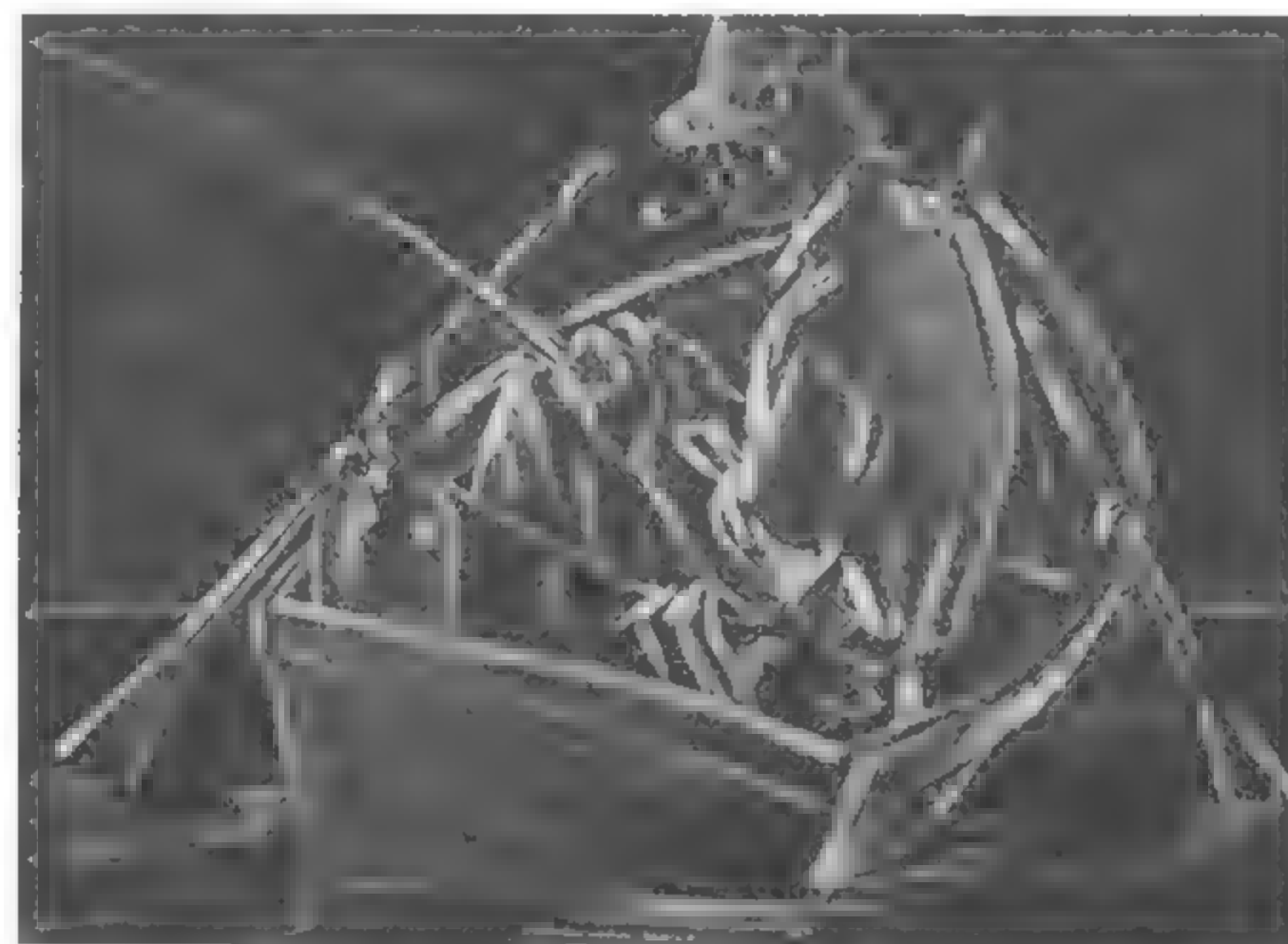
ing in a garden with flowers, trees or vegetables. It may involve the reading of books, hearing good music, or visiting great collections of art and expanding the field of interest and activity.

Take the City of New York, for example, where one of the most significant sights is to see the crowds of people from all over the Metropolitan City and its vicinity who pour into the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History on Sundays and holidays. They are occupying leisure in increasing their interest in either nature or art, instructing their children, or following up some new discovery of which they have read in the newspapers.

What is exceedingly important is that the hand worker should not only be offered leisure, but should be guided in its interesting and helpful use. That means outdoor interests, sports and occupations of various kinds, as well as those which I have already mentioned as making direct appeal to the brain worker.

We need increased emphasis on the intellectual guidance of our adult population. As I have pointed out a good many times, the average human being seems to reach the climax of his intellectual activity at about 23 or 24 years of age and very few individuals continue to grow intellectually after the age of 40. As I have said repeatedly, if one crosses the age of 40 with a rising curve of intellectual activity, he will probably go on growing for the remainder of his life. But the intellectual curve for the greater proportion of the population reaches the ground long before that age.

This indicates the field to be occupied by what we call adult education. Adult education does not mean going to school or even following any very rigorous program of in-



struction. What it means is guidance from competent sources as to one's systematic reading, as to one's standards of judgment in art, science and literature, and as to one's occupations in either work or leisure. The exercise of this guidance must be carefully considered. It would be foolish to offer a list of books to a man who had been toiling for six or seven hours in a mine. His natural desire would be for the open air and it would be there that he would naturally wish to seek his relaxation.

One great trouble heretofore has been

the comparatively few hours that physical workers have had for relaxation. For the most part they have cared little for anything except rest during those hours. In New York I have noticed that among the toilers the evening papers are those that are read. The reason is simple. Those men and women have just time for their coffee or milk in the morning before they rush off to work. It is only in the evening that they have time to read. This is true in all the great industrial centers. Yet it is the morning papers which give the complete details of the news. Therefore the man or woman who has not enough leisure to see the morning papers never gets a full understanding of many important events.

I was speaking recently to Mr. Anderson, director of the New York Public Library, and he told me that there had been an enormous demand for books upon brewing. A change of policy upon the part of the government which naturally had been reported in the papers had evoked a new interest in many people.

It goes without saying that different people are interested in different subjects and it is most absorbing to go into a public reading room and see what different people read. One will be looking up something in an encyclopedia, another reading German poetry, another a book on spiritualism and still another a best seller. Each is occupying his leisure in the way he desires.

Some people find relaxation in the cinema. With the new leisure the cinemas will be enormously patronized, but if people go there to see the sort of thing which is so often shown now, they had better stay away and work. The cinema abroad is far ahead of ours, in respect to the material produced. I regard most of the Hollywood productions as appalling and their effect on American youth as debasing in the extreme.

More leisure for the mass of the population places a tremendous responsibility upon these cinema producers and they could become important agents for good. Take for instance the opportunity that is theirs for creating an interest in history. Where one person will read about Disraeli, Hamilton or Voltaire thousands will go to see George Arliss portraying them. But instead of producing pictures of this kind our cinema magnates are content to turn out cheap,



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DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

“Repent, ye sinners”

LET ME PROMISE YOU

*Of lonely watching in the rain,
of longing for a time gone by,
of yearning for more to give*

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Alice kept on returning to the window. Standing with her short straight nose pressed against the window pane, she watched the rain falling and the sidewalk shining under the street light. In her black crepe dress with the big white nunlike collar and with her black hair drawn back tight from her narrow nervous face she looked almost boldly handsome.

Earlier in the evening it had started to snow, then it had begun to drizzle and now the rain was like a sharp sleet. As Alice stood at the window, she began to wish that the ground had been covered with an unbroken layer of fine thin snow, a white sheet that would remain undisturbed till Georgie came with his single line of footprints marking a path up to her door. Though her eyes remained wide open, she began to dream of a bitterly cold dry evening, of Georgie with a red scarf and a tingling face bursting in on her, grinning, his arms wide open. But the wind drove the sleet steadily against the pane. Sighing, she thought, "He won't come in such weather. But he would if it weren't for the weather. I can't really expect him tonight." So she walked away from the window and sat down.

Then her heart began to thump so slowly and heavily inside her she could hardly move, for someone was knocking. Opening the door in a rush, she cried, "Georgie, you dear boy, I'm so glad you came," and she put out her hands to help him off with his dripping coat. In the light belted coat he looked very tall and he had a smooth round face that would never look old. The wind and the rain had left his face wet and glowing, but he was pouting because he was uncomfortable in his damp clothes. As he pushed his fair wavy hair back from his eyes, he said, "This isn't exactly a night for visiting." He sat down, still a bit embarrassed by her enthusiasm, and he looked around the room as if he thought now that he had made a mistake in coming and didn't expect to be very comfortable. "It's rotten out on a night like this when it can't make up its mind to snow or rain. Maybe you didn't think I'd come."

"I wanted you to come, and because I wanted it, I thought you would, I guess," she said candidly. So many days seemed to have passed since she had been alone with Georgie that now she wanted to take his head in her hands and kiss him. But she felt too shy. A year ago, she knew, he would have been waiting anxiously for her to kiss him.

"Alice," he said suddenly.

"What's bothering you, Georgie, frowning like that?"

"What did you want me for? You said you wanted to speak about something in particular."

"Such curiosity. You'll just sit there unable to rest till you find out, I suppose," she said. She knew he was ill at ease, but she wanted to pretend to herself that he was just impatient and curious. So her pale



handsome face was animated by a warm secret delight as she went across the room to a chest of drawers and took out a long cardboard box which she handed to him after making a low girlish curtsy. "I hope you like it . . . darling," she said shyly.

"What's this? What's the idea?" Georgie said as he undid the box and pulled out the tissue paper. When he saw that she was giving something to him, he became embarrassed and almost too upset to speak, and then, because he did not want to hurt her, he tried to be full of enthusiasm, "Lord, look at it," he said. "White, turtle necked sweater. If I wore that I'd look like a movie actor in his spare time. Should I put it on now, Al?" Grinning at her, he took off his coat and pulled the white sweater over his shirt. "Do I look good? How about a mirror, Al?"

Alice held the mirror in front of him, watching him with the same gentle expression of devotion all the time, and feeling within her a contentment she had hardly dared to hope for. The high necked sweater made his fair head look like a faun's head.

"It's pretty swell, Al," he said, but now that he couldn't go on pleasing her with enthusiasm, his embarrassment increased. "You shouldn't be giving me this, Al," he said. "I didn't figure on anything like this when you phoned me and said you wanted to see me."

"Today is your birthday, isn't it, Georgie?"

"Imagine you remembering that. You shouldn't be bothering with birthday presents for me now."

"I thought you'd like the sweater," she said. "I saw it this afternoon. I knew it would look good on you."

"But why give me anything, Al?" he said, feeling his awkwardness increasing.

"Supposing I want to?"

"You shouldn't waste your money on me."

"Supposing I have something else, too," she said teasing him.

"What's the idea, Al?"

"I saw something else, something you

used to want an awful lot. Do you remember? Try and guess."

"I can't imagine," he said, but his face got red and he smiled awkwardly at being forced in this way to remember a time which only made him feel uncomfortable now when he recalled it.

Laughing huskily and showing her small even teeth because she was glad to be able to hold out something before him and tease him as she used to do, she moved lazily over to the chest of drawers, and this time took out a small leather watch case. "Here you are," she said.

"What is it, let me see," he said, for he couldn't help being curious. He got up. But when he held the watch in his hand, he had to shake his head to conceal his satisfaction. "It's funny the way you knew I always wanted something like that, Al," he said. All his life he had wanted an expensive wrist watch like this one, but had never expected to be able to buy it, and he was so pleased now that he smiled serenely.

But after a moment he put the watch irresolutely on the table, and was too embarrassed to speak. Walking the length of the room he began to whistle. As she watched him halt by the window, Alice knew he was uneasy. "You're a great girl, Al," he was saying. "I don't know anybody like you." After pausing, he added, "Is it never going to stop raining? I've got to be on my way."

"You're not going now, Georgie, are you?"

"Yes, I promised to see a fellow. He'll be waiting."

"Georgie, don't go. Please don't," she said, and she clenched the wet sleeve of the coat he had lifted from the chair. He was really ashamed to be going, especially if he picked up the watch from the table, but he felt if he stayed it would be like beginning everything all over again. He didn't know what to do about the watch, so he put out his hand hesitantly, knowing she was watching him and picked it up.

"So you're just coming here like this and then going?" she said.

"I've got to."

"Have you got another girl?"

"No. I don't want another girl."

"Yet you won't stay a little while with me?"

"That's over, Al. I don't know what's the matter with you. You phoned and wanted me to drop in for a moment."

"It wasn't hard to see that you liked looking at the watch more than at me," she said moodily.

"Here, if you don't want me to take the watch, all right," he said, and with relief, he put it back on the table, and smiled.

For a moment she stared at the case, almost blinded by her disappointment, and hating his smile of relief, and then she cried out, "You're just trying to humiliate me. Take it out of my sight." She swung the back of her hand across the table, knocked the case to the floor and the watch against the wall where the glass broke, and trying not to cry, she clenched her fists and glared

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THE LOST ART OF ORDERING

"If the tables at Rector's could speak"—conceivably they might say the very things said here

by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE



IN the dear, dead days, when we had Sherry's and Delmonico's in all their golden glory; when the old Cafe Martin with its glittering rooms stood near Madison Square in New York, and the *jeunesse dorée* of the town helter-skeltered here and there with lovely ladies on their arms, and whisked them into hansom cabs—those "two-wheeled heavens," as a mid-Victorian poet called them—our city might have been a beautiful hell, but it was also, to most of us in our carefree youth, a glowing suburb of Paradise.

For we had won the foolish little Spanish-American war, and a period of peace and plenty settled down, and there were no murmurs of a world crisis, and Prohibition, that hydrant-headed monster, as a wit has called it, had not reared its horrid countenance. There were dreams in our hearts, and Mammon had not yet got hold



that would naturally be served, with a preliminary gulping down of several Martini cocktails.

No *table d'hôte* for us, in our youthful sophistication! Henri knew us, and rejoiced in our discrimination. And so, as he stood by, we studied the bill-of-fare he handed to us.

Hors d'oeuvres, yes, on those trays that would be wheeled to our table; and then a Madrelene soup, cold, if it were summer, or piping hot if the snow was falling outside; then a delicate sole, *bonne femme*, with its white wine sauce, and a sprinkling of truffles, which

Lucullus himself would have envied; and then a casserole of chicken, with all its lavish accessories, the onions scarcely visible, but penetrating the great stone dish, singing like a Rossetti refrain that runs through the golden stanzas. And then, a salad heaped in a wooden bowl, wet and fragrant, whispering of Spring mornings, with a dressing especially prepared for us. Then, *crêpe Suzette* made at our very side, with its leaping flame of brandy over the silver dish, and a special coffee, rich and dark and full of its own perfume, with maybe a bit of Camembert, not running, but galloping in its yellow wonder to the edge of its plate.

Sherry with the fish—a ruby Amontillado that told us, as it was poured from its sweet prison, of its old Spanish dreams. A Pontet Canet with the casserole, 1864, roused from its cobwebbed slumber for our delight alone, and a pint of Krug, 1883, languishing in its metal bucket, turned and twisted by Henri in its bed of ice, popping its jubilant cork when the salad came on; and last of all, an ancient *fine* of Napoleon's day, to be sipped as we puffed our Corona-Corona, and our lady surreptitiously smoked her dainty cigarette. For ladies could drink in public in those halcyon and far-distant days; but they could not smoke! Alas! now they may smoke to their heart's content, but the old cellars from which came those dreamlike bottles, are closed to them as they are closed to us men also. Strange world, strange times. Only another manifestation of the contradictions that unhappily surround us.

I remember Alicia, who liked to lunch up-town with me on a Saturday, say, and afterwards go to a matinee at the Empire, where John Drew or Maude Adams might be performing.

She loved, on a warm Spring day, the balconies at Sherry's, which drooped over the Avenue. We could see the pretty

procession going by, but the procession could scarcely get a glimpse of us. If I were to meet her there, I would arrive ten minutes earlier, and, knowing her tastes, would order the delicate things she preferred. An iced canteloupe; a dainty lamb chop, with the tiniest peas surrounding it, and a dandelion salad sprinkled with bits of egg, the yellow fragments like a shower of Danae's gold; and early strawberries, the stems still attached, dipped into powdered sugar. A pint of Chablis, the temperature of the room; and we might finish with coffee and a yellow Chartreuse, hail our hansom, and swing down to the theatre.

Supper! The word has almost gone out; for one cannot call it supping in a noisy cabaret, and there is no such thing now as that old-time phrase, "A cold bottle and a hot bird." Yet when Delmonico's was in its flowering prime, how often we went there after the Opera, and found a table in that small, cozy room which looked over Fifth avenue, and in the rosy glow ordered our blue-points, our squab, our sparkling pint of Pol Roger, our bit of Roquefort and our demitasse; and if we felt in high spirits, we would wash it all down with a wicked *pousse café*, which always reminded us of a little stick of liquid candy, sweetening an evening's end.

Or was it a tiny rainbow that we drank?

There was a song of that period, "If the tables at Rector's could speak," and more likely than not we would go to that flaming restaurant which punctuated the long sentence of Broadway, and see the men-about-



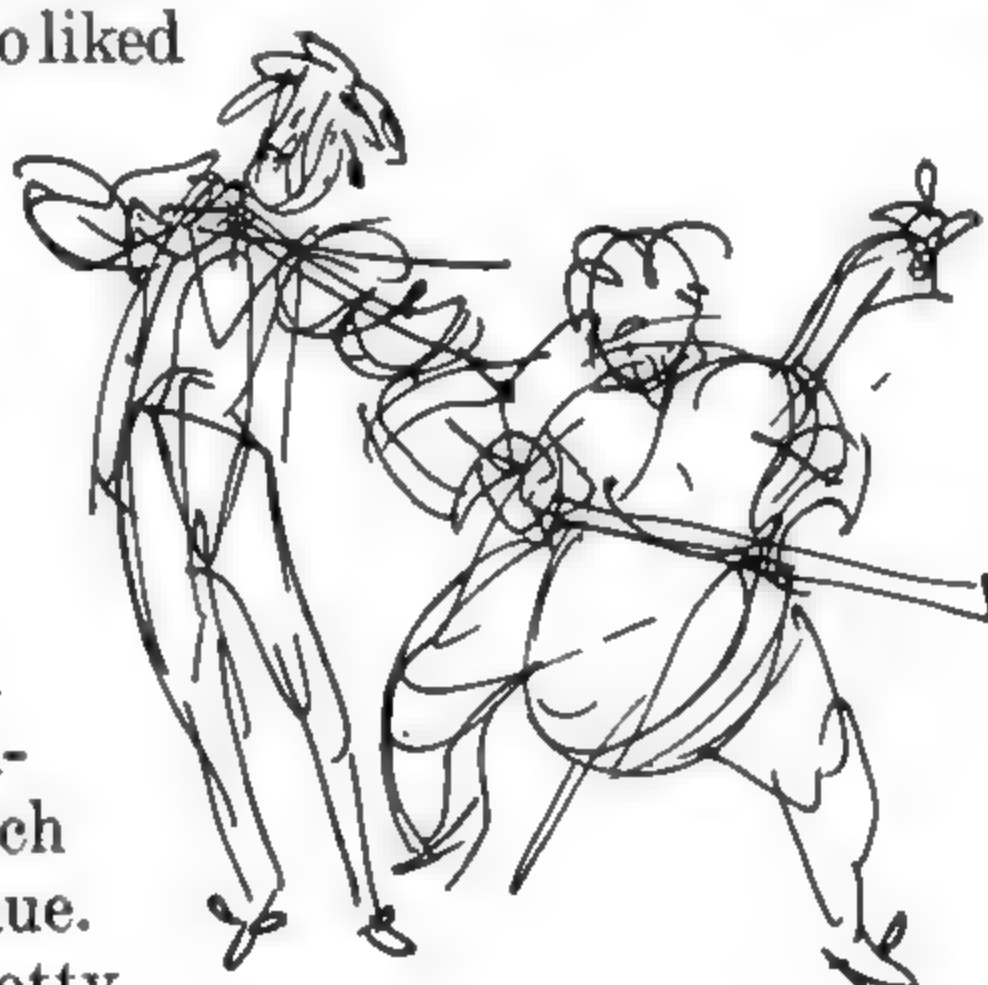
town with their chorus ladies, or the beautiful Lillian Russell, sitting like a perfect yellow rose in a corner, or Della Fox, with her celebrated "dip"—that curl plastered over her white forehead which every shopgirl in town tried to imitate, but with tragic failure. Here the champagne flowed like Niagara, and the orchestra gushed the strains of Strauss waltzes. Only, there was no dancing, as there is today in crowded cabarets; only lobster suppers, and the low hum of flirtations under the rosy lamps.

And often, too, we would fare

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of us. We asked only for the simple pleasures which are the natural possession of youth. Life ran on leisurely wheels, we hadn't a care in the world, for there were no income taxes to pay, there were no passports to be obtained, and we could sit at tables in grills and rathskellers, like freemen, and order from a wine-list whatever it pleased us to have served. We knew our vintages, we knew where the best food was obtainable, and our ladies had not then become obsessed with the painful business of dieting. They knew good food, too, and relished it. Ah! how the happy hours sang for us; how the city shone like a queen decked with diamonds and pearls, and how our light laughter rang through the corridors of our city, as we sped on our delirious way.

Down at the old Cafe Lafayette, on a Sunday evening, we would troop in strong battalions, for we knew how the French chefs were able to give us all those little superfluities of life which, as Stevenson says, make it more agreeable. Our friends would be there—the rooms would be crowded with them—and we would choose our table in the room where dominoes was played, and Henri would come and take our order for an *aperitif*—just one, mind you, for we could not desecrate the meal to follow, and the wines





“Maybe it was something you ate, dear”



“Dear Diary—”

B E L L I S S I M A

*In America all the girls are
beautiful blondes—day dream
in bright Neapolitan sunshine*

by WILLIAM McFEE



It was the custom of Richard Carola to lunch every day at the Stella D'Italia, an upstairs restaurant in the middle of the busiest business street of Naples. He worked in the office of an American insurance company, but he looked very much like a young poet who was also an athlete, and he was capable of great sentiment. He had a great liking for girls with fair hair and blue eyes, probably because he had only seen such creatures in pictures, in movies and in rapidly rolling motorcars.

At the Stella D'Italia the dark Neapolitan waitresses served him with his spaghetti or ravioli, and he also had a glass of red wine from the big fiasco on the table. Then coffee, a cigarette, and a walk back to the office. There he was Signor Carola. To himself he was always Richard because his American mother, who had met his father when the latter was consul in an American city, had named him that and not Ricardo.

Very few foreigners found their way to the Stella D'Italia, which had mostly a business man's lunch trade. Richard had sometimes thought of taking a meal at one of the big restaurants frequented by tourists, but the prices and the splendor frightened him. He wanted to improve his German and also rub up his spoken English, which had grown rusty since his mother had died. He cherished the hope that one day he would be able to visit America. One of the men in the office had told him that in America all the girls were beautiful blondes. His father, who was now a consul in Sweden, said that country was infested with girls with yellow hair and blue eyes. But economic necessity and perhaps a natural love of his own city had led Richard Carola to stay at home and dream of an enchanted maiden.

That was how he described her to himself, because the notion of a whole country full of sirens was too much for him. He only wanted one, and somehow neither his father in Sweden nor the facetious American friend in the office quite understood what he had in mind.

On the day of which we are speaking he had climbed the dark stairs, which smelled of food and wine, and had taken his accustomed place in a corner near a window. He had been aware of laughter and a foreign voice in the room as he came in, and he now saw a young man in a white linen suit seated by a girl in beige at the next table.

"What I say is, Europe's all right for Europeans," said the young man, and laughed at his own brilliance. "We could shoot all this Eyetalian stuff at the studio in Hollywood." He was almost spherical in shape, for he had a thick round body, a round face and round eyes sunk in circles of flesh, and he had two chins in front and another one behind his fat neck. His hands were white and fat, and one finger carried a ring whose diamond was just too large to be satisfactory. And what Richard felt most

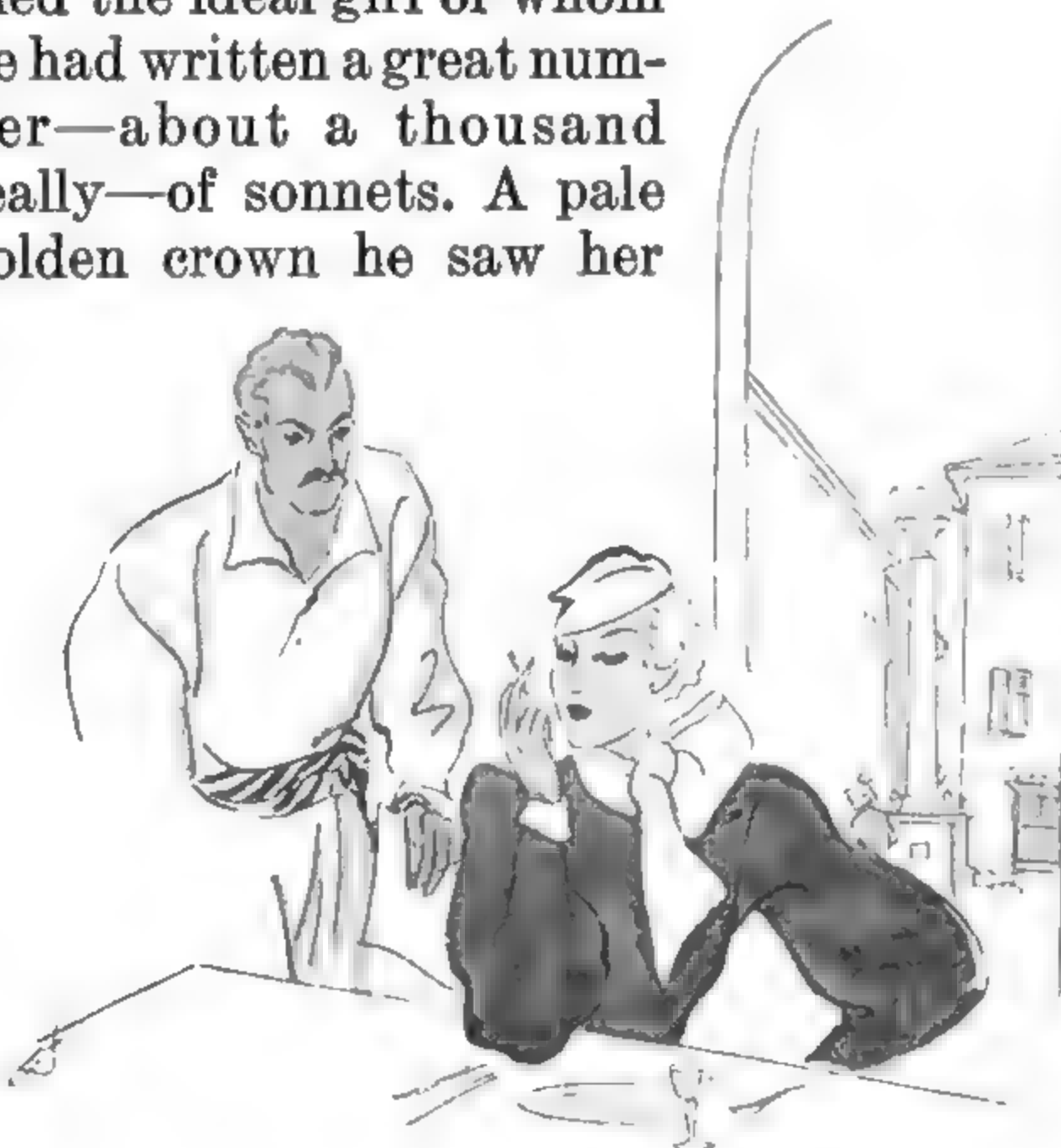
was his proprietary manner toward the girl in beige, who was, although Richard had never heard the expression, a platinum blonde, and had also a most charming expression. She was evidently enjoying life very much indeed, and as she carried herself as though she were someone of importance, Richard was not surprised to hear her disagree with her companion.

"Europe's all right for me too," she said. "I brought you up here so you could see how they live among themselves. There are only tourists at the big places."

The spherical young man made a remark about it being a blamed good job too, and spoke also of what he called "wop joints" not being to his taste so much.

"You are being rude," said the young lady with decision, "as well as very silly. I suppose you think nothing's right outside of Hollywood Boulevard." She glanced at him for a moment. "Be yourself, Jake," she said crisply. She looked with unexpected suddenness straight at Richard and smiled. Straight into his soul.

Richard, although he was not aware of it at first, was staring straight at the young lady and thinking how incredibly she resembled the ideal girl of whom he had written a great number—about a thousand really—of sonnets. A pale golden crown he saw her



hair beneath the cream colored turban she wore, a turban with a brilliant buckle of what he imagined were diamonds in front of it. And he began to think of her as a fair Circassian slave who had become the sultana of a fat sultan. The fat young man would have made a superb sultan of the wrong sort, Richard thought, for he was obviously just a little too rich to be satisfactory to anyone so young and romantic as Richard.

Suddenly he realized that all this time he had been staring at the lovely girl, who was eating a Neapolitan ice cream of many colors, and her smile made him look away at once. Had he, too, been rude? He hoped not. He wanted so much to please her and to make her think he was a gentleman as well as a poet.

"I wanted to come here again," the young lady said. "This was the place I—and another girl—found years ago, when I was over with that college group I told you about

once. We got lost in Naples, and we liked the name 'Stella D'Italia.' We had lunch here. I wanted to see if it was the same."

"Is it?" snapped the fat young man, fixing a disapproving eye on Richard at the next table.

"Well, yes, I think it's even nicer," said the girl. She took out a cigarette and smiled on Richard. "Even nicer," she repeated. The fat young man made a slight gesture towards Richard.

"Look who's here," he said in a low tone. "Valentino himself in person. Not a motion picture. He'll certainly know us both to swear to, Dolly. He hasn't taken his lamps off o' you since he came in."

"That's what makes it nicer," said the young lady, glancing for a moment at her companion with a very decided expression. "You're jealous, that's all."

"Nope, not jealous," said the young man. "But I'm liable to shoo little boys away from my candy."

"I told you not to talk like that any more, Jake," she said sharply. "You needn't allude to me as your candy, either. I'm rather tired of that sort of thing."

"Sez you?" said the young man, quietly.

"Yes, and there's another thing," she said, looking at him pleasantly.

"Now what?" said the fat young man.

She was holding the unlighted cigarette in her fingers, and she had no match. Suddenly Richard leaped up and struck a match for her.

"Will you permit—" he said slowly and carefully, "permit the liberty?"

The fat young man looked up at Richard in complete stupefaction. But Richard looked only at the young lady, who lit her cigarette and smiled at him.

"Thanks a lot," she said, nodding and rising. "I'm very much obliged to you. Do you know English?"

"Poco," said Richard. "A very little, signorina. My mother, she was an American also."

"You think we are Americans?" the young lady said, while the fat young man, hovering over her, fumed.

"Yes, I think perhaps you are American. But I do not think so much of that for you. I think you are," he paused awkwardly.

"What?" said the young lady. She was delighted at Richard's nervousness and the young man's annoyance.

"I do not remember the word in English, but we call it bellissima."

"Why, that's fine!" she laughed. The young man looked at his watch.

"Time to get on to the next dump—that's Rome," he said. "I'll get the car. Aw come on, Dolly. What you want to waste time on that freshie for?"

"He's not fresh at all," she said. "He's very nice." She nodded to Richard. "Thanks again. And good-bye. A riverderoi. Isn't that what you say?"

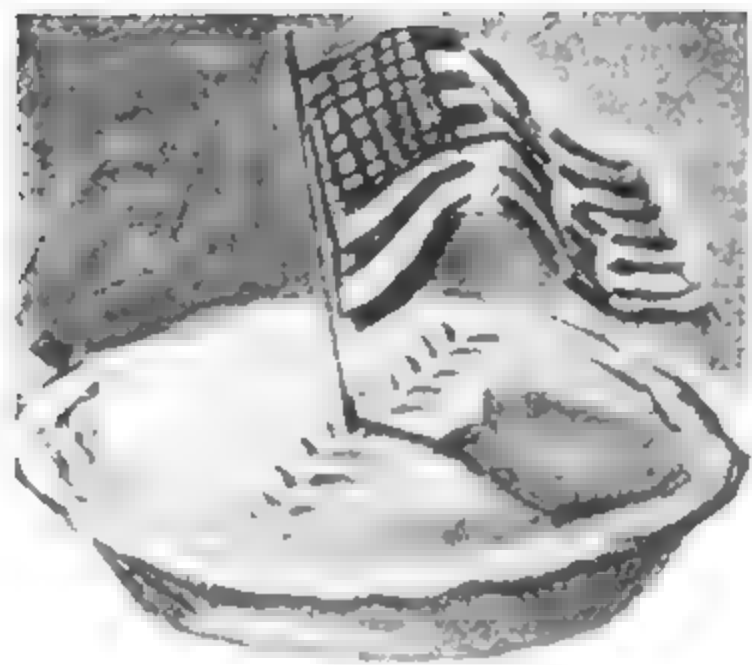
The fat young man was going down the

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A TREATISE ON PIE

Assorted thoughts about the only invention which nobody tries to take away from us

by **GEORGE ADE**



NEARLY every invention is just the beginning of an argument, especially if the inventor is a Yankee. The school books say that Fulton figured out the

steamboat, but after he got his little craft to chugging up and down the Hudson, up jumps an Englishman who said that he built a steamboat and operated it, years before, and he was only too sorry that all the witnesses who had seen him do it were dead and gone.

We have always believed that Elwood Haynes, down at Kokomo, Indiana, drove the first "horseless carriage," using gasoline as a fuel, but the *Encyclopedia Britannica* doesn't mention Elwood as one of the pioneers in the building of motor vehicles and gives all the credit to a flock of Europeans.

Even Edison couldn't put across one of his astounding discoveries without having some lad with a foreign name come out of the cellar, after it was all over, to dispute the achievement and try to prove, usually by his wife, that he had been working on the Edison idea for twenty or thirty years, or practically all of the time when he hadn't been in the poorhouse.

I thought Ben Harney, of Louisville, invented ragtime, but a highbrow investigator tells me that the negroes brought it over from Africa two hundred years ago.

Many people suppose that Rudy Vallee and Morton Downey and some more of the home boys, who learn singing by training the noses instead of the vocal cords, were the original crooners, but try to tell that to a turtle dove! A "croon," according to the dictionary, is a "low, monotonous moaning sound." That describes the noise made by the doves and also what comes over the radio. It cannot be described as anything but a "moan." It is unquestionably "monotonous" and nothing could be lower.

How about chewing gum? The facts are that an American traveler found the Yucatan Indians, down in Mexico, developing their jaw muscles by chomping away on an indestructible "chicle," which they had scraped from trees in a jungle. He brought a lot of the stuff home with him and mixed it up with sugar and flavoring extracts and gave a large wad to his daughter, who was attending high school, and within five years there was chewing gum on the under side of every chair in the United States.

Probably the only home invention which nobody is trying to take away from us is pie. The gooseberry tart of Great Britain is no contender. It is small and warped and has no lid on it. It looks more like a paper-weight than something to eat.

The home-made pie, as we know it, is not found anywhere else in the world. Americans who reside abroad cannot make genuine pie

while they are under another flag, any more than a ship's cook can make good breakfast coffee after the ship leaves the dock. Did you ever taste good coffee on an ocean liner? Did you ever try to get hot mince pie at the Excelsior Hotel in Rome or Shepherd's, in Cairo?

It's funny what you can get and can't get. A friend of mine, motoring down the New England coast, ordered steamed clams in Portland, Plymouth, Boston, Nantucket and New London. Every time he demanded steamed clams the head waiter suggested Spanish mackerel or broiled live lobster. Finally he hopped on a train and went to Omaha, and there he got all the clams he wanted.

Benighted foreigners not only do not know about real pie but they have always been in ignorance regarding its significance and grandeur. For instance, the ancient Greeks thought that "Pi" was simply a letter in the alphabet. Crossword puzzles and printing offices regard "pi" as a scramble of type. The smallest copper coin circulating in India is called a "pie." Out in the rural districts of Great Britain a pit for the winter storage of potatoes is called a "pie." In all the cities of the United Kingdom a pie is not a pie unless it contains heavy dough-balls and flesh of some kind. Beefsteak pie, kidney pie and veal pie are great favorites. The famous kind served at the old Cheshire Cheese, in London, where Samuel Johnson acquired the gout, is called "lark pie." Imagine cooking a lot of meadow larks and a mess of vegetables in an earthenware dish and calling the concoction a "pie"? And yet they want us to cancel the war debts!

When the Pilgrim Fathers escaped from religious tyranny and came over to New England to worship as they pleased and endure hardships, the first thing they did was to invent pie—not a servile imitation of anything in the Old World but a new and glorious combination, with a foundation of "shortening" and a roof of some flaky material, and a heavy filling of fruits or berries.

Whenever they had eaten too much pie, they had to go out and burn a witch. Those who were overloaded with pie often saw, during the night, withered hags riding through the air on broomsticks. These were easily identified as old women who were locally unpopular and who were so dried up that they burned very readily.

It might be said that New England pies were the very foundation stones of our Republic. Some of them might have been used for that purpose.

Pies develop character and heart-burn. They are for heroes, not weaklings. Pie-eaters are rugged characters. When they make up their minds to anything their opinions cannot be altered, not even by the use of bicarbonate of soda.

No restaurant in this country ever became so ritzy that it dared to omit pies from the menu. It can put a ball of ice cream on top

and make it *a la mode* but in order to sell the ice cream they have to put pie underneath.

Assorted thoughts about pie:

The captain of industry will come from a \$10 banquet by the Chamber of Commerce to snatch a wedge of apple pie from the ice box and wash it down with a tall glass of half-and-half, half milk and half cream. Atta boy!

Speaking of apple pie, dietitians suggest that the deep dish kind, floating with syrup and shot full of cinnamon, should be served on a hot water bag and garnished with digestive tablets.

The jokesmiths of the woolly nineties could not have turned a wheel if some young man wearing white pants had not gone to a picnic and sat down on a blackberry pie.

"Pecan pie" is the latest down south. One cup of chopped-up nuts, two cups of corn syrup, one cup of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Whip up the whites of the eggs for a fluffy cap sheaf. A glass of "coke" with each slab of pie and walk out of the filling station all properly ballasted for a long motor ride.

Any one who does not go in for fresh-made country "punkin" pie with snappy cheese should be taken to a sanitarium. By the way, any woman who pronounces it "pumpkin" doesn't know how to make it.

Pie made from dried fruit is just as satisfying as a stepmother's kiss.

The only decorative art practiced by the Pilgrim Mothers was to punch holes in the top crust of a pie, before putting it in the oven, so as to work out the design of a bird. Anchors were favored by ladies living in seaport towns. One of these colonial pies was discovered in a railway eating station in 1874.

One reason why no foreigner can compete with the American housewife in preparing pie crust is that he hasn't the nerve to put in a big cupful of lard to every quart of flour. He puts in water instead of lard and gets a thin, durable, non-resistant product which cannot be duplicated in this country except at the Bethlehem Steel Works, Bethlehem, Penna.

Pie is the only thing Americans like which has not been prohibited or restricted at some time or other.

Pie is so popular that people will take it, even when it is packed with rhubarb.

Comic two-reelers of the Keystone period did not depend upon scenarios. Every director ordered a gross of custard pies and then began to engage actors.

Eating pie with a fork is still regarded as a showoff in many communities, especially those which believe that all sinners will eventually be toasted on hot griddles.

There is no let-up in the demand for pies, except at speakeasies. It seems that pie crust will not dissolve in sugar alcohol.

Mince pies formerly contained so much brandy that even rich relatives became affable on Thanksgiving Day.

Fresh cherry pie and buttermilk made a

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“Now lightly sprinkle in three teeny pinches of spice—”

AUGUST AFTERNOON

*A remarkable study of cowardice,
against a setting made famous in
"Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre"*

by **ERSKINE CALDWELL**

VIC GLOVER awoke with the noon-day heat ringing in his ears. He had been asleep for only half an hour, and he was getting ready to turn over and go back to sleep when he opened his eyes for a moment and saw Hubert's black head over the top of his bare toes. He stretched his eyelids and held them open as long as he could.

Hubert was standing in the yard, at the edge of the porch, with a pine cone in his hand.

Vic cursed him.

The colored man raked the cone over the tops of Vic's toes and stepped back out of reach.

"What do you mean by standing there tickling me with that dad-burned cone?" Vic shouted at Hubert. "Is that all you can find to do? Why don't you get out in that field and do something to those boll-weevils? They're going to eat up every pound of cotton on the place if you don't stop them."

"I surely hated to wake you up, Mr. Vic," Hubert said, "but there's a white man out here looking for something. He won't say what he wants, but he's hanging around for something."

Vic was wide awake by that time. He sat up on the quilt and pulled on his shoes without looking into the yard. The white sand in the yard beat the glare of the sun directly into his eyes and he could see nothing beyond the edge of the porch. Hubert threw the pine cone under the porch and stepped aside.

"He must be looking for trouble," Vic said. "When they come around and don't say anything, and just sit, it's trouble they're looking for."

"There he is, Mr. Vic," Hubert said, nodding his head across the yard. "There he sits up against that water oak."

Vic looked around for Willie. Willie was sitting on the top step at the other end of the porch, directly in front of the stranger. She did not look at Vic.

"You ought to have better sense than to wake me up while I'm taking a nap. This is no time of day to be up. I've got to get a little sleep every now and then."

"Boss," Hubert said, "I wouldn't wake you up at all, not at any time, but Miss Willie just sits there high up on the steps and that white man has been out there whittling on a little stick a pretty long time without saying anything. I've got scared about something happening when he whittles that little stick clear through, and it's just about whittled down to nothing now."

Vic glanced again at Willie, and from her he turned to stare at the stranger sitting under the water oak tree in his front yard.

The piece of wood had been shaved down to paper thinness.

"Boss," Hubert said, "we ain't aiming to have no trouble today, are we?"

"Which way did he come from?" Vic asked.

"I never did see him come, Mr. Vic. I just

looked up, and there he was, sitting against that water oak whittling on a little stick. I reckon I must have been sleeping when he came, because when I looked up, there he was."

Vic slid down over the quilt until his legs were hanging over the edge of the porch. Perspiration began to trickle down his neck as soon as he sat up.

"Ask him what he's after, Hubert."

"We ain't aiming to have no trouble today, are we, Mr. Vic?"

"Ask him what he wants, I said."

Hubert went almost half way to the water oak tree and stopped.

"Mr. Vic says what can he do for you, white-folks."

The man said nothing. He did not even glance up.

Hubert came back to the porch, the whites of his eyes becoming larger with each step.

"What did he say?" Vic asked him.

"He ain't said nothing yet, Mr. Vic. He acts like he don't hear me at all. You'd better go talk to him, Mr. Vic. He won't give me no attention. Appears to me like he's just sitting there looking at Miss Willie on the high step. Maybe if you was to tell her to go in the house and shut the door, he might be persuaded to give some notice to what we say to him."

"Can't see any sense in sending her in the house," Vic said. "I can make him talk. Hand me that stilyerd."

"Mr. Vic, I'm trying to tell you about Miss Willie. Miss Willie's been sitting there on that high step and he's been looking up at her a right long time, Mr. Vic. If you won't object to me saying so, Mr. Vic, I reckon I'd tell Miss Willie to go sit somewhere else, if I was you. Miss Willie ain't got much on today, Mr. Vic. That's what I've been trying to tell you."

"Hand me that stilyerd, I said."

Hubert went to the end of the porch and brought the cotton steelyard to Vic. He stepped back out of the way.

"Boss," Hubert said, "we ain't aiming to have no trouble today, are we?"

Vic was getting ready to jump down into the yard when the man under the water oak reached into his pocket and pulled out another knife. It was about nine inches long, and both sides of the handle were covered with hairy cowhide. There was a spring-button on one end. The man pushed the button with his thumb, and the blade sprang open. He began playing with both knives, throwing them up in the air and catching them on the back of his hands.

Hubert moved to the other side of Vic.

"Mr. Vic," he said, "I ain't intending to mix in your business none, but it looks to me like you got yourself in for a mess of trouble when you went off and brought Miss Willie back here. It looks to me like she's got up for a city girl, more so than a country girl."

Vic cursed him.

"I'm telling you, Mr. Vic, a country girl wouldn't sit on a high step in front of a man, not when she wasn't wearing nothing but that blue wrapper, anyhow."

"Shut up," Vic said, laying the steelyard down on the quilt beside him.

The man under the water oak closed the blade of the small knife and put it into his pocket. The big cowhide-covered knife he flipped into the air and caught easily on the back of his hand.

"What's your name?" he asked Willie.

"Willie."

He flipped the knife again.

"What's yours?" she asked him.

"Floyd."

"Where are you from?"

"Carolina."

He flipped it higher, catching it underhanded.

"What are you doing in Georgia?"

"Don't know," he said. "Just looking around."

Willie giggled, smiling at him.

Floyd got up and walked across the yard to the steps and sat down on the bottom one. He put his arm around his knees and looked up at Willie.

"You're not so bad-looking," he said. "I've seen lots worse looking."

"You're not so bad yourself," Willie giggled, resting her arms on her knees and looking down at him.

"How about a kiss?"

"What would it be to you?"

"Not bad. I reckon I've had lots worse."

"Well, you can't get it sitting down there."

Floyd climbed the steps on his hands and feet and sat down on the next to the top step. He leaned against Willie, putting one arm around her waist and the other over her knees. Willie slid down to the step beside him.

"Boss," Hubert said, his lips twitching, "we ain't going to have no trouble today, are we?"

Vic cursed him.

Willie and Floyd moved down a step without loosening their embrace.

"Who is that yellow-headed sap-sucker, anyhow?" Vic said. "I'll be dad-burned if he ain't got a lot of nerve—coming here and fooling with Willie."

"You wouldn't do nothing to cause trouble, would you, Mr. Vic? I surely don't want to have no trouble today, Mr. Vic."

Vic glanced at the nine-inch knife Floyd had, stuck into the step at his feet. It stood on its tip eighteen inches high, while the sun was reflected against the bright blade and made a streak of light on Floyd's pant leg.

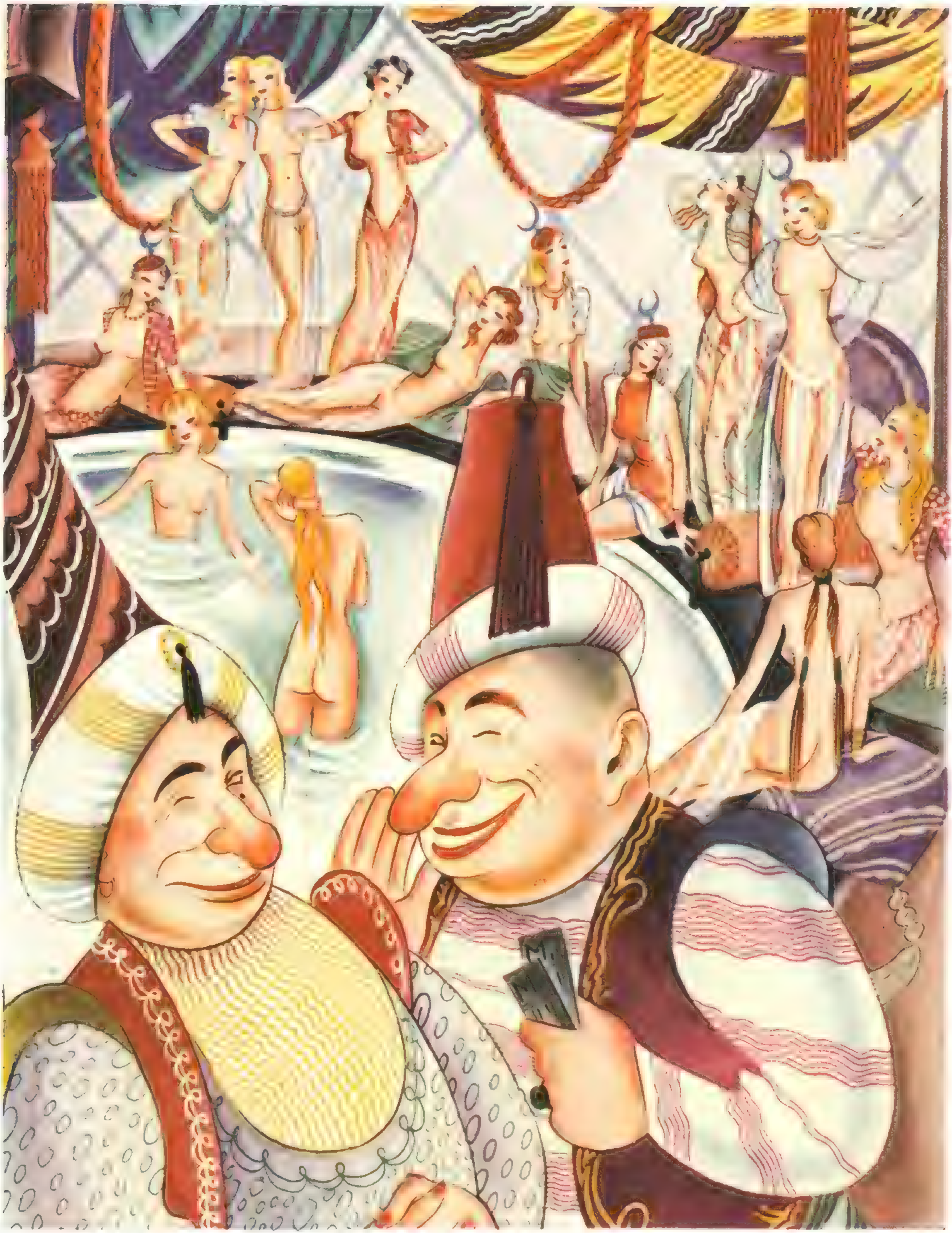
"Go over there and take that knife away from him and bring it here," Vic said. "Don't be scared of him."

"Mr. Vic, I surely hate to disappoint you, but if you want that white-folk's knife, you'll just have to get it your own self. I don't aim to have myself all carved up with

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“Darling, what—kachoo—difference does age—kachoo—make anyway?”



ALAJALOV

“If you can get away tonight, I’ve got two tickets to the Folies Bergeres”

STONEWALL AND IVY

*A clinging vine can stop a
one-man football team—
unless the coach is clever*

by **ROBERT BUCKNER**

NEXT Sunday while you're reading the football scores run down the list until you come to Jefferson. If the figures is 36 for Jefferson to Georgia's 0, don't blink, because it won't be no misprint.

Ask Lou Little or Monk Younger or any of them coaches we've taken over the bumps this fall, and they'll all tell you we're just a one-man team. Well, that's O.K. with me. You might say Samson was just a one-man firm of house-wreckers. Come to think of it, Samson's story was a lot like Stonewall's.

"Gimme that guy Jackson," Monk snaps at me after we'd massacred his outfit, "and I'll tackle the whole Jap Army with lady-fingers." But then Monk never did have much mercy. Personally, I ain't got a thing against the Japs.

Unless you're from the South it won't be likely you've ever heard of me. But down here everybody knows old Doc Reeves, and specially this fall I got more friends than ever. It's like that when you're on top, sailing high. Now even if Carolina takes us on Thanksgiving—which they won't—I'm still satisfied. It's been a fourteen year job, but I've shown 'em. Me and Stonewall.

Maybe I better begin when I first come here to Jefferson. Back in '19, after the war'd broke up our pro league out in Ohio, I drifted down to Virginia on a lead from old Jim Thorpe. Jefferson had wired Jim the offer but he'd already signed up with Kansas and he passed me the tip.

It might have been these quiet green lawns with the Blue Ridge Mountains rising sort of smoky in the West, or it might have been my first drink of corn, but whatever it was I knew a hour after I'd hopped off the train that if I could stay this'd be home.

And I stayed. For fourteen years now I been coaching Jeff's football teams—good, bad, but mostly indifferent. I ain't old enough to retire yet, but when it rains my legs bother me, and this year the university give me a house, a little white cottage out on Rugby Road. That's going to be home, the first real one I ever had, where I can sit on the back porch after supper and watch the sunset over Afton Mountain.

It'll be great to have all the boys dropping in on me there, sitting around a charred keg maybe, and playing the games over again on the kitchen table. Most of the stories won't end too good, I guess, but there's *one* I won't ever get tired of. One story that give me more gray hairs than all the fumbles and blocked punts in twenty years.

You see in all the time I been at Jefferson somehow I don't ever have a great team—until this year. The boys is young, sixteen or seventeen, when they come here, and they never run much to size. We don't have the money to pay the best players; they all go over to State and wind eight-day clocks for expenses. I just have to plug along with what I get, always hoping and praying that next September'll bring me a pair of big



rangy tackles and a brace of ends like Jerry Dalrymple, with one good back to tote the mail. Just one.

That's probably what I'm thinking of one night last fall when I'm walking home late from the poolroom, where we'd been having a little celebration. It's raining and I ain't looking up when I cross the tennis courts because the first thing I know I've run smack into a horse. Anyway it felt like a horse. I sit there in the dark in a puddle of water, wondering what to do.

"Whoa, gal," I says soft-like.

There's a shuffling sound and I feel I been lifted up by a derrick.

"Sorry, suh, I didn't see yuh coming," somebody says.

I knew one little keg hadn't been strong enough to fuzzle my head that much, but for a minute I couldn't speak. I thought, Lord, don't let this mountain I've run into be a tramp from a C. & O. freight, or a drunk piano mover, or *anything* but a Freshman—just a plain lost Freshman, as big as I think he is. I opened my eyes and there in the dim light I first see Stonewall, all six foot five of him. I took a deep breath:

"If you ain't Primo Carnera or the Empire State Building," I asks, "what are you?"

He laughs. "My name's Jackson, suh. I just got in tonight. I guess maybe I'm lost. I can't find my way round this town ve'y well."

I reach out and catch hold of a paw like a Smithfield ham. It could of palmed a football.

"Come on home with me, son," I said. "My name's Doc Reeves. I live over here behind the gym. We'll find your place in the morning."

"Gosh!" he cries. "Are you Doc Reeves the coach?"

"What's left of it."

"Say, Doc, it may sound crazy but I been wanting to meet you ever since I can remember!" he says, sort of excited.

"I reckon I have too, son," I replied. "You ever play any football?"

"Just in a little jerk-water high school down in the Tidewater," he says modestly. "We had a hard time getting games."

His voice booms down to me like a man beating a bass drum on top an elephant.

"I ain't surprised at *that*," I says.

When we get to my room and I turn on the light I see he's been carrying a small trunk in his left hand.

That was how I come to find Tayloe Dinwiddie Jackson—"Stonewall the Second" to the boys. The first one must of been before my time, because I never saw a fullback anywhere like him, and I've seen 'em all, practically. All these stories you read about my picking him out of a Welch County coal mine and a County Fair side-show is just sports page boloney. But the reporters has mostly been friends to me so I'll let that lay.

We better skip over last year. I know I tried to hard enough. While I was losing six out of eight games and only beating Randolph Macon and V. M. I. by flukes, our Freshmen team was running wild over everything in sight. We had 'em up in the stadium for a scrimmage once, but *only* once! With Santrell and Cody, a couple of wiry mountaineer boys, on the ends, and Bucky Harris at quarter, they opened up holes that Stonewall slammed through like the Florida Express when she passes here behind time. I take one look at the wreckage to my line and call the boy who's our manager.

"Whitey," I says, "scrap our schedule for '33, roll it up and make pipe-cleaners out of it. Wire Yale, Harvard, Navy, Princeton, Penn and Dartmouth. If that leaves us a open date fill it in with Notre Dame."

The news must of got out pretty fast, because first thing I know I get a flock of letters and telegrams from our alumni asking for the low-down on Stonewall and making reservations for *next* year's games. Now I'm not strong on writing letters, but there's one thing I like to do, and that's keep in touch with all the boys I ever coached. It's good business too. Well, soon my mail gets so heavy I have to ask for a secretary, and right there's where I made my big mistake. Because the gal they sent me over from the Dean's office *has* to be Ivy Rogers. Just between us, did you ever know a Dean with any brains about women?

Now I'd known Ivy Rogers ever since I come to Jefferson. Her old man is the college photographer and Ivy's been romping over the campus since she was a baby. I remember the first time I saw her she was sitting in a boy's lap over on West Lawn, eating chocolate cake, and with her long golden hair curled as tight as brass pipes.

She was like one of these awful kids you see in the movies, always rolling her eyes

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"I don't know what calibre I should get, but my husband is about that size —"

THE CHECK-BOOK

*A comedy of manners and of
mathematics and of the
strain that comes between*

by **GEOFFREY KERR**

THE telephone rang; and Mr. Medway, being downstairs, answered it.

"Who is it?" called Mrs. Medway, from upstairs.

"It's a Mr. Carruthers at your bank."

"Say I'll call him back."

"He says you were promising to call him back all yesterday," said Mr. Medway, a moment later; "and he's got to speak to you now."

"Say I'm taking a bath."

There was another short telephone conversation.

"He says according to his records you've had seven baths since yesterday morning."

"Well, say I'm *really* taking one now," said Mrs. Medway, coming downstairs. "You talk to him for me, please, darling."

When he finally hung up and entered the living-room, he found his wife standing in the attitude of one about to receive a cavalry charge.

"You're overdrawn forty-three dollars and seventy-two cents," he remarked.

"I was afraid it was about that."

"How long have you known?"

"Since yesterday morning. A thing arrived in the mail. And they've been calling up ever since."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was afraid it would worry you. And I knew you'd have to know sooner or later. I've been trying to forget about it."

"You can't forget about an overdraft."

"No. I found that out."

"You told me two days ago that you had about a hundred and fifty dollars in your account."

"I thought I had."

"Then I can't understand how you can be overdrawn!"

"Nor can I. It must be a mistake."

"You mean of the bank's?"

"No—of mine."

He groaned once or twice and then asked her if he might glance through her check-book. She shook her head.

"Why not?"

"I don't want you to see it."

"Well, of course, if there are things in it you don't want me to see—"

"No, no, Jim, there isn't anything in there I should mind your seeing. I just don't want you to see it, that's all."

"We've got to get this thing straightened out."

"I don't think my check-book will help you. For one thing, you couldn't possibly understand it."

"You can explain it to me."



"I'm not very good at explaining things."

He continued to insist and at last she gave way.

"You promise not to laugh?"

He promised.

"And you mustn't get angry either!"

She started for her desk and stopped.

"Would you like me to fix you a nice drink of some kind?"

"At this hour of the morning?"

Humming an uneasy bar or two, she

opened a drawer and returned with the check-book.

His emotions on opening it were neither anger nor amusement. They were more akin to those of one beholding for the first time the original manuscript of the Koran. He fluttered the pages helplessly.

"I can't make head or tail of it," he said.

"I told you you wouldn't be able to."

"Can you understand it yourself?"

"Some of it I can." She turned back towards the beginning. "Now there's a fairly easy page."

"Are these the amounts of the checks down here?"

"Yes, that's right. But of course the amount I put down here isn't the same as the amount I put on the check. At least it is sometimes, but not as a rule."

"Is that to make it simpler?"

"Yes. You see, if it's an amount that's hard to do sums with—like fifty-seven dollars and ninety-nine cents, I put an easy amount here, like sixty-dollars."

"Do you always put down an amount that's bigger than the check was for?"

"Of course. Because I make money that way. Because I'm always subtracting more than I'm really taking out. So I always have more money in the bank than I think I have."

"Hence the overdraft!"

"If you're going to be sarcastic!"

He made another promise.

"That check there, for instance," she said, "to Isobel Smythe. It was really for ninety-three dollars and seventy-six cents—or some absurd amount like that—so I put down a hundred."

"Is that a hundred there?"

"Yes."

"You didn't add it as a hundred. You added it as ten. What's this deposit here?"

"That's not a deposit. I think it's the date."

"You added it in. Maybe this is where the trouble started."

He turned to another page, the most conspicuous features on which were a large arrow and a carefully drawn and shaded moon.

"Do they mean anything?"

"Of course they do. The arrow was to remind me of something."

"Of what?"

"I can't remember now. It's something I *never* can remember. That's why I put the arrow. The moon means 'Stop and take note!'"

"Of what?"

"Something to do with that check there, I expect. You don't want to see any more, do you?"

"Has the large landscape drawing on the next page got any special significance?"

"I was waiting for a long distance call."

"Then on the page after that you've got the word 'mistake' printed across the bottom in large letters. What does that mean?"

"It means there's a mistake on that page. Every time I added it up it came out different. I couldn't make it come out the same. So I wrote the word 'mistake' so I'd know there *was* a mistake."

He turned some more pages.

"After that there don't seem to be any amounts at all. Just dashes."

"They mean that I did write the checks. But they were all very small ones. You know—just for a dollar or two."

"But checks like that add up to quite a lot."

"I suppose they do, really. But I never can see why they should."

"For the last two weeks you apparently haven't made any attempt to keep track of things at all."

"Well, there didn't seem any point—after that mistake. I mean, once you've made a mistake it's going to be wrong anyway, isn't it?"

"I don't think I can bear any more," said Mr. Medway, as he gave her back the book. "I'll write you a check now and you'd better take it straight down to the bank and get

hold of this Mr. Carruthers and stay with him till you get everything really straightened out. I should plan to spend the day there."

"Thank you, darling."

He knew that she was thanking him for saying so little about it. Quivering slightly with the effort the suppression had cost him, he got out his own check-book and hastily made out a check.

"Thank you, darling," she said again, as he

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AQUATINT BY JOHN GROTH

“Get me that book on appendicitis”

GRANDSTAND

*When Champions go, they go like
the one-hoss shay, all over all
at once—here are reasons why*

by CHARLES W. PADDOCK

IT is hard for the layman to understand how a champion in any sport can go to pieces all at once. Sometimes it is due to a lack of condition. But not often. The man who loses his title is generally as physically fit as his successor. But he is seldom as mentally keen. Having reached the goal, he does not possess the same eager flame of desire, and the longer he stays out of the game, the more difficult it is for him to come back again.

We often get the impression that a star today, is only a shell of himself, tomorrow. In such cases, the deterioration has been so subtle and gradual that we fail to recognize it. Yet it has been going on just the same. There are no exceptions. Great athletes like Gene Tunney in boxing, Paavo Nurmi in running, Johnny Weismuller in swimming, Jim Thorpe in football, Babe Ruth in baseball, Helen Wills Moody and Bill Tilden in tennis and Bobby Jones in golf have either retired while still at the top or have possessed the happy faculty of being able to make perennial comebacks. This has been due to extraordinary natural ability or lack of severe competition.

Most of us in sport, however, suddenly drop from some place near the top to the bottom and stay there. It is not such a remarkable thing, when you analyze it, that a man can wake up one morning as champion in his particular sport, and go to bed that night with no more athletic future than a breakdown gigolo. It happens regularly. I know.

In the Amsterdam Olympic Games, I was the favorite to win the 200 meters championship at 2:30 on the afternoon of August 5, 1928, but at 2:31 I was a has-been of the lowest rank. Nothing happened in that one minute to destroy, permanently, my speed, strength or natural sprinting ability. Yet I was, athletically speaking, "washed up" for all time, and no one knew it any better than myself.

After some fifteen years of more or less successful competition, I had made a "come-back" by winning a place on the American Olympic 200 meter team. In the first day's trials, the only opponents who should have given me any trouble had either been eliminated or had run themselves out. I had won my first two preliminary heats with ease. My most dangerous American rival, Charles E. Borah, nephew of the famous senator from Idaho, had failed to finish better than third in the second series of trials with only two men to qualify. His opponents were Helmut Kornig of Germany and Percy Williams of Canada. Borah fought so hard that he took the "edge" away from them both. That last burst of speed, which they had been saving for the finals, was expended in defeating the American. Helmut Kornig, a frail young athlete, was so exhausted that there was little hope held out for him in the finals, while the slender Williams who had already won the hundred meters by the narrowest of margins was also regarded as not

strong enough to make a showing in the semi-finals and championship races.

It appeared that I had things all my own way when the third round of trials was called. I found myself in the same heat with Williams, Walter Rangeley of Great Britain who had never been a startling performer, Jacob Schuler of Germany, Gomez Gaza of Mexico whom I had beaten in previous starts, and Wilfred Legg of South Africa who had a badly pulled muscle which could not be expected to hold up for another 200 meters. All I had to do in order to qualify was to finish in the first three.

We drew numbers to determine our lanes, and the moment my fingers felt the disc, confidence completely deserted me. I had drawn an outside position on the curve and several thoughts flashed through my mind while I dug my starting holes. I remembered the Olympic 200 meters at Antwerp in 1920 when I had found myself outside of Allen Woodring of Syracuse University. Woodring was not favored to win that race, yet he came through in the final yards to the championship. I recalled the Olympic 200 meters at Paris in 1924 when Jack Scholz from the inside lane had beaten me in the last foot.

The lanes are always staggered in an Olympic 200 meters to allow for the turn. That is to say, the man on the pole starts about two yards behind the runner in the second lane and so on until the runner in the sixth or outside position is quite a distance in front of the first and second men. This makes each athlete run the same yardage, but it gives a strong mental advantage to the man on the inside. He has a chance to see what the competitors ahead of him are doing. He can gauge his own pace by theirs



and make his final burst at the moment when he senses that they are beginning to weaken. The front sprinter is forced to run an entirely different kind of race. He has to start fast and go hard until he hits the home-stretch. Until then, he has no idea of his position. Sometimes he runs too fast; sometimes too slow. But there is one thing certain. If two sprinters of equal ability meet, the man on the inside, if he is an old hand at the game, will win.

Drawing the fifth lane in the semi-finals at Amsterdam should not have worried me. Yet what had happened in the past kept me from concentrating—destroyed my confidence.

The gun had no more than barked before Legg, the one runner who had started in front of me, pulled up lame. I was left to judge my own pace, and I ran too slowly around the turn, hitting the straightaway two yards behind Kornig, Williams and Rangeley. There was time left to catch them. But my mental reactions were all wrong and my legs were not driving properly. Instead of my body falling forward with each stride, helping to increase my momentum, I was already leaning backwards. I could not "gather" for the finish, and the farther we ran the worse I got. I failed to qualify for the finals. My championship hopes were blasted and with them went the incentive to try again.

An athlete fights hard to get to the top, but when he is once there, it is inevitable that he should in time start downhill. Though the descent is at first almost imperceptible, the farther he goes the easier it becomes, until before he knows it, he has lost the strength which he had developed in climbing to the heights and is the victim of

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GRANDSTAND

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the first real contender who happens along.

The champion who has been beaten loses, together with his incentive, confidence in himself. Generally he is vastly affected by what others think or say. This is true of track and field champions, and I am sure the stars of other sports are similarly affected.

Ted Meredith of Pennsylvania University, the greatest middle distance runner of all time, until the recent arrival of Big Ben Eastman of Stanford, went out like a light. There was no warning that he had permanently slipped. For years he had lost races only to come back later with still more remarkable victories. As a Mercersburg school boy he had gone to Stockholm in 1912 as a member of the American Olympic team. He returned home with the championship of the world in the 800 meters.

During a part of his college career at Penn he did not run so well, but in 1916 he broke the world's records in both the quarter and the half mile at the Intercollegiate championships within an hour, while in 1917 before entering service he displayed dazzling speed, indoors.

In 1920, he appeared to be the same great champion in our Final Olympic Tryouts and won the right to compete in the 400 meters at Antwerp. But after he had qualified for the semi-finals he lost heart. He thought that his legs could not stand up under two more races and he faded out of the athletic picture for all time, losing to his team-mate Frank Shea, to George Butler of Great Britain and to Dafel of South Africa, all of whom were beaten in the finals.

Morris Kirksey of Stanford University, whom I have always considered as the hardest man to beat I ever faced, lost his speed overnight. Kirksey, as a high school star, had things too easy. There were no runners with his ability in competition at the time and he won as he pleased. During the formative years his muscles were not stretched, with the result that when he later faced opponents of his own calibre, they could not stand up under the strain. His great courage and his strong recuperative powers however, kept him in the running and he led the 1920 Olympic 100 meter race to within a yard of the finish. Our battles were always so close that they inspired the Stanford star to greater and greater efforts. Instead of being downcast by defeat, he fought all the harder. And that kind of a competitor is the most difficult to beat.

Kirksey, after years of climbing, at last reached the top. There were no college sprinters in his class. But the moment that this great fighter realized that he was without serious competition, he went completely to pieces and never ran another good race. Being champion sometimes does strange things. For years he had occupied the position of having everything to win and nothing to lose.

Though there was little of the grandstander about Morris Kirksey, he nevertheless had come to depend upon its support. An American crowd is the most fickle in the world. It loves a champion, but it adores a game under-dog. Kirksey had been the latter, but the moment he was the favorite, the crowd turned against him and though he said that he did not mind what people thought or how they acted, he was unconsciously influenced by their desertion and cracked overnight.

A word dropped at the psychological moment also has its part to



The first good boy who happens along . . .

play in the making and breaking of champions. For eight years, representatives of the negro race won our national broad jump championship. Sol Butler of Dubuque College in Iowa took the title in 1920. He had previously won the Inter-Allied Games championship in 1919. Ned Gourdin of Harvard University won in 1921. Then a dark-skinned, keen-witted, cocky young fellow from Cincinnati, named DeHart Hubbard, commenced to show his wares. For six seasons he held his throne, winning along with the American title, the Olympic championship at Paris, and breaking the world's record. He seemed able to jump more than 25 feet, any time out, while the rest of the stars were struggling along a full foot behind.

Hubbard had everything to himself and he was not bashful about admitting his superiority. He boasted of his prowess so much that every jumper in the country was aching to royally trim him while spectators wherever he went, were ready to scalp him.

Though outrageously self-confident, DeHart Hubbard was game. In fact, he loved having the crowd badger him and the louder they shrieked the farther he jumped.

Hubbard was counted upon to successfully defend his Olympic championship at Amsterdam. He went to the Final Tryouts at Cambridge, Massachusetts with the following incomparable record of six successive championships:

1922.....	24 ft. 5 1/8 inches
1923.....	24 ft. 7 3/4 inches
1924.....	24 ft.
1925.....	25 ft. 4 3/8 inches
1926.....	25 ft. 2 1/4 inches
1927.....	25 ft. 8 3/4 inches

Just before the event was held, Eddie Hamm, a handsome, sleepy Southerner,



. . . sends him hurtling down the hill to oblivion

born in Arkansas and schooled at Georgia Tech, drawled to Hubbard: "My father told me that if I came to Boston and was beaten by any gentleman of color, I needn't come home any more, so I guess I'll just naturally have to skin you and your boy friend, Ed Gordon." The latter was a long, lithe negro from Iowa University who had also been jumping close to 25 feet.

DeHart Hubbard who had met and defeated all challengers for a half dozen years, couldn't get Hamm's statement out of his mind, or the glint of Eddie's steel-blue eyes when he made it, and for the first time in a national championship he failed to clear 24 feet, jumping 23 ft. 11 1/4 inches, while Gordon's best effort was 23 ft. 6 3/8 inches. As for the Georgia Tech champion, he proceeded to leap 25 feet, 11 1/8 inches to a new national and world's record, defeating the greatest broad jumper of all time by almost a foot.

Hubbard still had a chance to redeem himself. As a member of the American team he could even the count and regain his lost laurels by successfully defending his Olympic crown at Amsterdam. Going over on the boat, he tried to talk in his old jaunty manner and boasted that there would be nothing to it when he reached Europe.

Hamm did not say very much. We shared the same room on the boat before the Games and from the way that Eddie acted, I felt reasonably certain that what he had said about the broad jump at Cambridge went double for Amsterdam. And I think that Hubbard realized it himself.

When the Olympic event ended, Eddie Hamm had established a new Olympic record of 25 ft. 4 3/4 inches, beating a negro boy, S. P. Caytor of Haiti, who was later to set a new world's mark, while DeHart Hubbard and his friend, Ed Gordon, both failed to place.

Eddie Hamm had achieved his ambition. He went back to the South and soon dropped out of the competitive picture. He tried once or twice to reach his Olympic form and failed. The incentive was no longer present.

There is all the difference in the world between climbing to the top of the heap and in staying there after you have once arrived. Pride, and sometimes money and position, force an athlete to fight desperately against all challengers. But these characteristics are not in themselves strong enough to overthrow the spirit of youth backed by great natural ability.

No finer illustration of the futility of trying to stay at the top too long can be pictured than the story of Jack Dempsey at Philadelphia. He told me after his fight with James Joseph Tunney that he knew in the eighth round of that battle that he could not win. Time and again he hit Gene with everything he had and Tunney always came back for more until Jack was sure that he could not knock Tunney out. He was also equally certain that he had been out-pointed and out-boxed to such an extent that even if he should win the eighth, the ninth and the tenth rounds nevertheless he would still lose the championship of the world.

It would have been relatively easy under those circumstances for Dempsey to have taken one of Tunney's blows a little bit harder than it actually came and to have been counted out. By doing so he felt that he might have saved himself for a return match. But the code of a champion is to fight to the finish. And Dempsey that night at Philadelphia was still a champion. He stayed on his feet.

Physically, Dempsey was badly battered and bruised. But in time

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“Look, can you do this?”

THE TURTLE OF MME. LA CONCIERGE

*A Paris chapter, concerning
Victor, the Baptist turtle,
from a novel in preparation*

by **GEORGE S. CHAPPELL**

"YOU have not heard the story of the turtle of Mme. la Concierge, Milor? . . . nor, you, Vilainguele?"

It was Jean-Paul who spoke. His comrades, Jim Milor and Willingale, shook their heads.

"Bon, I will tell it to you, for it was a famous *blague*. It happened last year, in the Spring. Mme. la Concierge had a turtle. You know what it is, a turtle? . . . two pieces of shell which swim? Bon. She kept it in a glass bowl in her little *boite*, there in the court. She is a good woman, Mme. la Concierge, but *bete*! . . . you have no idea . . . *bete comme la lune*!"

He made a round face so exactly like Mme. la Concierge that his listeners burst out laughing.

"Our *bonne* is like that," Jim said.

"Do not interrupt, Milor. It is very impolite.

"You have been badly brought-up. *Eh bien*, Mme. la Concierge had a turtle, it is understood? On fine days, as the weather ameliorated itself, she used to set the bowl in the court. She called the turtle Victor after her husband who drives an omnibus. The fresh air would be good for Victor, she said. The sun would tap his little system." Fervent love for turtles shone from the speaker's face.

"We all admired Victor greatly . . . but he was so small! . . . no bigger than a *sou*, a *sou* which swims. I decided to occupy myself with him. The comrade Blanchecotte would aid me. *V'la un type, Blanchecotte*!"

They nodded their agreement.

"We consulted with Madame. Victor was beautiful, we said. What was his sex? Madame did not know. She had examined in vain. Her eyes were bad and Victor was so small . . . how could she tell? Blanchecotte would tell her. He knew all about turtles, and he would bring his magnifying glass. He brought his magnifying glass. It was a diminishing glass really, with which he examined Victor carefully. Yes, he said, Victor was a boy; Madame had guessed right. She was enchanted.

"But bon-Dieu, he was so small, this Victor . . . he grows not at all. 'I know,' she said, and yet I feed him, me myself, every day. He eats like three, *le p'tit gourmand*, yet he stays as you see him, a little end of nothing! 'On what do you feed him?' we asked. 'On a mince of the red meat!' she said, 'and some little grains which I buy at the bird market.'

"Blanchecotte was superb. *Quel type, nom de Dieu*," for a moment Jean-Paul writhed silently . . . 'Oh Madame,' he said, 'a mince of the red meat! It is the worst thing you

could give him. You are going to kill Victor. He should have meat but once a week, on Friday. Turtles are not Catholics, Madame. For the rest, give him only shredded carrots and parsley, chopped very fine. He must be fed at noon precisely. You will see."

"'It is the truth,' I told her. 'My aunt who lives in Montrouge has a turtle as big as a platter who lives uniquely on parsley.'

"The pig of a postman almost spoiled everything.

"'There is something here, Madame, which we do not understand,' he said. But the stupidity of Madame triumphed. The bowl was changed for a tub. Victor was now as large as the turtle of my aunt who lives in Montrouge.

"There are limits, my friends, even to turtles.

It was Grenier, whose father keeps a restaurant on the Boulevard Raspail, who said, 'This last turtle is the largest I can get. *Messieurs, la comedia est finita*. Meanwhile we have all these others swimming about in our water-tank.' 'But no,' said Blanchecotte, 'I have a better idea.'

"The idea of Blanchecotte was magnificent. It took a little time of course but it was worth it . . . you shall see. A few days later Madame was in tears. 'He grows small, *mon lou lou*,' she said; 'what is happening? Every day he eats his shredded carrots and his chopped parsley, yet he lessens!' 'Do you give him his meat on Friday?' I asked. Madame was embarrassed. Last week she did not give him his meat on Friday. She had thought of Father André and of her sister, Clementine, who is a *religieuse*. She had given Victor a little button of sole, garnished with parsley. It was fatal, we told her. Victor was a Baptist. Already he had been baptised in his native element. Baptists live in tanks. She had not by any chance had the water blessed by Father André? No? . . . it was fortunate. Turtles died in holy-water. As it was, Victor was shrinking as a matter of principle. There was nothing to be done.

"So it proved, *Messieurs*. Imagine, if you please, the excitement in the Quarter, the talk, the noise! If a turtle who grew by leaps and bounds was a sensation, what was

a turtle who lessened visibly, before the eyes! A reporter came. There was a *feuilleton* in the *Matin* about it, 'The Turtle of Mme. la Concierge,' which Madame cut out with her scissors although she can not read. Soon Victor had returned to his original dimensions. He was agile; he carried himself well. 'I never loved you so much, my little cabbage,' Madame said, 'when you were big.' *Une belle blague, hein?*"

Willingdale, throwing back his head like a hound, barked suddenly.

"Did she discover what happened?" Jim asked.

"Happily . . . no." Quiet mirth flickered across Jean-Paul's ascetic features as he added seriously. "When one is stupid, my friends, it is for a long time . . ."



"*Bon et bon*, Victor should have his shredded carrots and his chopped parsley. Every day at noon precisely he was served like a king. The effect was a marvel. Three days after he was larger by half his diameter. 'It was a miracle,' Madame said; 'Victor grows like a tree! See, *Messieurs*, how strong he is, my little love! Regard how he swims! Even his shell is more brilliant. It shines like a comb.'

"A week later it was necessary to buy a larger bowl. The turtle of Mme. la Concierge began to be talked about. The postman told the baker, the baker told the butcher, and so on. At all hours the court was frequented. Victor was a hero. His longitudinal grandeur was now nine inches and still he grew. One day he bit Madame. 'See,' she said, showing her finger, 'Victor has bitten me; he is a man.'



JOHN GROTTA

ALBERT PASTOR AT HOME

*It's hard on the racketeers
when a big guy called Lefty
yearns to see his home town*

by **DASHIELL HAMMETT**

LEFTY comes in and drops his suitcase and kicks the door shut and says, "How's it, kid?"

I get up to shake hands with him and say, "How's it, Lefty?" and see he has got a goog or black eye that is maybe a week old and some new skin growing in alongside his jaw. I am too polite to stare at these things. I ask, "Well, how'd you find the old home town?"

"I just looked behind the railroad depot and there it was," he replies jokingly. "Is there anything in the bottom drawer?"

There is a bottle of Scotch in the bottom drawer. Lefty says it is not good Scotch because he does not want anybody to think he can be fooled by stuff that is made in this country, but he drinks it in a way that would not hurt the feelings of the man that made it in any country.

He unbuttons his vest and says, "Kid, I'm here to tell you it was one swell visit. This big city stuff is all oke, but when you go back to the place you was born and the kids you run around with and your family and—Say, kid, I got a kid brother that ain't eighteen yet and you ought to see him. Big as me except for weight and a couple inches of height and can he throw hands. When we put the gloves on down the cellar mornings—what a kid, kid! Even when I was in shape I would've had trouble holding him. You ought to see him, kid."

I think that it will be all right to refer to those things on Lefty's face now, so I say, "I'd like to. Why don't you bring him on? Any boy that can get to your ponem like that ought—"

Lefty puts a hand to the eye that is not in as good shape as the other one and says, "That ain't his. That's—" He laughs and takes his hand away from his eyes and takes a jewelry box out of his coat pocket and passes it to me. "Take a look at that."

In the box there is a watch that looks like platinum attached to a chain that looks like platinum. I think they are.

Lefty says, "Read what's on it."

On the back of the watch it says *To Albert Pastor* (which is the way Lefty writes his name when he has to) *with the gratitude of the members of the Grocers' Protective Association.*

"Grocers' Protective Association," I say slowly, "that sounds like—"

"A racket!" he finishes for me and laughs and bangs my desk with his hand. "Call me a liar if you want, but back there in my home town, this little burg that ain't got a quarter million people in it—but get me right, a swell little burg just the same—they got racketeers!"

I would not want to call Lefty a liar even if I thought he was a liar because he would have been heavyweight champion of the world before he left the ring to go in business with me if they did not have rules you are supposed to fight by in the ring and if he did not have a temper which kept him

forgetting they had rules you were supposed to fight by. So I say, "Is that so?"

Lefty says that is so. He says, "You could've knocked me over with the District Attorney's office. Big city stuff back there! Ain't that a howl? And my old man being



shook down along with the rest of them." He reaches for the bottle of Scotch that he says is not good.

"Your old man is a grocer?" I ask.

"Uh-huh, and he always wanted me to follow in his own footsteps," Lefty says, "and that's the real reason he didn't have no use for my fistic career. But that's all right now—now that I retired from the arena. He's a swell old guy when you're old enough to understand him and we got along fine. I give him a sedan and you'd ought to see the way he carries on about it. You'd think it was a Dusenbergs."

"Was it?" I ask.

Lefty says, "No, but you'd think it was a Rolls the way he carries on about it. Well, I'm there a couple days and he lets off about these bums that'd been lining up the grocers round town—join the protective association or else, with not many takers for the else. It seems the grocer business ain't none too good by its own self and paying alimony to these mugs don't help it none. The old man's kind of worried."

"I don't say nothing to him, but I go off by myself and do some thinking and I think, what's the matter with me going to see these babies and ask them do they want to listen to reason or have I got to go to work on them? I can't see nothing wrong with that idea. Can you?"

"No, Lefty," I say, "I can't."

"Well, neither could I," Lefty says, "and so I did and they don't think they want to listen to reason. There's a pair of them in the protective association office when I come in—just about what I expected—they know the words, but they ain't got the motions right yet. There was a third one come in after awhile, but I'm sweating good by that time and handy pieces has been broke off some of the furniture, so I make out all right, and the old man and some of the others get together and buy me this souper with some of the dues they'd've had to pay next month if there'd been any protective association left."

He puts the watch and chain back in the box and carefully puts the box back in his pocket. "And how's your father's horse?" he asks.

I take the envelope with the money in it out of my pocket and give it to him. "There's your end," I say, "only Caresse's not in. You know—the little fat guy around on Third avenue."

"I know him," Lefty says. "What's the matter with him?"

"He says he's paid so much for protection now that he's got nothing left to protect," I say, "and he won't stand for the boost."

Lefty says, "So?" He says, "That's the way, soon's I get out of town these babies think they can cut up." He stands up and buttons his vest. "Well," he says, "I guess I'll go round to see that baby and ask him does he want to listen to reason or have I got to go to work on him?"



“Yeah, and then after he insulted you, what else did he do?”



*“Sweetheart, I’ve walked him round the block three times, but he
doesn’t seem to realize—”*

WHAT A MARRIED MAN SHOULD KNOW

*About doing the marketing and
getting his own breakfast and
ducking all trouble in general*

by MONTAGUE GLASS



TAKING the United States by and large, there are two kinds of married men: those who are scared of their wives and those who lie about it. I have belonged to both classes for twenty-six

years, and therefore feel competent to express an opinion either way, which is not often the case in advisory articles, for if you have read such warnings to potential criminals as *You Can't Win*, you may have noticed that the book was written by a prison warden, who had never himself been a convict. It is as though a married woman were to write this present piece, in which case it would become a manual of behavior for married men in and about the house, from the viewpoint of a good housekeeper, a good mother and a good disciplinarian, combined. The only effect would be to hand out counsels of perfection, and leave you no wiser than you are at present, whereas the intention is to show you not *how* to behave, but how *not* to behave, and get away with it.

Let us employ the case system, as they say in law school, and start right in with breakfast. A married woman approaches the cooking of breakfast in so haphazard a style, that the very carelessness of the thing almost evokes complaint from the husband. Any job so effortless—apparently—is bound to be poor, the husband argues to himself, and in a moment of unusual courage, he may even grumble about the crispness of the bacon, the quality of the coffee and the perfection of the toast. He doesn't know it, but he is in the position of a police court reporter, being pressed into emergency service as a music critic and writing a notice about the playing of some such virtuosi as Mischa Elman and Fritz Kreisler. The whole performance looks so easy that he is goaded into adverse criticism almost as a matter of principle.

Don't kid yourself, Mr. Married Man. Some morning, your wife will wake up with a sick headache, and will ask you to stop off at a lunch counter and get your breakfast, and *then* with eggs, bacon, sliced bread, coffee and grapefruit in the house, you will put into practice a theory you have always held that there is no system, no forcefulness about the way your wife cooks breakfast. You believe that when your wife cooks breakfast, she's just improvising a technique—that's all, and that the result is more a matter of luck than planning.

Now listen! While there's still time, take my advice and get your breakfast in a lunchroom, because first of all, if you try to

cook that breakfast yourself, you'll find out that in frying a couple of eggs, it isn't luck which keeps the eggs from running up a married woman's sleeve or breaking on the edge of the frying pan and messing up the gas stove. It's skill and necromancy combined, and you're no magician. Maybe when you got married, you promised to endow your wife with all your worldly goods, but you didn't agree to juggle eggs, did you?

Then again, there are the toast, the bacon and the coffee, all of them subject to that law which is called the Total Depravity of Inanimate Things, and when eggs, bacon, coffee and toast are acting in concert, think what as a novice, you are up against. *Easy*, is it? Why, all you have to do is to exercise the watchfulness of an animal tamer in a successful circus performance and the alertness of a captain on the bridge of an Atlantic liner; and then combine them both with the duties of a locomotive engineer on the lookout for signals.

In brief, cooking the standard American breakfast means not only the management of a couple of slippery eggs, but also keeping an eye on the coffee so that it will not boil over, and at the same time, vigilantly supervising the electric toaster, for when it comes to destroying the peace and happiness of a household, and making a mock of marriage vows, the behavior of the average husband with an electric toaster has nothing on his behavior with six dancers of the *Vanities* of 1935.

You can get more excuse me hell from your wife by toasting two slices of bread in an electric toaster than if you stayed up until seven in the morning trying to break



even at a game of quarter limit, and your method of stirring up anger may be innocence itself, for after all, what have you done to deserve it? Figure it out for yourself. You first insert two slices of bread in the toaster and then go to the hall door to pick up the morning papers, but by the time you skim the headlines on the front page, the toaster in the dining room will have played the usual dirty trick on you. That is to say, it will have converted two slices of bread into carbon and then will have become a sort of unprotected coke oven, blackening the ceiling with smoke and making a smell that persists in your house for twenty-four hours.

Therefore, by all means, go to a lunch room and buy your breakfast, because the type of toaster they use in lunchrooms is automatic, and for all I know to the contrary, there may be improvements waiting only on better times, by which when the conflagration starts, the toaster will ring a gong, show a red light and consume its own smoke. "But," you protest, "can't I just make myself some coffee and let it go at that?" You can *try* to make yourself some coffee, but with lunchrooms and drug stores serving hot coffee with free repeat orders, i. e. all the coffee you can drink for five or ten cents—if you make your own coffee, you are not only neglecting a splendid opportunity to get coffee heart, practically gratis, but you are also in for a big disappointment. You have seen your wife make coffee, of course, and she has done it in what to you seems such a slipshod fashion that you have been astonished at the fragrant result. So you therefore imagine that by carefully following the directions printed on the can, you will turn out a pot of coffee which according to the advertisement will be of surpassing flavor and aroma.

You will find out, however, that as far as a married man is concerned, the advertiser has his adjectives mixed. Instead of *surpassing*, the advertisement ought to have read in *your* case, *surprising* or even *amazing*, because even though the instructions on the can give you three or four methods of making what the manufacturer in his ignorance of married men, calls a delicious and fragrant mixture, all you will succeed in producing will be a quart of hot fluid, which by any reasonable standard of taste, flavor and color, contains in suspension and not in solution, the scrapings of old briar pipes, blended with lamp black, dried shoe polish and burnt matches. Then in your ignorance, you will pour out a cup of this mixture, carry it to your wife and tell her that nothing is better for a sick headache than a cup of strong, black coffee. Certain stretches of the Mississippi River are also strong and black, but people who live on its banks, generally use aspirin. So my advice is to pour the whole potful down the sink, give your wife some aspirin and get your breakfast in a lunchwagon, because any married woman handicapped by a sick headache, is more than a conversational match for her husband, even though he may be in perfect health and a good after-dinner speaker to boot.



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"But mamma I told you to tell the groceryman that I'd pay him right after the revolution—"

MARLIN OFF THE MORRO

Continued from page 8

and seen six others pass close to the boat during a space of half an hour.

As an indication of how plentiful they are, the official report from the Havana markets from the middle of March to the 18th of July of this year showed eleven thousand small marlin and one hundred and fifty large marlin were brought into the market by the commercial fishermen of Santa Cruz del Norte, Jaruco, Guanabo, Cojimar, Habana, Chorrera, Marianao, Jaimanitas, Baracoa, Banes, Mariel and Cabanas. Marlin are caught at Matanzas and Cardenas to the east and at Bahia Honda to the west of the towns mentioned but those fish are not shipped to Havana. The big fish had only been running two weeks when this report was compiled.

Fishing with rod and reel from the middle of April through the 18th of July of this season we caught fifty-two marlin and two sailfish. The largest black marlin was 468 pounds, and 12 feet 8 inches long. The largest striped marlin was 343 pounds and 10 feet five inches. The biggest white marlin weighed 87 pounds and was 7 feet 8 inches in length.

The white marlin run first in April and May, then come the immature striped marlin with brilliant stripes which fade after the fish dies. These are most plentiful in May and run into June. Then come the black and striped marlin together. The biggest run of striped marlin is in July and as they get scarce the very big black marlin come through until into September and later. Just before the striped marlin are due to run the smaller marlin drop off altogether and it seems, except for an occasional school of small tuna and bonito, as though the gulf stream were empty. There are so many color variations, some of them caused by feed, others by age, others by the depth of water, in these marlin that anyone seeking notoriety for himself by naming new species could have a field day along the north Cuba coast. For me they are all color and sexual variations of the same fish. This is too complicated a theory to go into a letter.

The marlin hit a trolled bait in four different ways. First, with hunger, again with anger, then simply playfully, last with indifference. Anyone can hook a hungry fish who gives him enough line, doesn't backlash and sets the hook hard enough. What happens then is something else. The main thing is to loosen your drag quickly enough when he starts to jump and make his run, and get the boat after him as he heads out to sea. The hungry marlin smashes at the bait with bill, shoulders, top fin and tail out. If he gets one bait he will turn and charge the other. If you pull the bait out of his mouth he will come for it again as long as there is any bait on the hook.

The angry fish puzzled us for a long time. He would come from below and hit the bait with a smash like a bomb exploding in the water. But as you slacked line to him he had dropped it. Screw down on the drag and race the bait in and he would slam it again without taking it. There is no way to hook a fish acting that way except to strike hard as he smashes. Put the drag on, speed up the boat and sock him as he crashes it. He slams the bait to kill it as long as it seems to be alive.

The playful marlin, probably one who has fed well, will come behind a bait with his fin high, shove his bill clear out of water and take the bait lightly between his bill and pointed lower jaw. When you turn it loose to him he drops it. I am speaking of abso-

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Tired small marlin coming to gaff

Six of seven white marlin taken by one rod in a single day



Small white marlin showing spread of fins



Mako shark, allegedly found only in New Zealand and Tahiti, caught off Havana by E. H.

Two white marlin



Market fishermen taking 300-pound black marlin on board

I AM DYING, LITTLE EGYPT

Burlesque, dying for forgetting its own business, here receives an epitaph and a farewell wreath

by GILBERT SELDES

THAT quaint and almost forgotten experiment, Prohibition, has two triumphs to its credit and they are very much alike: Prohibition "destroyed" the saloon and Prohibition "destroyed" burlesque; or in plain English, Prohibition sent the saloon underground into the speakeasy and sent burlesque uptown (artistically speaking) into revues. In 1910, if you wanted a drink, you went into a dirty or clean saloon, according to your taste; in 1930, if you wanted a drink you went into a pleasant speakeasy. In 1910, if you wanted nakedness, dirty jokes, and roistering fun, produced chiefly for the pleasure of drunken bums, you went to a burlesque show. In 1930 you could find these things only in revues patronized by ladies and gentlemen. Revues took whatever the burlesque show had to offer and refined only the tricks by which it was put over. The short snappy scene with a smutty last line and a quick blackout is fundamentally the same material as the burlesque sketch, only in burlesque the producers were neither afraid nor ashamed of their dirt, and kept the lights on a little longer, as if to make sure that the audience did not miss the point.

Drinking is slowly being restored, by law, but I am afraid that the art of burlesque, as a separate form of entertainment, is gone forever, although a few producers still carry on the business in New York and send a few shows out to the country. The reason is that burlesque long ago forgot its own business—it stopped being a burlesque of something and became only a rowdier version of the usual musical show. The outstanding burlesque troupe of the nineteenth century was that of Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes; they burlesqued specifically the classic type of tragedy which the Booths and the Barretts and the Macreadys were presenting on the legitimate stage. So we had cries of delight and of horror when Minerva appeared (played by a

man) carrying in her black-mitted hands a fan and a reticule and concealing a whisky flask; Jupiter was played by a woman and did a jig; Venus did the can-can. This is straight burlesque and a trace of it remained

to the very end, not on the great burlesque wheels, which became very proper and clean, but in independent houses like the old National Winter Garden Burlesque in New York. I recall a superb burlesque of Antony and Cleopatra in which Shakespeare's immortal, "I am dying, Egypt, dying" was caught up by the chorus as a bit of jazz and the death of one of the soldiers was the only instance in my experience in which the supremely indecent was at the same time supremely funny.

But in between these extremes lay the routine of burlesque, and, while it was this routine which kept it alive, it was also this routine which killed it. Once seen, it was always remembered; it had no novelty. The chorus, bigger, bolder, and less beautiful than the chorus of a Ziegfeld or Carroll show, came out on the stage or runway and sang the chorus of a song, usually one which had become familiar months earlier. Then the girls shed a garment and retired. Upon this the great event of burlesque began; the star, more personable than the chorus, but seldom a great beauty, took the stage, sang the same chorus, and at the end began to fiddle with part of her costume. It dropped and she disappeared. Presently she returned, did the same thing, and the next item of her scanty wardrobe fell. So to the end—but, Surprise! Surprise! the last time, the singer, destined to be altogether nude, disappeared into the wings before the shirt was completely off, and only the bit of silk was flicked before the greedy eyes of the customers. This is done half a dozen times, with different songs. In all my experience in burlesque I recall but two variations; in one the star used a newspaper instead of a shirt and stripped it column by column, while the audience, rather wittily, yelled for her to get a tabloid; and the other, the last defense against the censor was not a garment, but Stop, Go and Detour signs posted at appropriate places on the lady's body.

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THE WHOLE OF BURLEYCUE
by Paul Trebilcock

A famous painter, on something of a postman's holiday, manages to capture the essence of burlesque with the candid camera. Above, the chorus; next below, the short, snappy scene. Bottom row, left to right—the low comedian and the ingenue; the shimmy dancer; moments in the routine of the strippers; the lady who also sings. Mr. Trebilcock took the pictures from an orchestra seat during regular performances in burlesque theaters.





AN IMPRESSION OF BURLESQUE *by* **WITOLD GORDON**

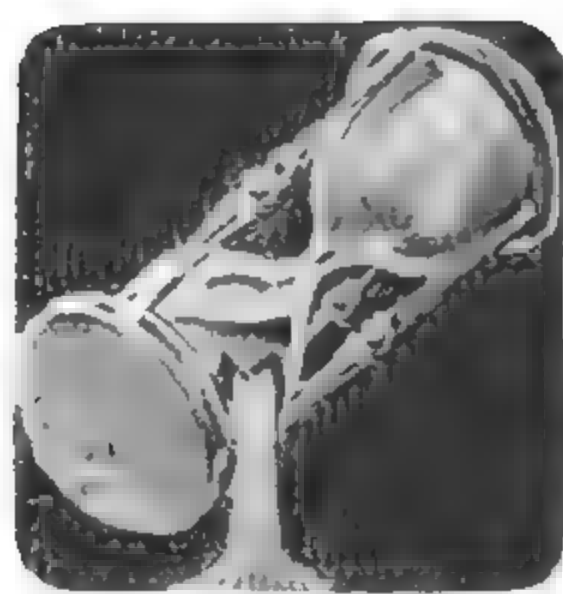


“How d’ya spell polygamy?”

EXIT AT THE MORGUE

Being the first of a series of poems, that sound the note of New York in a minor key

by **JOSEPH AUSLANDER**



Down at the Morgue
The unwanted dead,
Named and nameless,
Are put to bed:
Laid out neat
And stretched out nice,
Cooling their feet
On a cake of ice.

Down at the Morgue
There's no depression.
The dead men march
In a mute procession,
Day and night
The dead men march,
Their mouths shut tight
And stiff as starch.

Down at the Morgue
The dead who died,
The charity case,
The suicide,
The Bowery bum
With the bashed-in head—
Here they come
And go to bed.

Here they sleep
With eyes that stare
Up at the ceiling
In the arc lamps' glare:
The gangster back
From a ride
White and black
Side by side.

This poor punk,
Sick of life,
Slit his throat
With a butcher knife;
This big rube
Laughed at death
With a tube
Between his teeth.

Sampled by fishes
Swollen with water,
Salt-pitted, blue-bellied,
In bumps the bloater
Nudging the wharf-piles
With orange-peel bottles,
Crates, old corsets
And baby rattles.

The river police
Bring him to book,
Fishing the bloater
With a boat-hook:
Garbage is fragrant
Against these blown guts . . .
Hoist the blue vagrant
Away from the rats.

Dead men in barrels,
Dead men in sacks
Trussed up with wire
Knees at their necks,
Punctured with icepicks,
Pumped full of lead—
Torsos and scarecrows
Dead—dead—dead.

Never they move,
Never they mutter;
The peddler found
Flat in the gutter,
The whore they find
Stiff with coke,
The homeless blind
With his bottle of Smoke.



Here they sleep,
Gentile and Jew,
Dead-born infants
From Bellevue;
The city's sweeping,
Numbered, unknown,
Unwept, unweeping
And still as stone.

The Morgue looks down
On a river muddy
With oil as blue
As a dead man's body;
Down in the cellar
A shipment of dead,
Killed and killer,
Are ticketed.

What is hunger,
Thirst to them?
Life has done
Its worst to them:
They don't holler,
They can't crab,
Sound asleep
On a marble slab.

One old woman
Had come from Texas
To look at her son
Chopped up with axes;
They tried every ruse
They wanted to spare her
But it was no use,
She said it wouldn't scare her.

"How shall I dread
The child I nursed?
If he's dead he's dead,
And I'll know the worst."
They pulled off the sheet
From that faceless horror . . .
She died on her feet
It was finished for her.

The House of Death
Is painted red;
You breathe the breath
Of the breathless dead:
The strange stale stink
Of the Mortuary
The dead piled up
For a trip on the ferry.

Burial Bay—
A fine fat yield,
A bumper crop
For Potter's Field:
The derelict dead
In a burlap sheet,
Head to head,
Feet to feet.

Give them a number
And let them sleep
A sheeted slumber
That will keep:
Sew them tight,
Heave with heft:
Left—right—
Right—left.

The city's dead
The city buries:
They pile them up
On special ferries.
Whether it's hot,
Whether it's cold,
The dead men rot
As they are told.



Through a corridor
Down a ramp
The stretcher-bearers
Tramp—tramp;
The boat is blunt
And squat and black;
The dead in front,
The dead in back.

Gangplank up,
Shove away:
It's hot as hell?
The hell you say!
It's drizzling rain,
It's slashing sleet:
They don't complain
Of cold, of heat.

Hell Gate looms,
The boat goes slow;
Then Hart's Island
Flat and low:
Snow like lead,
Unload the files,
Dump the dead
In two piles.

If you are
A Catholic—
A scapular
Will do the trick—
You get a priest
And a holier pit . . .
(You'll rise like yeast
From the bottom of it.)

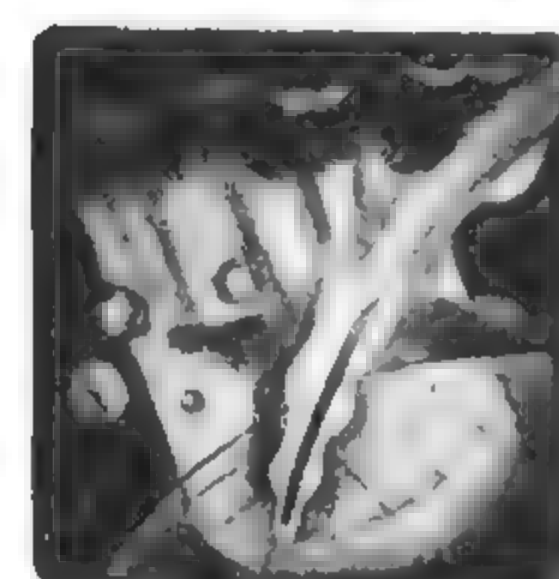
If you're not,
God save your soul:
They dig a devil
Of a hole;
The convicts smell
As they dig your floor . . .
What the hell
Are convicts for!

Convicts do
All the dirt;
They're soaked through
Skin and shirt:
Though it's blowing
Tons of snow
The dead are going
Down below.

Forty feet long,
Sixteen feet wide,
Eight feet deep,
And packed inside—
Packed to the top
Like rows of fish:
As fine a crop
As you could wish.

One hundred and fifty
To each hole:
Shovel away
And damn your soul!
Six thousand clear—
But the year is young,
Young is the year
In dead men's dung.

Stretched out on a cross
Words like cold flame:
"He calls all who
Are His by name."
By number instead
He calls and calls . . .
Shovel the dead
Down to their stalls.



Like sacks of flour
The dead men flop;
The wet snow sticks
To the bumper crop;
The wet snow sticks
And stings your eyes . . .
The Catholics
Are in Paradise.

The others sleep
Just as well
Next door to Heaven,
Next door to Hell.
Brush your clothes
And run to cover;
Blow your nose,
The show is over.

Wednesdays, Saturdays,
Twice a week,
The dead men play
Hide and Seek.
Never completed,
The same jest
To be repeated
By request.

Down at the Morgue
The unwanted dead
Swept from the streets
Are put to bed:
Waiting their turn,
Biding their time,
Ready to burn
In a bed of lime.

Down at the Morgue
Laid out neat,
Stretched on the ice,
Cooling their feet,
Sleeping as well
As ever Caesar
Or Jezebel
Or Nebuchadnezzar.

Instead of kingdoms
Leaving keys;
Pencils instead
Of dynasties;
Instead of dollars
And monuments
A few soiled collars,
A few cents.

INVITATION TO DANGER

*An old man exhorts a youngster
to lead the life courageous,
in this powerful short story*

by **MANUEL KOMROFF**

"AND you?" he asked. "How do you welcome danger?"

Of course, I had to admit that I was only a school-teacher and that most of my life was spent in the routine of the school-room. Blackboard chalk was in my lungs and there were always the boys' papers to correct and the next day's lessons to prepare. "But," I added quickly, "it is not for long. In a few years now I will be retired on a small pension and then I will live in the country and have a garden and . . ."

"Flowers!" he said.

"Well, yes, and other things too. But that is hardly what I would recommend to you, or to anyone like yourself just starting out in life. You are young. I would make a guess and say you were not yet twenty. And I would hardly call growing flowers a dangerous adventure. No, hardly!"

"Funny thing," he said, "I was thinking of flowers just this morning. Don't know how they came into my mind but they did. They used to make me laugh and now I kind of wonder about them." He gazed blankly before him.

I continued in the same vein; exactly as I had begun only a few minutes before, when the young fellow, a total stranger to me, came into the restaurant and took a seat at my table. I saw him enter, look about for a suitable place and as there were no small tables vacant he decided that I looked safe enough. I thought he was a bit timid but knowing boys as I do, I hastened to assure him that I was quite alone and glad to have his fellowship.

He smiled at the word "fellowship." It was a bit high-brow and not a word that he would naturally use. He placed his hat on the rack and sat down. He fingered the menu nervously and did not know what to eat. But when the food was brought he devoured it quickly. This caused me to remark that he must have been pretty hungry.

"Yes," he said smiling. "My first grub since last night."

"How is that?"

"Well, I didn't think of it."

"I know just how that is. Food is not very important to a young fellow. When a chap is hungry he will eat and anything at all seems to answer the bill. Yes, I know." I did not say everything that was in my mind. He was quite pale and I could see he had been dissipating. He has been in a pool-parlor or playing cards all night or he has a girl fifty miles away and spent a good part of the night hitching rides. He looked quite capable of such folly. His eyes were blue and his skin was white, clean as a child's. I thought there was a weakness in his nature. And that is what started me off.

"You know," I said smiling. "Behind my back the boys call me a 'harmless duffer.' They say I'm 'easy' because I do not care much about discipline. But really, I tell

them the most daring things. I want my boys to be courageous. I want them to have their own convictions and the courage to stand by them. I try to make them think for themselves and then I ask them to live by what they think. I tell them that life is not a monotonous hum-drum thing and that it could be made into something really worth while. That there should be an excitement to living; it should have a pulse that beats feverishly, and a drive . . . yes, all that and more. And there is one way to get the fullness out of life and that is to be courageous, daring and even court danger! It was an American philosopher who first presented the belief that we would live better if we lived more dangerously."

"And when you are dead, where do you go?" he asked suddenly.

This was a question I hardly expected and I did not think it had very much bearing on what I was saying. Evidently he had misunderstood.

"Take yourself for instance. Now I don't know what you do or anything about you. But you are young and in good health. Why should a fellow hang around a pool-room or some such place listening to cheap talk and learning cheap tricks? Any weak fool could do that. But no. If I were young . . ."

"All right captain, what would you do?"

"Well, I would hop a boat and see a bit of the world. I would work my way and perhaps stop off in China or India or Africa or wherever we docked. I would see a little

of foreign lands and learn the ways of the natives. I would try and join a party. Any party. If I ran into some engineers I would go along and we would prospect; or I would join a party to go to Tibet and see if Buddhist priests could really do magic feats or if it was all hokus-pokus. And if it was all fake I would come back quick and tell the world about it. Or I would try to get up a party of my own and tack down those African slave-traders who make night raids on peaceful villages and take black boys and girls to sell for long terms of labor. I would certainly put my hooks into those fellows. And I would have plenty of guns with me and lots of ammunition and by golly we would open fire on them without mercy!" I spoke these words with enthusiasm.

He smiled.

"Well," I concluded. "That is what I mean by living with excitement—with courage."

"And so you think I ought to hop a boat?"

"Yes. Or a train or . . ."

"Plane?"

"Yes—anything!"

"Well, I was thinking about a plane myself," he said. "In fact I went out to the air-port this morning but I did not like the looks of the field."

"Yes, I understand. I am timid myself; and the first time I went up my heart was in my throat. But you get over it. That is just the kind of thing a young fellow should do."

"All right captain. Thanks for the advice."

"I did not mean to give you advice. Forgive me if it sounded like that. It's my school-room manner. That is how I talk to my boys and I can tell just what is going on in their minds. I can say without vanity that I really understand . . ."

Just then two men came into the restaurant. They went straight to our table and stood behind his chair.

He knew they were behind him and he kept looking at me. The big heavy man, with a red beefy face, turned the youth's head up and had a good look at him.

"You're a handsome kid," he said, "but we want you for murder!"

The youth did not reply. He stood up and held out his hands.

"Put the bracelets on him," said the big detective to his companion. The handcuffs were snapped on.

"I'm glad it's over," said the young fellow. "Let's go!"

"Which one of these is your hat?" the big fellow asked.

"The hell with the hat! I won't need it."

And with these words they marched out.

When the excitement died down, the waiter came forward and wanted to know who was going to pay his check. I said I would.

Now the reason why I tell you all this is that you should know that, besides being a 'harmless duffer,' I am also a damn fool.





THE CELLOPHANE GOWN *by* GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

Chicago in the summer of the Century of Progress . . . a confused impression of gaiety and boob-baiting . . . of judges declaiming against "those who would put pants on a horse" . . . of other judges insisting upon "if not pants, then at least something" . . . of Bible-belt citizens coming to gasp—and gape . . . and returning, after a wondering examination of the multitudinous exhibits of science and the arts, with only this one memory sharp and clear: nudity and high buildings.



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

“Ach, does beer make you sleepy?”

THERE'S NO REPEALING TASTES

The boys will blink at many a wine card, but gin will always be a lonely girl's best friend

by **FREDERICK VAN RYN**



IN THE cellar of the Hotel du Beaune—which is the cellar in the hotel of the fair province of Burgundy—they tell this story in the language of rolling eyes, raised shoulders and waving hands.

It seems that some three summers ago a celebrated connoisseur of vintages, a peerless local gentleman named Marcel Duprez, fell victim of an automobile accident while on his way to attend the XXXVII Congress of Vineyardists of France in the city of Dijon. Removed to a nearby country house in a state of coma, he was recognized by his host, a fellow member of the Beaune Chamber of Commerce, placed on a Louis XVI couch in the drawing room and accorded honors usually reserved for the next of kin. A dust-covered bottle was brought from the cellar and a tablespoon of the precious liquid poured down the parched throat of Monsieur Duprez through his black lips. There was a long, tense wait. The proprietor of the country house, the village physician and the gray-haired overseer of the cellar stood around the couch with their heads bowed. Then—you should hear them describe this particular phase of the story in the Hotel du Beaune—the eyes of the dying man half opened and a faint color came into his haggard cheeks. He moistened his lips. He seemed to be wishing to say something. The proprietor of the country house, the village physician and the gray-haired overseer of the cellar pressed forward and cupped their ears. They waited some more and then they heard the muffled sounds of a choking voice.

"Chambertin 1878," whispered Monsieur Duprez and passed away. . . . It was Chambertin 1878.

Let us change the locale of this heart-breaking story. Let us suppose that a distinguished New Yorker, a valuable client of the joy-dispensaries in the East Fifties, gets his skull fractured while on the way to spend a week-end at the shrine of a Government Liquor Store in Montreal. Let us further imagine that he is fortunate enough to be removed to one of those nice country houses between Syracuse and Buffalo where they still have a bottle or two of "pre-war stuff" buried behind the five-foot-shelf of Dr. Elliott's classics.

Now then, what will the last words of our dying New Yorker be? Will he recognize the smooth touch of the noble wine? Will his palate be brought back to life and appreciation by that shade of difference in the taste which makes each vintage of a "grand vin" as easy to detect as it is easy

to tell a Broadway cop even if he is wearing the blue pullover and the gay checkered knickers of the Prince of Wales? The answer is "no." Here is one thousand dollars in hoarded gold against one unautographed photograph of Herbert Hoover's birthplace in West Branch, Iowa, that on opening his eyes our dying New Yorker would spit the tablespoonful of Chambertin 1878 out of his bleeding mouth and say audibly and resentfully:

"Haven't you got some real booze, with a real kick?"

And our dying New Yorker will not be to blame. For the last thirteen years of his life he was swallowing booze, booze and booze. No matter what the labels on the bottles said and no matter who had recommended his bootlegger to him—be it even the House Committee of the Union Club—he never tasted even a single drop of honest-to-goodness Veuve Clicquot, virginal Benedictine or staunch Burgundy since the Year of Our Lord Andrew Volstead 1920. And what little sensitivity his hard-bitten palate could have preserved since the pre-prohibition days had been dissolved long ere this in the flood of gin-rickies, gin-fizzes, martinis, manhattans and old-fashioned.

Tip your hat to the memory of our distinguished New Yorker and consider the pathetic case of his survivors, the Tony's alumni and graduates, 1920—1933, who are about to hear Secretary Hull announce in solemn intonations of his Tennessee-bred voice that the thirty-sixth State having duly registered its sovereign, Jim Farley-prompted will, the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the U. S. A. is hereby removed to the Smithsonian Institute and placed in the room reserved for the eggs of ichtiosaurs.

After the Repeal what?

"Garçon, une bouteille de Chateau-Laffitte 1907 bien chambrée" or "Tony, shake another Dry Martini and for General Johnson's sake don't spare your gin now that it's real." It takes something less than Raymond Moley's brains to solve this problem. For one thing, it is clear and obvious that Tony does not contemplate a retirement, only the suppression of the chain-lock on his door. And why should he retire? Didn't he sacrifice the better part of his life teaching the growing generations of clean-cut Americans how to distinguish between Gilbey's Dry Gin made in their own bathtubs and Gilbey's Dry Gin made in a public bath-tub in Newark, N. J.?

For another thing—and we have the testimony of the barkeepers on the transatlantic liners to back us—a stomach accustomed to the walloping caresses of rye, scotch and gin refuses to be soothed by the half-hearted petting technique of champagne, cordials, table-wines and the other beverages containing not more than 18% of alcohol. It is a well known fact that beginning with the second day of an eastward crossing, right after the first thrill of seeing a legitimate and

genuine card of wines dies down, the majority of passengers switch to the hard stuff and stay switched until the very end of their European voyage. It is a less known but equally proven fact that even those supposedly sophisticated travelers who never stop gabbing about Chablis Supérieur, Chateau-Latour and Mouton-Rothschild while at home suddenly develop an irresistible *béguin* for a shot of good old Golden Wedding the moment they find themselves in close proximity to the vineyards of their winter dreams.

This is as it should be. A generation brought up on the curves of Jean Harlow cannot be expected to admire the smile of Mona Lisa. A generation accustomed to the one-hundred-and-one-gun salute of a battery of cocktails before dinner will be wasting its money and effort on wading through that galaxy of fine vintages which should accompany a well-ordained, civilized meal. Even under the beneficial regime of the NRA the last word in the matters of digestion belongs to chemistry. And while, according to chemistry, a considerable sum of pleasant uncertainty in the legs and comfortable warmth in and around the stomach can be derived from combining the pale-yellow sharpness of frozen white wine with the blood-ruby smoothness of a red wine heated to the temperature of the room, provided both are put to bed by the firm but gentle hand of an elderly brandy, the self-same chemistry teaches us that—

Six cocktails (imbibed between 7 p. m. and 8 p. m.) + one pint of Chablis Village 1919 (with the fish course) + one pint of Chambertin 1923 (with the entrée) + one pint of Paul Roger Brut Supérieur 1921 (with the dessert) + one glassful of Cognac Napoleon 1809 (with the coffee) = one hurried trip to the bathroom.

Not that chemistry or I fail to realize that gin always has been and always will be a lonely girl's best friend and that rye whiskey always has been and always will be a rejected suitor's tried and trusted standby. It simply so happens that hard liquors do not mix with their softer colleagues and that of all the fine arts the Art of Drinking is the most difficult one to master. Which—with the kind permission of the copyright owners in the Restaurant Tour d'Argent, Quai de Tournelles, Paris—reminds me of another, a rather tragic story. Nobody gets his or her skull fractured this time but the late King Edward VII of England is being censured, censured publicly and severely. The action



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“Why Mister Pettigrew! You bite your finger nails”

PUBLICITY BY CUTTLEBONE

*Big and common, and nothing
like a racehorse, Cuttlebone
jumped like he sat on tacks*

by **DAVID HOADLEY MUNROE**

THE only time I think maybe I got no brains is when I look at Slim Johnson, and remember it was me picked him as a partner. He's a tall thin guy with big feet and two eyes that ain't twins, and he's one of these publicity hounds who thinks everything's news, even himself, and things that didn't happen, and wasn't ever going to. He spends all his time studying out ways to make people look at him, and to get famous, only his plans always work out different from the way he thought.

Like that time over in Jersey, when he got all steamed up about our old horse Cuttlebone, and wanted to run him in that amateur hunt steeplechase. That was a dumb idea, even for Slim. Cuttlebone is a big common horse that can jump, and that's won us plenty show jumping money, but he ain't nothing like a racehorse. He belonged to three of us in partnership—Slim, and me, and Jimmy Taylor, a little guy that did the riding, and that ain't said a whole sentence out loud since last March, when he told Slim to go to hell one day after breakfast. So when Slim gets this brain storm, he can't do nothing without asking us, and he comes round to me, and starts explaining about it.

"Slim," I says pretty soon, "there's something wonderful about a guy that can think up so many ideas that's no good! Go sell your flowers somewhere else."

You see, there was plenty reasons against it. Aside from us not having a chance, it costs fifty bucks to enter that race, and we

only got fifty-one, not to speak of a sheriff that's after us for some bills Slim forgot to pay last time we was rich.

"Fifty bucks for a race we got no chance in?" I says. "What for? Them thoroughbreds is all fast, and Cuttlebone is slower than the jackass you keep making me think of."

"Maybe," says Slim. "But he don't ever get tired, even if he ain't racing fit. He could run to California, that horse could, or to Alaska."

"Yeah, but this race ain't to California, nor yet to Alaska," I comes back. "This race is four miles over big timber fences, and it's so important they got two thousand bucks as a prize! We'd look swell putting the old goat in that! You know we got no chance of winning."

"Win?" says Slim. "Win? Who said anything about winning? Not me, I didn't! Did you hear me say anything about winning? Sure you didn't—and that's just it!"

"He'd come in a mile behind," I says.

"A mile behind?" Slim waves his arms like a loony. "A mile behind? If he does, there'll be something awful funny, and I'll know all the other jockeys is crooks! Say, if he don't come in at least two miles behind, I'm going to lodge an objection, that's what I'm going to do!"

Right then I decides he's nuts, and tries distracting his mind.

"Look there, Slim!" I says. "See that pretty looking bird? Ain't he swell? Let's go walking and look at him."

"My God!" says Slim, and waggles his little head at me. "He's talking about the birdies! Say, are you batty? No? Well, quit talking then and listen . . . You got no publicity sense, Bill, no vision—that's why you're so dumb! Of course I don't figure to win this race. But who wants to win it? Who wants to win any race? Horses win races every day—there ain't no news to a horse winning a race. But *losing* a race, losing a race real bad, so bad it's funny—how about that? *That's* news, ain't it? You bet *that* don't happen every day! And listen—they got a special rule in this race. If a horse comes in more than fifteen minutes after the winner, he gets disqualified, see? The winner'll make it in about ten minutes, at the most—so that gives Cuttlebone twenty-five minutes to get round. Do you get it, Bill, do you get it?"

I get it. I got how we'd look like seven different kinds of jackasses if we put a common horse in a race like that.

"How do you figure that gives us any publicity?" I asks. "Cuttlebone'll be so far behind folks'll forget he started."

Slim puts his face down in his hands. "For five years, Bill," he says, with a kind of moan, "for five years I been teaching you—and still you got no vision! Fix your eyes shut tight, like I got mine, and think. There's the racetrack. The fast horses has finished. The crowd is through looking at 'em. Suddenly someone remembers Cuttlebone. Where is he? There he is, rolling along best he can! He's got twenty-five

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WOODSCULPTURE FOR ESQUIRE BY CARL HALLSTHAMMAR

PRODIGAL SON OF PARIS

A study of contrasts in the life of Jules Pascin to aid an understanding of his art

by **SAM OSTROWSKY**

IT is now three years since he opened his veins in that studio in the Pigalle. It was in the summer time, and I was painting in a suburb near Paris. The news unnerved me completely. There was nothing I could do for him; he was gone; yet I returned to Paris immediately. For was I not his friend? He had many friends, I realized rather suddenly, as I hurried back to town, and to them, as to me at that moment, the news must have been an intensely personal pain—almost an affront. Were they not thinking, as I know I must have felt at least momentarily, “He need not have done that—he should not have done that—he had me for friend.”

Perhaps I did not consciously feel that thought exactly as I have now expressed it. It is hard to be honestly accurate about one's thoughts of a moment, when that moment has receded three years in time. But I must have thought it, although it is only now that I put the thought in words. But this I do remember definitely, from that moment when word of his going came to me: I thought there were a lot of us, I suppose, who counted him as one of our closest and dearest friends—his friendship was important to us, a thing of very great importance indeed, yet what could it have been to him? It could not have been much, for he has done this. And then, as I started back to Paris, I realized that I must have known, always, something about him that occurred to me only now at the moment when his life had run out of his veins: He was gay when he was with us—he was the gay pessimist, the reckless flippant prodigal, but alone he was unbearable to himself.

And then, in death, he suddenly meant more to me, as an artist, than he had meant, living, as a friend.

We buried him, we who were his friends arranged his funeral. But it was like him to have bought the grave beforehand—it was as like him as it would have been unlike the average Montparnassian. All the artists, enemies and friends, crowded Boulevard Pigalle. The government sent an official representative and a large funeral wreath. We were a tremendous crowd, when we left him there in the San Juan cemetery, but large as the crowd was I remember thinking that it would have been larger still had it numbered all those for whom he had ever paid the bills in the cafes of the Montmartre.

And all that was three years ago. It seems very odd to be talking about it now. But I would not have talked about it sooner. And I mention it now only because in his death there was a key to his art. Not that a key had to be supplied—he was a painter for painters—but it afforded something in the way of explanation that would have been lacking otherwise.

The language of great painting is not literature and it is very hard to attempt to translate it into words. Here and there, bit by bit, a little violet, a little pink, a spot of blue, rose or any other color which the artist sees

and feels through his models, he transfers from the palette to the canvas, producing certain nuances and color and line harmonies. A composer of music sets sounds into harmonies that mirror his own temperamental interpretation of nature. In like manner, Pascin used colors, instead of sounds. A bit of a grey stocking, a little pink dress, an orange ribbon, a pale face of a lonely girl of the Montmartre or Montparnasse, the beautiful form of her figure—someone, I forgot who, said that the body of a woman was Pascin's universe—such was the food that nourished his art.

But first let me tell you something of his life, as a background to the manner of his death, before I essay further to explain his art.

His was not, by any means, the usual stereotyped story of privation and struggle and failure to obtain recognition. Both money and fame came early. Nor had either run out at the time he chose for death. It is true, his struggle for a livelihood was at times very severe—and those are the times that I remember most clearly. But success came to him as a very young man.

From Vienna, where he had begun his art studies—he was born in Bulgaria in a humble Jewish family—he went to Berlin where he immediately attracted attention by his highly individual caricatures, published in “*Simplicissimus*,” and by some unusual book illustrations. Thus, although he came to Paris at the age of twenty, he came not like the rest, with a hard apprenticeship ahead of him, but as a man of some standing, a figure of some elegance. This was in 1905, when a little money went a long way, anywhere, and especially in the Latin Quarter which was then, more than now, still a quarter and still Latin.

But the speed with which money came to Pascin was always just slightly exceeded by the speed with which he could dispose of it. His friends were all who happened to be within shouting range when he headed for a cafe. Seated, he would order lavishly for everybody. Yet his clothes were no better than those of the average denizen of the district, which means that they were

pretty bad, because the artists of the quarter, at that time, expressed themselves on canvas in their studios and not in cloth on their backs. And his studio was as meagerly furnished and as bare as anybody's. That was the first of the contrasts; he expressed himself in contrasts, always.

The time of his arrival in Paris was the period when discussions of the great painter Paul Cezanne were running high at the cafe tables of the Montparnasse, for Cezanne was the first painter to realize the true conception of painting for painting's sake, being a painter for painters and not for the object of picture-making. Pascin was talented enough—talent was the word for him, based on his achievements up to that date, for he had not yet grown to the stature required for the mantle of genius—to realize this, and he immediately fell under the Cezanne influence. Renoir also influenced him with his very illuminative and tender color conceptions. Since Pascin himself was a great colorist and highly sensitive to color, he could not help but be influenced by these two great men, and he could not have had better formative influences.

I have never approved of that method of criticism which consists of hacking an artist's work up into “periods”—it has always seemed to me to be closely akin to vivisection—but if it were to be applied to Pascin, you could speak of his first period as being plus Cezanne and minus Renoir; his second period, as plus Renoir and minus Cezanne; his third period as minus Renoir and Cezanne and plus Pascin.

It was between his “first and second periods,” then, that Pascin left Paris for New

York. His whole life was something of a tour with stopovers. Viddin (Bulgaria) to Vienna to Berlin to Paris to New York—the fever for travel was not coming out in him, it was merely remaining. It had always been there. Yet he never, after those first Paris days, seemed so essentially Parisian as when he was away from Paris.

In New York, as in Berlin before, he “went commercial.” His own creative work suffered, as he occupied his time at illustration. By chance

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OIL PAINTING BY JULES PASCIN

COLLECTION DAVID A. SMART, CHICAGO



MONOTYPE BY JOHN GROTH

“Darling, that’s a lie, you know I never look at another woman”

IN THE BOIS

*Although Sheryl had been beastly
and though Nally had been banal,
reunion was romantic in the Bois*

by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

IT was early Autumn in the Bois, during that lazy period in the afternoon when nursemaids congregate to gossip and the children stop playing long enough to eat their bread and chocolate.

Earlier in the day a coquettish Autumn shower had dampened the fallen leaves and an indecisive breeze had scattered them indiscriminately over the myriad pathways and wide stretches of grass that separated rows of stately, fading chestnut trees.

Nally (we shall not give him a last name; he was that kind of a chap) walked slowly along the path, regardless of where it took him. A life of regulation had never appealed to him, so if a path bent inconveniently out of his way, he would ignore it completely. Such was the case at this moment—he was crossing a patch of green. It was, in a few more steps, to lead him on to a gravel walk.

Nally had no particular destination in mind, so the realization did not occur to him that he had, for more than an hour, been walking in ever-increasing circles. For a moment he thought that to sit down would be enjoyable, but there was no bench nearby and the damp ground might ruin the crease in his well-cut trousers, so without further thought, he kept on.

As he walked, his hands clasped behind his back, he wondered if, generally speaking, he resembled Napoleon. Of course he was taller, handsomer and not quite as intense, but he was alone against the world; he was a foreigner in Paris, and he was walking in the Bois—with his hands clasped behind his back. The added and incongruous trifle of a battered umbrella did not in the least disturb his comparison.

Nally began to worry about himself. He was rich, American and thirty. Beyond that, life had little to offer. He was bored. Maybe, he thought, if it were Spring instead of Autumn, he would feel differently. In Autumn things began to grow old and die, while in Spring, it is said, life is re-born.

He stopped to parallel his life with the miniature whirlwind at his feet. Brown crackling leaves that had resigned themselves to their fate and had settled on the walk, only to be trampled on and die, were suddenly raised into the air and sent flying hysterically around and around. When, at last, they had fallen again to earth, Nally was jarred from his philosophic reflections by having a familiar feminine voice call his name.

"Nally!" it exclaimed; and that was all.

He was quite positive that he was awake, but the shock made him suspect that perhaps he was asleep. Only one person in the world had such a voice and such a particular intonation in addressing him. He turned quickly. "Sheryl!" he cried.

When taken completely by surprise, human beings are seldom given to clever conversation. Nally followed the rule rather than the exception.

"What are you doing here?" he said, in a voice that betrayed at once his interest and

confusion.

"Is the Bois restricted now?" Sheryl had always been trenchant.

"I was only asking a question." Nally had always been apologetic—with Sheryl.

"I'm walking in the Bois."

Nally smiled at her. "Having fun?"

"Ecstatic fun." Sheryl also smiled, then added, "I'm awfully glad to see you."

"Thanks, so am I—to see you, I mean."

And with that, they fell in step and commenced walking very slowly together.

Nally took a cigarette case from a pocket of his Anderson and Sheppard coat, and opening it, offered it to Sheryl. She took one and they stopped long enough for Nally to flick at his lighter. It worked.

They walked on, Sheryl puffing appreciatively, Nally silent.

Finally Sheryl spoke. "Tastes like home. I hate those awful French cigarettes. They're so black and dirty looking, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Nally for lack of anything better to say.

They continued their stroll in silence until Nally interrupted. "I haven't seen you in more than a year."

"What do you think of that?" Sheryl drew deeply of her cigarette.

"Of what?"

"Nothing."

Again silence. Sheryl dropped her cigarette to the ground, where she crushed it out beneath her foot.

Nally noted—not for the first time, however—what a small and graceful foot it was. His eyes appraised her, from the tips of her brogues to the point of the solitary quill perched at a rakish angle on her hat. Before his eyes had risen that far, however, Nally's mind had decided very definitely that Sheryl was, without a doubt, the loveliest of women. She had such chic, such natural, slim beauty. He would have liked to be able to appraise her at leisure, comfortably—but, then, he had never been entirely comfortable with Sheryl; perhaps that was why he had loved her so desperately for so long.

She broke in on his pondering. "I've been married since I last saw you. You may have heard."

"Yes, I heard."

"I think you know him—Elton Cross."



"Oh, yes—Wall Street, Miami and George White's backstage."

"You might at least be a gentleman."

"Dear Sheryl, I've never had the slightest intention of being one."

"Really—tell me about your early struggles—as a boy."

Nally was desperately trying to retain his balance. Irrelevant talk upset his equilibrium; he always emerged the loser.

Sheryl tripped over a stone.

Nally caught her by the arm.

"Thank you. Stupid of me—should have looked where I was going."

Nally said nothing, but continued to hold her arm. He had so much he wanted to say, but something inside his throat made words difficult. As an alternative, he began to whistle softly, one of the more popular contemporary tunes.

Sheryl, being essentially feminine, preferred conversation—even Nally's. She asked, "You still have your flat, I suppose?"

Continuing to whistle, Nally nodded assent in time to the tune, which happened to be a waltz ballad.

Sheryl took this with an expression of disdain, and resigned herself to waiting for the conclusion of the impromptu concert.

Suddenly Nally stopped whistling, and, turning to her, asked, "Love him?"

"Who?"

"This fellow Cross." He was trying so hard to be casual.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sheryl, in recognition.

Nally took advantage of the opening. "You know . . . your husband."

"Oh, yes."

"Yes—what? You remember him, or you love him?"

"Both. Very well—and very much."

A turn in the path disclosed a wooden bench. They sat down. Nally leaned forward, and drew geometrical designs with his umbrella on the gravel. Sheryl tried, with some difficulty, to find her reflection in the mirror of the tiny compact which she took from her bag.

"Evidently your husband doesn't mind your walking in the Bois—alone—so soon after your marriage."

"Oh, I left him in London," said Sheryl, who was, by now, in the process of applying more lipstick to her already much rouged and generous mouth.

Nally made no comment, but contented himself with his designs.

Finally Sheryl put away her lipstick and compact and starting gradually with a smile, worked herself up to a laugh. "This certainly is a romantic reunion," she said. "I admit that the shock of seeing each other might have been disconcerting, and I am delighted that we didn't break down and sob on each other's necks in a burst of reminiscences, but I did expect you to be as gay and disarming as you once were. I think, secretly, I wanted to be swept off my feet in a wave of passionate poesy."

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BREAK 'EM GENTLE

*A cowboy artist and story-teller
points out that the bad ones, both
bronks and women, can be gentled*

by **DAN MULLER**

THE KID was a five year old when his pappy went to join his ancestors in the happy hunting grounds. You see, the old man was quarter blood Blackfoot, and he went out as he always kept asayin—with his boots on, exceptin in this case he had one of them caught in the stirrup, said stirrup belongin to a saddle that forked as mean a bronk as ever lived. This particular day the Kid's pappy was jest a bit slow in easin himself onto the kack after he had pulled off the leg rope, and that bronk knowed it, and that night when old Flapjack come in and rode past that corral he knowed jest what happened—and it took a friend of the Kid's pappy to recognize him, or them parts of hissen that wasn't kicked in.

The Kid's maw was having a hard time on her 640 what with grubbin sage and clearin the land of stones and taking care of another youngster; the Kid, young as he was, had a lot of responsibility throwed on his young shoulders. He'd ride herd on the few cows and wrangle the bronks that his pappy was takin the rough off of. He had a pony that he growed up with which the old man broke and broke plumb gentle for his kid who was the apple of his eye.

By the time the Kid was ten he was a big help to his maw. By then, with old Flapjack still a workin there and showin the Kid all the things his pappy didn't get a chanet to show him, he got to know what a rope was for, and what went to make a good cow-hoss. He was gettin the education that he took natural to. His books was all the old saddle catalogues where the slick saddles, shaps, bits and spurs made his young heart crave for the time when he would be growed up and be able to use them at the Frontier Celebrations held onct a year. That Kid was learnin to ride in a way that would have made his pappy glad to know that he was a son of his father. He had started in by ridin yearlin calves and

with old Flapjack's teachin he graduated from easy bronks to some that were mighty hard settin for a lot of would-be cowboys.

At seventeen, after the hardest kind of schoolin, with his maw a tryin to get his mind offen bronks without much good bein did,

and him havin competed in two Celebrations and winnin day money in both, he learns from a passing cowboy that there was to be big doins over to Cheyenne where the real money was, and where they was more critics than hands

competin. Well, the Kid never learned to write nor read so he tells the old Flapjack to tell maw not to worry that he would be home soon and maybe bring home a new saddle that he would win.

Early next mornin that cowboy and the Kid saddles up and heads for the southern part of the state—and Glory. The cowboy was a good hand with the rope and was also enterin in the bronkridin, and to the Kid he was a God. The cowboy had his wages and the Kid had a few dollars he had earned takin the rough offen some bronks for a squatter up the river, and that was jest enough to bed down on and put his hoss up when they arrived, which they did the day before Frontier Days opened.

That cowboy sort of took a shine to the Kid and wised him up to big time doins, and after he plunked down his entry fee and took his draw out of the hat, he knowed which hoss he was goin to ride tomorrow. Funeral wagon was the draw, and Dave Wiggins who knowed that hoss, having won a first on him up at Pendleton, gave the Kid an earful that would do him good the next day.

The sun was shinin—the band was a playin—the stands were fillin up, and behind the scene the cowboys and cowgirls was gettin themselves ready for their

turns and for the grand entry. The Kid had no clothes to speak of. Jest a pair of old overalls and an old ridin jacket, and when he seed what those hands was a wearin he made up his mind that next year things would be different.

That grand entry ride opened the Kid's eyes. He never imagined that they was so many people in this world. Bein raised the way he was, he thought as how they was more cattle in the world than humans. He watched with a keen eye the different events, and the time made with the ropes was somethin he didn't think possible. Here was real competition, the best hands in the country—and him a competin with this mob.

"The next event, ladies and gentlemen, is the men's bronk ridin," sings out the announcer. How his heart jumped. His turn was comin. There was his hoss in the arena waitin to be saddled, and him with his saddle over his shoulder makin tracks for that hoss with his heart apoundin harder every step. In them days, gentle reader, we didn't have the handy chutes in which to saddle up in. They was eared down out in the open, and the rider saddled his own hoss and got on him whether he stood still or tried to climb the man's hoss that was earin him down.



The Kid's name was sung out—also the Hoss's, and with his head in a whirl he slaps his wood onto that bronk, takes up on the cinch, and flanks him jest a bit nervouslike, and jest eases hisself into that saddle and hollers "I'm a wolf, let im buck," and them judges and cash customers and hands sees a ride which for general cussedness and recklessness aint been equalled in a long time. He jest makes a monkey outen that hoss and winds up by reachin down and undoin his hackamore and throwin it to the judges. The whistle blows—the pick-up man rides up to take him off but that Kid jest sorta walks offen that hoss, which is something that he has practiced a long time in his home corral.

You guessed it, dear reader, he wonned day money that day, got away to a bum start the next, and then knocked off another day prizemoney on a hoss that the day before throwed Jess Powers, a two-time champion. Them cowboys took a likin to that Kid

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MULLER

THE PHANTOM CHAMPS

*Half a dozen fights for the
lightweight championship were
never put in the record book*

by BENNY LEONARD

SAY, do you believe in ghosts? If you were to ask me that question, I'd have to answer that when I'm awake I don't, and when I'm asleep I don't, but when I'm "in between," why that's another matter. I don't know.

Not long ago I appeared at a benefit for a church in Oyster Bay, Long Island. When we left the church at nearly midnight, some one suggested I visit the grave of the late Theodore Roosevelt, who is buried in a cemetery there. At the stroke of midnight I was groping my way in the dark among the tombstones, under the trees and over the graves, and never once did I feel even the slightest qualm. I saw no ghosts nor heard any. Nevertheless, there were times when I not only *saw* ghosts, but actually *felt* them. It was back in 1919, my second year as lightweight champion of the world. Billy Gibson, my then manager, had arranged a trip out to California, where I was to engage in a series of fights. Among these was a four round contest with Willie Ritchie, a former lightweight champion, and a native of California. The fight was scheduled to be held on February 21, 1919. I had been boxing around Sacramento, and had taken up my training quarters at Shannan's, a regular training camp out near San Rafael, Calif. It so happened that only one other boxer was training there at this time, the same being Willie Meehan, the California Fat Boy. Willie was quite a clever clown—he once clowned his way to a four round win over Jack Dempsey by making Jack laugh so much he couldn't fight—and he had ingratiated himself with Ma Shannan, so that he was quartered in the main house, leaving me the sole occupant of the huge dormitory in the gym proper.

When I first arrived at Shannan's, they showed me over the place and when we came to the dormitory, my guide waxed reminiscent.

"You'll sleep in this bed, here near the window. You'll find it quite comfortable. Other champions slept there. Ad Wolgast picked it for his favorite spot. Over there, the immortal Joe Gans slept. In that bed"—pointing to a big double bed—"Jim Jeffries slept when he was training for his great battles."

And he went on down the line, pointing out where this or that champion had slept at one time or another. Jimmy Britt, Battling Nelson, One Round Hogan, Jim Corbett, Young Corbett, conquerer of Terry McGovern, Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne—a galaxy of greatness was paraded before my imagination—and then he left me to my dreams.

Now, up to that time, I always had been used to big crowds about me. Solitude was one thing I had never craved, and indeed, did not appreciate. In all my fights, from the time I was a "punk kid" just beginning to battle his way upward, the boys always had been my faithful followers, and I never had slept alone. You see, I had four broth-

ers and one of them usually slept with me.

Now this is really becoming a very embarrassing confession to make, so I must ask you to bear in mind that I was still very young. True, it was my second year as lightweight champion, but I was a home boy still, and that title was pretty new. At heart, and especially at night, I was still going by my first title, the Champion of Avenue A.

You see, we East Side kids in New York used to fight by neighborhoods, and even by sections of neighborhoods. And there were a lot of kids on every block, so there was a champion for every street. At that, there never seemed to be enough championship titles to go around.

Well, anyway, I was the Champion of Avenue A and very proud of the title, long before my first professional fight. I may say I had reason to be, too, because I took more punishment, I honestly think, in earning that title than in working my way up from there to the crown in the regular ring.

We used to hold our fights in Mrs. Slotkin's back yard. Maybe that's not her right name, but if it isn't then hers was funnier. The reason we fought there was that she had once made a circular border of bricks around a flower bed and it made a perfect ring for our fights.

Practice fights, that is all ordinary fights, were held wherever you happened to catch the first wallop from your opponent's fist, but "champeen" fights were saved to be served up with proper ritual in Mrs. Slotkin's back yard.

Speaking of ritual, we had one there. No way had ever occurred to us of constructing ring posts and ropes that would survive more than the first moment of any "champeen" fight that was worth watching, so we

simply had a rule instead. If you rushed your opponent, or if you were rushed, over the brick circle, then it was necessary to jump back nimbly and quickly inside the circle again so the fight could proceed with a minimum of lost time and action. That made the fights pretty funny to look at, with all the resultant dancing back and forth, but it was good for one's footwork.

Being the Champion of Avenue A was very nice in the afternoon in Mrs. Slotkin's back yard, but of course it didn't mean a thing at night when the champion might be three blocks from home carrying eggs from the grocery. On such occasions the champion was as apt as not to cross the path of a gang from some other street. And whenever a champion with an armful of fragile provisions saw a gang he knew better than to stop to argue. On such occasions, lone champions always conceded defeat by inference, even if the gang might not number so much as a runner-up among them.

I understand that Horatio at the bridge was an exception to this rule (except for the part about the eggs) but then, Horatio never lived on the lower East Side. There championships were at stake only in single combat, and bringing your gang along was no fair.

Perhaps you think I'm digressing? No I'm not. Let's go back to Ma Shannan's dormitory and you'll see!

So here I was, in this big dormitory, with the vast silence pressing in around me. I always retired fairly early when training, especially in those days, and I recall for the first time that I could remember, I couldn't get to sleep. I kept thinking of those great fighters who had occupied this room, and pretty soon the place became peopled with them.

Every fighter experiences a "night before" seance with himself on the eve of some very important battle. He thinks and studies, analyzing his coming battle from all angles. He has sporadic fits of apprehension and fear that he will lose, sandwiched in between periods of confidence and determination that he will win. He fights the battle over in his mind, and if he is of the stuff that real champions are made of, he finally lulls himself into a sleep, confident that he *will* win on the morrow.

Well, *every* night was a "night before" for me there at Shannan's. The only difference was that instead of fighting over an imaginary bout with my prospective opponent, Ritchie, I was fighting a different opponent every night, and an opponent with an illustrious glamor of greatness.

Out of the gloaming, dimly, at first, then more and more sharply, ghostly figures crowded the dormitory. They were easily recognizable, for I had seen numerous pictures of all the champions—as indeed, who hasn't? The eerie dormitory seemed to resound with silent noise, as these great fighters peered appraisingly at me, as if they

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THIS OUR NEW YORK *by* **HOWARD BAER**



THIS belted overcoat with raglan shoulders is gradually taking its place as the successor to the double breasted tan camel hair polo coat with pearl buttons which was, for such a long time, virtually the campus uniform in eastern prep schools and universities. These coats are made up, in this one model, in the softer handling fabrics of various weights and they go very well with the rougher suitings that are now dominant on every campus where attention to the niceties in the matter of dress is the rule rather than the exception. With the coat and suit of this type, the snap brim semi-Homburg hat and a pair of heavy brogues is in order. Note the bat tie—the long exiled bow has at last been restored to fashionable acceptance. In the bat style, foulards and twills are preferred, while in the four-in-hand first call

goes to the heavier materials, such as the silk and wool poplin in which the striped ties sketched at the right are made up. As a logical outgrowth of the popularity of wool and part wool ties, the favored muffler for college men is a light woolen made up in typical neckwear patterns and colorings, like the bold polka dot shown in the sketch. The perennial pullover of camel hair seems assured, for at least another season, of retaining its status as one of the required items in the college and prep school wardrobe. While the sketch is not explicit on this point, you can assume that the collar which is covered by the polka dot bat tie is the button down variety—still the established favorite of the undergraduate, despite the recent increase in acceptance of the round collar attached model worn with a collar pin.

**FOR THE COLLEGE
LOWER CLASS MAN
OR SENIOR PREP**

**FOR THE COLLEGE
UPPER CLASS MAN
OR YOUNGER GRAD**



IT is impossible to over-emphasize the importance of soft rough fabrics in any consideration of clothes for campus wear. The popularity of rougher cloths in browns and Lovats, both in tweeds of the Harris type and in the soft handling homespun, Shetlands and Saxones is universal among the better dressed members of the fashion setting groups of upper classmen at Princeton and Yale. The coat sketched here, with four patch pockets, is the type that has been made up by the better tailors, for some time, for these young men and for the recent graduates in the New York financial district. With it, Joe College clings to the most battered of snap brim hats, pinched unmercifully at the front of the crown. This is a constant source of irritation to right-thinking citizens in general and to the amalgamated hat makers in particular and while we are

inclined to meet them at least half way in their contention that this is a subject for organized deploring, we also know that there is nothing to be done about it and a feeling for accuracy compels this candor. The average upper classman of the more aware type wouldn't be caught dead in anything but a rather bruised dark brown snap brim hat. Proof that these young gentlemen do occasionally buy new ones (presumably wearing them in public only after some secret process of aging them in private) may be found in the fact that the current college hats have a somewhat higher and more tapered crown. Natural concomitants for the rougher clothing fabrics are crocheted wool ties in both horizontal and diagonal stripings as well as in rich dark solid colors and wool hose in the traditional Argyle plaid patterns.



PAINTED IN OIL FOR ESQUIRE

AT THE WALKATHON *by* HOWARD BAER

POOR MAN'S NIGHT CLUB

*About a place where celebrity
is immediate and stardom easy
and human dignity is very low*

by **ARNOLD GINGRICH**

IT'S a great money's worth. For forty cents, on any evening, you will see more knockdowns than a fight fan will ever see for forty dollars. For that same forty cents, you will hear as much poor singing and as much low humor, as the frequenter of cabarets will get for a separate investment of dollars ten to forty. For forty cents, if you are cold and lonely and out of a job, on a raw winter's night, you join an audience composed of people who appear to have every right to feel as wretched as yourself, and with them you get the thrill of being able to feel sorry for someone.

With them you can sit and stare at a seedy looking pack of youngsters who are reeling about, sodden with fatigue and numb with sleeplessness, in an enclosure the size of the average night club dance floor, and with them you can say to yourself, as a sop to your self-respect and a bolster to your failing faith: "There, out there on that floor, are guys I can feel sorry for." And you don't know now what a luxury it is, sometimes, to be able to say that; you don't know until you are cold and lonely and out of a job, on a raw winter's night.

For your forty cents, if you are young and venturesome and out for no good purpose, you also get a better than even chance, before your evening is over, of finding in the crowd some shapely female who will, for a very modest consideration or maybe, if it's late enough, for none at all, decide to share your mood. Oh the rich get all the gravy as surely none can deny, but here the price of riches is but forty cents, for this is the poor man's night club.

Yes sir, folks, the poor man's night club, this marvelous twenty-four hour show, this athletic contest, this test of endurance, this combat with the opponent that can't lose folks, this combat with sleep, this gruelling grind, this scientific experiment in outwitting that old sandman, this—you get the idea folks, it's different, it's original, it's unique, you'll love these kids folks, you'll follow their fortunes day by day folks, pulling for your favorites, and you'll get to know 'em all folks and when you know 'em you'll love 'em—so come on down folks and if you come once we won't have to ask you to come again, it's only forty cents folks and it's less than that if you come before dusk—yes sir, folks it's only two bits before nightfall and forty cents after that—it's the greatest, the biggest, the noisiest and liveliest and differentest folks in town show, I mean pardon me, show in town folks, it's the Walkathon.

And so you go. You go to scoff and feel superior or you go to marvel and be impressed, and in the end it comes to the same thing. You go and after you get there you wonder why you've come. You say to yourself it's nothing but a lousy dance marathon

with the dancing left out, it's nothing but a walk and a pretty dreary slow shuffle at that, and it isn't as if these saps were walking somewhere or even racing for a goal, they're walking nowhere at all but just around and around and I'm crazier than they are if I sit here watching them. And this is about as tawdry a dump as I've ever been in and there are better smelling places, such as the gyms where prizefighters train, and if I'm smart I'll take my loss now, they can have my forty cents, it's worth it to get out and I guess I'll go now. That's what you say to yourself, your first few minutes at a Walkathon. And the worst of it is, you're right. Yet somehow you don't get right up and get out, you only sit there wondering why you don't, and then after a while, without knowing just when, you've stopped wondering why, and you're watching the Walkathon.

The odds are that you will never go to a Walkathon, never go through stacks of figures should be mustered to assure you that a great many people do. You have your answer neat and pat: a great many people also go to lodge picnics, ice-cream socials, revival meetings, lynchings, hog-calling tournaments, jail, and hell, every year, and so far you've kept the news from affecting you strongly in a personal way.

And if that's the way you feel about it, it's plain you're the type who would enjoy it most. That's why these notes are written for you.

Of course, it would be better if you'd go yourself. There are things, like falling in love or watching a Walkathon, which can be described but should be experienced to be realized fully.

You could describe a Walkathon as a contest among teams, consisting of a boy and girl per team, to determine, by elimination through falling asleep, which team can walk the longest time. Yes and you could describe a kiss as contact with the empty end of a digestive tube some thirty-odd feet long. But you would be nearer, in both instances, to a definition than a description, and you would be omitting all the attractive features.

It is less important to tell you about the intricacies of the rules than it is to mention the hot dogs and the beer, and how lousy they are at ten in the evening and how wonderful at four in the morning. And how you can convert all the contestants, in an instant, from performers to a gaping audience, by the simple expedient of walking in of a summer night wearing a white mess jacket, that's the kind of a place it is. And how a few weeks wreak the changes of the ages and a contest can be less than two months old and you find yourself longing for its good old days. And about the smoke haze and the decorations gaudy but none too clean, like a circus rider's costume, and the sour music,

there never was music so sour on land or sea as the kind you get at a Walkathon, and the uncomfortable rickety chairs and the dirty floor and how you miss all that, when the contest gets to its last stages and the money's rolling in and the crowds are enormous and they clean up the old place and change it.

Yes there are a lot of angles, and there are elements of fake, particularly in the early stages before the thing becomes a real test of stamina, when the ardors and endurance must be built up by liberal admixture of all the old gags of showmanship. Without them, a Walkathon would lose most of its power for the engendering of excitement. Have you ever seen a wrestling match that was absolutely, unequivocally on the square, and if you have, could you sit it out? Well, a Walkathon is as dependent upon showmanship as a wrestling match is.

A Walkathon without special entertainment features, both in the contest and in addition to it, would be like a horse race without betting. So there are all manner of stunts worked into the contest itself, and a variety of extra divertissements thrown in.

There are the sprints and the grinds and the so-called horse races. The latter are exciting enough but there is something phoney about them. They involve the completion, by each contestant, of a specified number of laps (that is, complete circuits of the Walkathon floor) within a given time limit. The girls are usually allowed to run, while the boys are made to walk. Curiously, though I have seen over thirty of these things, I have yet to see a contestant eliminated by one, and I have yet to see the time when the last contestant does not fall across the finish line as the bell sounds at the end of the time limit. If that's a coincidence, it's very odd.

A sprint, in a Walkathon, means one of two things. In the opening stages, the contestants walk forty-five minutes then retire for fifteen minutes of sleep. Later this is changed almost daily, the walking periods being increased and the rest periods cut down. At the end of each walking period, just before the bell, the floor judge usually asks for a sprint. That means little more than that the contestants are expected to snap out of their dreary shuffle and walk briskly around the floor until the end of the walking period. On the other hand, one of the elimination events is also known as a sprint. This means that for a certain period, say from eight in the evening until twelve, the rest periods are cancelled and the contestants are allowed only the number of falls for the entire interval that they would be allowed for one regular walking period.

The three fall rule is usually in effect for the first month at least. It means that a contestant may clank to the floor twice within one walking period, but that a third

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THE ART IN PUTTING

A grip that uses left hand for direction and contact, relying upon the right for touch, speed

by **BOBBY JONES**



By way of introducing this discussion of putting, I think I ought to say that there is great danger in adopting a method that is too nearly fixed and immutable. Too often a man who attempts to copy each detail of the style of someone else, or who tries to develop his own method according to rigid specifications, finds himself entirely tied up by the tension of his position. I should like one who reads this to understand that there is to be allowed some latitude for the individual in order to assure complete comfort and relaxation.

In order that we may begin with a semblance of a proper sequence, we may divide the important fundamentals of putting into three headings. First, the correct grip; second, the position at address, and, third, the stroke itself.

I think that the best way to bring out what I consider to be the chief requirements of the grip would be to describe my own and give the reasons for the appearance of the important features. In the first place, it will be seen from the accompanying photograph that the thumbs of both hands touch the

club exactly on the top of the shaft. This accomplishes two things. It locates my two hands with respect to each other and with respect to the face of the club in what I deem to be the proper position, that is, with the back of the left hand presented squarely to the hole and the palm of the right hand, if it were opened, in the same position. This is intended to encourage a stroke directed exactly along the line of the putt and to discourage a tendency of either hand to twist the face of the club away from its proper alignment.

Light Grip The grip should always be light. **Aids** The nice correlation of direction and speed, which is so necessary to successful putting, demands a very delicate touch and there is nothing which can defeat this so completely as a tense grip. My grip on a putter could be called firm only in the three smaller fingers of my left hand. My right hand merely rests upon the club as I am addressing the ball.

The photograph shows what I suppose would be called a reverse overlap, that is,

instead of the ordinary overlapping grip, in which the little finger of the right hand overlaps the forefinger of the left hand, in this case the forefinger of the left hand is on top. The advantage of this, I think, in addition to encouraging a light grip, is to remove the possibility of squeezing the shaft of the club between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, a tendency which would be increased by the firmness of the grip of the smaller fingers of this hand.

One of the chief dangers in putting, just as in playing every other golf shot, is that of raising the club too abruptly in starting the backswing, a motion which is usually accomplished by the right hand. The putter, like any other club, should be started back close to the ground and should never pass outside of an imaginary line drawn through the ball to the hole. I have found that the best way to prevent this is to start the backswing by means of the smaller fingers of the left hand, in which I have said that the grip was firm.

As accurately as I can describe the feeling, the putting stroke is to me a matter of using the left hand for direction and true contact



Front view of Jones' reverse overlap putting grip showing how thumbs of both hands touch the top of the shaft. His grip is light, the grasp being concentrated in the three smaller fingers of the left hand.

and the right hand for touch and speed. The firmness in the left hand controls the path of the putter blade and the delicate sense between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand makes the last little adjustment in the strength of the blow and gives it its crisp quality.

Right Thumb Center of Sense of Touch

There is one very important point which concerns the way in which the right thumb makes contact with the club. It will be seen that only the first joint of this thumb is touching the club. The grip at this point, as a matter of fact, is very light and the control is as delicate as possible. Many fine putters look upon this as the secret of their ability to accurately gauge the speed of a fast green. A few, notably Johnny Farrell, make the contact with only the end of the thumb and press the thumb nail into the leather of the grip. Any number of bad putters, particularly beginners, press the whole length of this thumb upon the shaft. They thereby lose all sense of touch in that area.

I think this about disposes of the particular features of the grip which I think are important. Generalities are sufficiently well disclosed by the photograph. There is not likely to be a necessity for much variation from the orthodox. Some players will, no doubt, find that the reverse overlap is not comfortable for them. In this case they should by no means use it. I do, however, think that the location of the right thumb should be very close to that illustrated. I have watched numbers of fine putters and I find that this is growing to be a more and more common practice among them. This would indicate that there is something in it.

Comfort Main Essential in Putting Stance Swing

The most sensible thing which could be said about the proper ad-

dress for the putt is that every possible consideration should be sacrificed to comfort; and as I have said before, the thing which prevents this most often is the attempt to reproduce exactly the method of someone else. There is no possibility of putting well without a rhythmic stroke, directed by relaxed muscles, capable of receiving the most delicate impulses. To studiously imitate in all respects the attitude of another player, immediately sets up a strain or tension which makes smooth stroking impossible. No matter how great or how perfect may be the model, his posture cannot be the easiest and most comfortable for everyone.

Imitation Apt to Cause Tenseness I have been through all this myself so I think I am qualified to speak. No one could have had more worry in developing a reliable putting method than have I. In the various stages of my labor I have tried to imitate the styles of nearly all the great putters—tried to make myself look like them and given myself, as nearly as possible, the same mannerisms—and in the end I became unalter-



Side view of same grip showing how palm of right hand and back of left hand are presented squarely to hole. This keeps putter head at right angles to line of putt.

ably convinced that the attempt to imitate was itself the most serious mistake I was making. Now, I never give a thought to the placing of my feet, to the inclination or the facing of my body, nor to anything else except assuring a definitely affirmative answer to the question, "Am I comfortable?"

Rhythm and Smoothness It is for the same reason that I should never consider for a moment advising a person to keep his head still or his body immovable. Whether or not the best putters *do* stand perfectly still while making the stroke has nothing to do with it. The point is that trying to do these things produces tension and tension must be avoided. I should always advise to forget

these things entirely, and to allow them to take care of themselves. If the motion of the swing suggests the necessity of a slight movement of the body then by all means let it move. The feeling of ease and comfort thus gained is worth all the mechanical perfection that could be crammed into a dozen strokes. Rhythm and smoothness—smoothness and rhythm—these are the two things most desired.

Arms Close to Body

Now to be a little more specific to Body —I find that it is an aid to comfort to stand with my feet quite close together, just as I would stand normally if I were not playing a golf shot, to permit a slight bend in both knees, and to keep my arms close to my body. Perhaps, since the word "keep" connotes the exercise of some restraint, it would be better to say that I refrain from extending my arms away from my body. The photograph illustrates all these points and the further fact that my elbows each show a considerable bend. This attitude is the one which I find the most comfortable, and the one which best encourages ease and relaxation. I may say that there is at least nothing about it which is at all studied or artificial.

Stroke Should Be Long Sweep

I think the best conception to have of the putting stroke itself is that it should be a long sweep. I like to feel that, instead of driving the ball toward the hole, I am merely sweeping it, or bowling it over the green. The two important characteristics of the stroke which this kind of picture induces are first, a marked flatness of the arc—the blade of the putter never rises abruptly either going back or following through—and second, a good alignment which prevents cutting across the ball. The intention to sweep rather than hit tends to prevent a pick-up with the right hand, which is the chief cause of cutting. If the club be swung back mainly with the left hand, there is little danger of lifting, and the head of the putter will always remain well on the inside, whence a stroke directed along the intended line of the putt can be accomplished.

Left Arm Must Be Free

I have said that the arms should be close to the body. This is true, but there should never be any suggestion that the player is "hugging himself." In my own style my right forearm is lightly touching the front of my trousers, but I am always careful to see that my left arm is entirely free. If this elbow is pressed close against the left side untold trouble can result, for there is thus encouraged an almost irresistible tendency to yank the putt off line to the left.

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Putting stance of Bobby Jones showing slight bend in both knees and a considerable bend in elbows to aid relaxation. Both arms are close to body; right forearm touching trousers, left arm free to keep putt on line.

I WAS, I AM, A SPY

*A secret agent's real story,
fictionized for publication
but based upon actual fact*

by **PI 73 (CAPTAIN X)**

IN the late Spring of 1916 I walked into the Dome one evening just after dinner. I had not had anything to do except send propaganda junk over to my paper. In a casual way I was keeping my eyes and ears open for the newcomers to the Quarter and defeatist talk that they emitted but I had no special assignment. Bennett, a hack writer, hailed me and I figured that it was a touch. I didn't mind staking him from time to time and having him attend to minor errands for me. He, of course, knew me merely as Larey Howard, that strange bird among newspaper men who always had money, got in with the right people and neglected his work to engage in their war charities. Of my real activities, I know he had not the least suspicion.

We had a few drinks and played checkers. As I beat him oftener than usual I felt something was bothering him. When he paid for the drinks I was sure of it. He asked me to come to his room and when we got there, he uncorked. I never saw a man in a worse state of funk. He started in by asking if I knew that the British M. P.s were raiding cafes for their nationals and impressing them into service. To my question as to what the Hell he cared about that, he told me that he couldn't stand the muck and horror of it, that he would die of the hardship, that he didn't believe in war and this one least of all. From out of his incoherencies I finally tumbled to the fact that he was a Canadian who had lived in New York some fifteen years before coming to Paris and had neglected becoming an American citizen, a matter he now deeply regretted. Not that he loved the Americans more (they were a stinking lot of profiteers), but the war less. What he wanted of me was to wangle some scheme to get him to the U. S. before the M. P.s got him. I must know some way out for him. In the U. S. he knew he was safe because they were making so damned much out of the war that they'd stay neutral. I promised to see what I could do for him and left after telling him to lie doggo for a few days until he heard from me.

At eleven o'clock I telephoned to my Chief that I had something which might prove of interest. He made an appointment to pick me up. I took the Metro to the Etoile where a taxi-driver hailed me with a code signal. I stepped in and found the Chief. As we

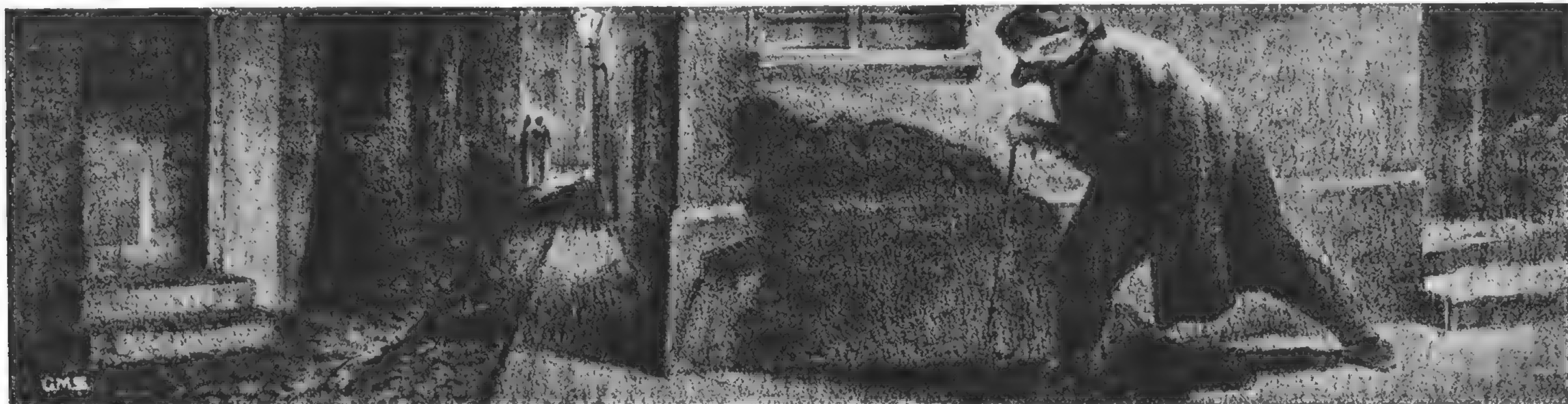
rode about, Bennett's case was quickly outlined and I told him I thought that if he could provide the slacker with a passport and passage that he would give up his British passport to us. I described Bennett as about my height, twenty pounds lighter, dark hair and complexion, wearing a mustache, generally a nondescript type. The Chief reflected for a time, then asked if Bennett could get by on my passport if he accompanied someone with a front. I told him I thought the examination of passports in New York was so perfunctory that he could. The Chief then gave me instructions. I should exchange passports with Bennett, give him a ticket to Bordeaux, see that he got away on the train two days later, tell him to board the *Espagne* and await Winston Smith, the well-known American charity worker whom he was to serve under my name, as secretary. If he asked questions, to tell him that Smith did not know me but would take the secretary provided for him by Boileau of the Information Service, or do anything else Boileau wanted, as he had hopes of getting a decoration through his influence. (Winston Smith, by the way, to the general public, was the typical fussy philanthropist always ready to be helpful and always gumming the works. As a matter of fact, he was one of our coolest and best men.) Upon arrival in New York, he should give Smith the slip, deliver my passport to Jones of the Blank Trust Co. who would manage to get it back to me. He had better leave New York as Smith would want to know what had become of his secretary. The Chief continued that if Bennett objected to the plan and my apparent helpfulness, I should tell him I washed my hands of the matter and that I had heard that the Sureté were turning over all records of identity cards to the interested military police in an attempt to clear Paris because of food shortage. Further, I should tell him to travel light taking only necessary changes and no papers. I would send his belongings when he had an address in the U. S.

Three days later Bennett was on the high seas with my passport and his was in the Chief's safe. That afternoon the Chief sent word to me to meet him at Bennett's room for an assignment. I found him there with two other men, one of whom I knew as one

of our service, a clever make-up man. The other outlined my mission. He explained that there was an understanding between the Allied governments to furnish each other with details of explosives, new war inventions, mechanical devices and the like. Needless to say, none of them exercised entire good faith as the Ally of today might prove to be the enemy of tomorrow. Our Navy Department were told by the British that they had been working on several new types of mines but none were perfected. Nevertheless, there had been a concentration of mine-layers at Gibraltar and there had been considerable activity in the squadron which had been wintering at Marseilles. It was up to me to find out about the new mines. When I demurred that I had not the slightest mechanical knowledge, I was told that all I was to get was the model number and date of manufacture which would appear on the mines or their containers. Whereupon the gentleman left us. (I saw him just once thereafter; after the Armistice I was presented to him by General Fayolle at Kaiserslautern. He was wearing the uniform of Vice Admiral. He accepted the introduction.)

I asked the Chief how he expected Larey Howard, an American journalist, even to get aboard a British mine-layer, much less get to see the mines and when he explained, I realized the truth of the French army proverb, "Never give whips to your superiors, they lash you with them." He produced Bennett's passport, with a faked photograph of myself substituted. A cable had already been sent to my paper that I was going on mission to Morocco with General M. I should drop a note to a personal friend to look after my mail as I was leaving for Morocco hurriedly. Pierre, the make-up man, would trim my mustache and stain my skin darker so that I answered the description on the faked passport which would be left in the room. My own papers the Chief would take with him for safe-keeping and I was to carry Bennett's Carte d'Identité and a few letters addressed to him which had been found among his belongings. I was to be at the Cafe d'Alma at 9 o'clock. Word had been passed to the Chief by the Sureté that details of police had been requested by the British to aid in slacker-raids, synchronized for 9:30, in cafes frequented by their

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DINNER JACKETS GET A BREAK IN GREATER COMFORT

NOW that the renaissance of the tailcoat has put the dinner jacket back in its place, restoring its true status as a strictly informal garment, every effort is being put forth to make it at least as comfortable as the business suit. Imagine a shirt front that doesn't bulge, a collar that doesn't bind, a coat that's easy-fitting and a "weskit" that doesn't constrict. And if all that is a strain on your imagination, then your dinner kit is probably as out of date in style as it is in comfort. As for details, the white waistcoat has at last been allowed to rejoin its lawful but long estranged mate, the tailcoat, and the newer dinner jackets are matched with a waistcoat of the jacket material, with dull grosgrain lapel facing. As for model, the one sketched is probably the best buy because it won't be soon outmoded. That doesn't mean that the double

breasted dinner jacket is a passing fad. The shawl collar version is all right, too. But unless you're so swank you buy a new one every season, your best bet is the classic single-breasted type shown here. You may object to the opera hat with the dinner-jacket, but if you do you're a die-hard in a losing cause—it's now choice A with this turnout. Choice B is the black Homburg, which will, at that, pass any doorman. But the derby is choice Z, just after the checked cap! The best dress shirt is pique bosomed and mesh-cloth bodied, and it fits, thanks to adjustable back straps, an idea borrowed from French-back shorts. The lighter that needs no flipping, and works like the one on your dashboard, is a social asset several degrees better than the best card trick. Don't forget the carnation, and don't forget that it should be maroon and not scarlet.



“Pardon me, miss, I didn’t see the tennis racket—I thought you had forgotten something”

CONFESSIONS OF A GHOST

*Nameless and unapplauded
are the wraiths who fire the
big guns of humor over the air*

by JOSEPH HOYT

WHEN Little Buttercup, that mystic lady, remarked that things are seldom what they seem, and added the information that skim milk masquerades as cream and jackdaws strut in peacocks' feathers, she might well have had prophetic reference to a state of affairs which would have scandalized her creator, good Sir William Gilbert. There was no ghost writing in Queen Victoria's time; and there was no radio. It remained for the twentieth century to develop broadcasting and spook writing, two arts which flourish in peculiar sympathy with each other. This may account for the curiously phony air which pervades most programs, for the jackdaws, the stuffed shirts, the frauds and hoaxes of radio are unanimously indebted to the ghost writer for whatever dubious distinction may be theirs.

I know, because I have practiced the ghostly trade for seven years, and have haunted some of radio's most prominent personages during that time. It is a dreadful business.

There was, for instance, the famous announcer. He had a turn of phrase, a lightness of touch, setting him apart from the commonplace. Or rather, his literary ghost was gifted in this way. The announcer himself, an amiable yokel, never faced a microphone without a carefully edited copy of his supposedly extemporaneous remarks. This manuscript was written by the ghost, who accompanied the announcer on every assignment to see that he attempted no flights on his own responsibility. Time passed. The announcer grew rich. The ghost prospered too, but he is still anonymous—a wraith of the ether waves.

It may be remarked that no advance manuscript can be prepared to cover the exigencies of spot news broadcasting. To a large extent this is true; hence one of the air's outstanding bores—the stumbling, halting, ill-advised “word painting” of the news announcer without a script.

However, the famous prima donna announcers use considerable ingenuity in avoiding the necessity of ad-libbing, as actually extemporaneous talking is called. Before any public event, the ghosts—sometimes politely labelled “observers”—have carefully examined the scene. These men prepare page after page of apt, informed

description and comment. There is enough material written to keep a man talking for an hour, making sense, and with a perfect illusion of spontaneity. When football is broadcast this Fall, let skeptics compare the comment prior to the game with the running description of the play, which of course cannot be prepared in advance, and draw their own conclusions.

I have often ascended giddy heights in order to lay out a scene for some supposed word magician to describe. I remember clambering over the girders of an uncompleted skyscraper in downtown New York. On the following day the building was to be dedicated with great pomp. I don't like dizzy heights. As I clung to an iron ladder, and peered out over the Jersey shore, with the river brown and incredibly far away, and the ferry boats like matchboxes beneath me, I began to wonder how it would feel to jump. If I fell from that grandiose tower, would any spirit return to climb the narrow stair? Though I didn't jump, I haunt that place still. I haunt it in the words of an announcer who droned off my typewritten copy from an office five floors below the pinnacle from which I looked out for him.

I suppose I have addressed more people than any man on earth, through the voices of the various announcers for whom I have written. These include the great Graham McNamee, Ted Husing, Alois Havrilla, Milton J. Cross, James Wallington, Norman Brokenshire, and many others less noted. In pursuit of ideas for my principals, I have flown in aeroplanes, blimps and gliders, gone down in submarines, visited every library in New York City, and made the acquaintance of a pair of haughty and faintly surprised lions in the Central Park Zoo.

However, this type of radio spook writing takes in only the “stunt” broadcast, that somewhat dismal phenomenon of an industry which at time appears to be operated solely for the benefit of the penniless, the witless and the aimless elements of the population. The ghost has other uses, and one of the most interesting of these is the furnishing of speeches read over the air by important men who feel called upon to say a few words to what they fondly imagine is an audience of “listening millions.”

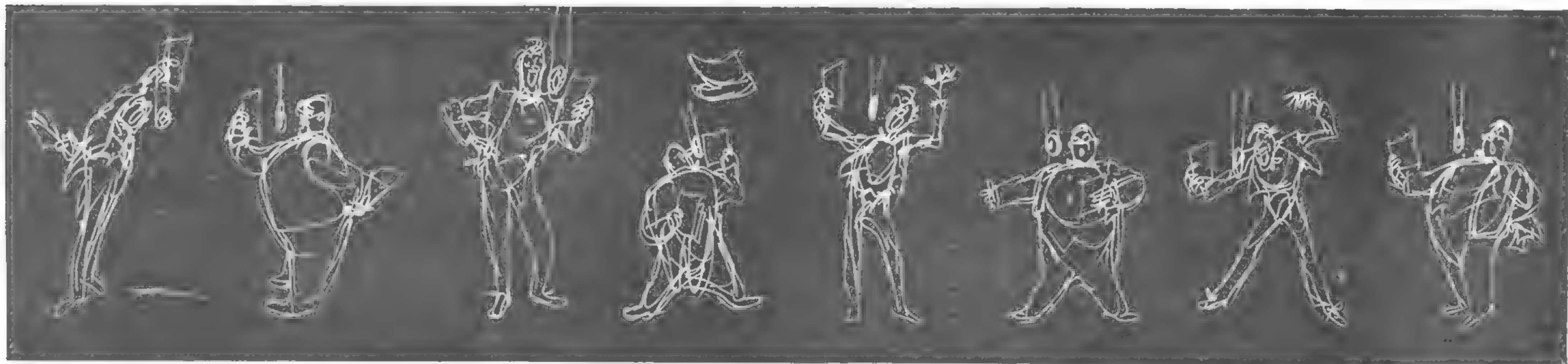
Nearly always the procedure is the same.

A corporation, sponsoring a program, begins to twitch and exhibit signs of nervousness after the third or fourth week. Soon the corporate nervousness takes the form of certain agents or outriders of the high executives in the concern. These ambassadors appear at the broadcasting offices and announce that Mr. So-and-So has “consented” to address the audience during the course of the program. So we have such entertainers as Chairman Sloan of General Motors, Owen D. Young of General Electric, Walter P. Chrysler (of Walter P. Chrysler), and many lesser lights of the industrial world, competing with hired talent for the attention of tuners-in. Here the ghost has the client absolutely at his mercy. It is for the ghost to decide whether the great man shall appear as an intelligent person or a vague and rambling mediocrity. And why doesn't the magnate present his own thoughts, in his own words, for better or worse? The answer is, should one of these eminent individuals write his own speech, and the fact get about, he would definitely lose caste, for it would be taken to mean that he couldn't afford a ghost. Writing one's own speeches is another of the things that simply aren't done.

In my modest way I have put suitable words, at least I hope they were suitable, into the mouths of corporation presidents, and bankers, and prominent persons of all sorts, including a famous stage designer and a musician of world renown. The latter had the misfortune to be illiterate in his own or any tongue. Another client was a clergyman whose flock numbers well into the thousands, but who on the occasion of his first broadcast felt too nervous to address the Almighty extemporaneously. Of course that was some years ago. Nowadays any clergyman worth his salt has conquered “mike fright” and has his own radio technique, like a crooner, or a politician.

Well, those spontaneous fellows, the comedians, they must surely be originators. No one could touch off such sure-fire laughter unless he had also conceived the idea, the underlying joke, you think? Not so. The comics are the most notoriously haunted of all who feed the microphones. The successful funny men have whole troops of ghosts, who are in a constant

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PRINCETON* PANORAMA

*Concerning the bull session
as antidote to over-emphasis
on study—a candid catalogue*

by RING W. LARDNER, JR.

A LOT of aspersions have been cast upon college education in the last decade or so. Idealists with new-fangled theories about education have declared that all a boy gets in college is a bunch of facts which don't mean much and which he forgets as soon as possible anyway. They say he doesn't get any real cultural appreciation under the present methods. And they're quite right. He doesn't. And there isn't any educational system possible that could give it to him. The way I see it, a person has either got the love of learning in him or he hasn't. If a boy likes to read books or listen to music, he is going to go on reading as many books or listening to as much music as possible, and what he is told in college about the benefits of these pursuits isn't going to affect him. And the same way, if he confines his reading to the motion picture magazines and the sporting pages, and thinks that Guy Lombardo is the chosen of Euterpe, all the inspired lectures in the world will leave his tastes inviolate.

The Puritans, on the other hand, maintain that all a boy learns in a modern college is to smoke, to drink, to swear, and to gamble. Let me assure them, as a close observer of twentieth century youth, that this accusation is unfounded. He learns all those things in prep school.

The point that seems to escape these critics is that college is, and should be, a primarily social institution. Graduates of a place like Princeton look back on it fondly, not as the spot where they first learned the elements of biology, but as the site of some of their most enjoyable experiences, and the place where they made some valuable contacts and learned a lot of practical lessons not included in the textbooks. We Americans, in spite of Hollywood and Radio City, are still considered a practical race, and it is perhaps because of this inherent strain in our natures that we are so loath to abandon this absurd over-emphasis on curriculum.

II

All classifications of human beings into types should be avoided, since there is no such thing as two completely similar men.

Among the twenty-two hundred boys who make up the Princeton undergraduate body, there are probably twenty-two hundred different types of young American manhood, but, nevertheless, no one, writing of college life, seems to be able to resist the temptation to divide his characters into such time-honored categories as "dumb athletes," "grinds," "smoothies," etc. The best example of this sort of writing I have ever read was a play written last year by a Princeton undergraduate, but he, too, fell into the error of trying

to make his minor characters too typical, which only resulted in their being made less convincing.

I happen to know a college athlete who appears to be absorbed in practically nothing except dying for his Alma Mater, but he is a decided exception to the rule. The best natural athlete I ever knew divided his spare time between drawing and writing poetry, and a track star who is expected to break the world's record in his event during the next two years is almost as well known by his fellow-students as an honor man and an exceptional Greek scholar.

It is this inconsistency of all human character that helps to make college the fascinating experience it is, for there comes a boy's first intimate contact with a wide range of people with quite different ideas and habits than his own. He not only meets these people, but he is compelled to associate with them, and if he has a particular interest in human nature, he is enabled to cultivate especially the types which he desires to study.

III

The scene is a college room, the time about eleven o'clock in the evening. The room is densely populated with boys and smoke. A game of bridge is in progress in the center; on a sofa a pair of boys are making a futile attempt to study; others are sitting or standing about the room. Bottles of applejack and ginger ale and a number of glasses indicate that this is a festive occasion—the celebration, perhaps, of the arrival of unexpected funds.

"You shouldn't have redoubled, Phil; that's the point. You've got to be practically certain to redouble, because it's worth so much more to them if you're set than to us if we make it."

"But if the spades had been divided—"

"That's just it. They wouldn't have doubled if the distribution hadn't been bad."

"Look at Harry; he's out on one drink."

"Where'd you get this stuff, Herb?"

"Walt can't take it."

"This party's getting dull. Let's go over to Trenton and get—"

"Wait a minute. What about the French?"

Already the party is breaking up, but that does not mean that the evening is over. Some of them go out to seek new diversion, others, more conscientious, return to their own rooms for study or sleep. A few of the more intimate friends of the host remain, and

their devotion is rewarded, for he produces a new bottle. The conversation turns upon one of the departed, and he is taken over the coals in the scathing fashion characteristic of boys discussing their fellows. The topic leads to another; anything may be discussed—people, careers, sex, football, clothes. A "bull session" is in progress.

The "bull session" is the foundation of a college education. It is the most effective means of exploiting these contacts with new personalities which make college a valuable preparation for life. These long, and usually nocturnal, discussions consist of exchanges of ideas on widely varied

subjects between boys of different environments. Sometimes the conversation is on a surprisingly high intellectual level; sometimes it is downright vulgar. Whatever the issue, however, the discussion is frank, and candor is essential if an exchange of ideas is to be beneficial. That is the advantage the "bull session" has over the classroom or preceptorial; too many factors enter in to allow a free and unrestrained discussion between professor and student.

IV

All colleges are in the habit of issuing catalogues which purport to describe the institutions for the benefit of prospective students, and the idea would be an excellent one if they contained descriptions which were in any sense accurate. For instance, a "Candid Catalogue For Princeton Prospects" might read somewhat as follows:

"Princeton University, situated in Princeton, N. J., is one of the oldest and most refined gentlemen's finishing schools in the country. The buildings, with a few lamentable exceptions, are in an attractive Gothic style, and the climate, although at times unpardonable, is about as good as any in the northeastern United States.

"The students, while not as intellectual as those at Harvard, are a decided improvement over the Yale, or pseudo-sophisticated type. We may have an occasional boy who would not be here had not some generous alumnus admired his skill as a high school halfback, but it must be taken into consideration that football is one of the few remaining methods by which a college with any self-respect may advertise itself.

"We discourage excessive drinking, and women are not allowed in dormitory rooms after six p.m., but that does not mean that the boys are overly-restricted in regard to diversion. There are two motion picture theatres in town, and the neighboring city of Trenton offers adequate facilities for mild debauchery.

"Some of the better New York and Philadelphia tailors have branch shops or repre-

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR ESQUIRE BY GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

PRINCETON UNDERGRADUATE

Even before Scott Fitzgerald wrote "This Side of Paradise," away back at the beginning of the nineteen-twenties, the Princeton undergraduate typified, at least for sports writers, this country's standard of elegant indolence. Princeton has been called a gentlemen's finishing school, the best country club in America, the fountainhead of young men's fashions. And Princeton undergraduates have been called slickers and smoothies. Ring W. Lardner, Jr., one of the current crop of Princetonians-in-the-making, resents this classification of human beings into types—which is all that keeps us from referring to him, in this portrait study by Seehausen, as "a typical Princeton man."



"You might at least take your hat off when you're talking to a lady"

AFRICA FOR ACTORS

The leopard obliged, so did the buffalo—but the lion and the crocodile were coy

by M. G. HUBBARD



"HOW did they get that?" Anyone who has taken an animal picture loves to hear that question in the audience. I can answer it as far as one picture goes. So I will take you behind the scenes of "Untamed Africa," an African adventure film that I had a hand in taking.

We were in Northern Rhodesia about a hundred miles from the railroad line, in country that is reserved to the natives. There were no ranches or farms nearby, nothing but "bush" and native villages about every five or ten miles. To the east the grass country stretched toward the Kafue river. To the west was broken bush country. Palm trees stabbed the skyline, above the flat-topped low trees. Such was our "location," wherever and whenever there was something to "shoot" with the camera.

Aside from the Hubbards, who had spent three years in Africa on an earlier trip, there were two camera men, George Noble and Earle Frank. None of us had taken an animal film before, but we were going to on this trip, for First National Pictures. And we did. We took "Untamed Africa." And we packed every thrill we could into the picture; the catching of buffalo, leopards, lions; a lion-hyena fight; a grass fire; a tremendous native dance.

We might spend a lifetime in the bush and never see the kind of action that thrills an audience. After all, most of the exciting wild life goes on at night. So there was only one thing to do. It was up to us to catch our animals and put them in such a position that they would at least seem to be doing what we wanted them to do.

We were not going to stage anything that would be absurd. All we wanted to get was pictures of the animals doing the kind of thing they might do at night, or when we were not around with cameras set up. And first of all we had to catch them for some of the shots.

We honeycombed the country with nooses, box-traps, pitfalls, every kind of native trap we could devise to catch the menagerie we needed. We even put out steel traps for the crocodiles. If you had sat by the Kafue or Zambesi as often as I had and watched them swim like a flash across the river and linger around in the hope of a tasty meal in the shape of yourself or your natives, you would have no compunctions about catching them in steel traps. They take a heavier toll of native life than any other beast. We once took a double handful of native trinkets out of a crocodile's stomach. No, they are not pleasant beasts.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning. Wynant was off in the veldt with some boys digging the one truck out of the mud. The

boys who patrolled the trap line came tearing into camp.

"Sirouwe! M'coulu sterriek!" A leopard is in a crocodile trap, and a big one.

The camera men and I loaded the other truck with cameras, nets, a dozen boys, a couple of rifles and off we went. Neither of the men had ever seen a leopard outside a zoo. I had brought up several of them on our former trip. And I had seen a native shortly after he had been mauled by a leopard. Three of our dogs had been caught by leopards that used to chase them around the huts of the compound when we were in Portuguese East Africa. I had been spit at by a leopard when taking a careless midnight walk and no trip I ever took seemed as long as the fifty yards I had had to walk, very slowly and deliberately, back to camp. So I knew something about leopards.

"Sh! En econa lapa, douze" (He's there, near to us).

We stopped the truck in the tall grass and quietly stole along the path. There he was, in a cleared patch, hugging the ground with his belly, only the white tip of his tail twitching, his green eyes glaring undying hatred.

A growl, a bound, and he had dragged the trap and log anchor twenty yards towards us. So! I gripped my rifle and measured the distance to the nearest tree. That was a foolish precaution as I knew only too well that any leopard could make the tree before I could. It was impossible to tell whether he was caught by a toe or his whole foot. If only by the toe, the chances were he would be on us.

George and Frank set up their cameras to the accompaniment of growls and charges. I kept the sight of my rifle on the leopard and directed the natives to stretch out the net and close in on him.

Frank was in ecstasy. What a close-up of a furious leopard! It was. But I had other things on my mind as well. Frank did not know leopards well. He crept in closer, closer still. The boys closed in with the net.

"Now!" I shouted to them and we threw the net over the raging animal. Then we rushed in with forked sticks to hold down his head and paws while we tied him up. We had our leopard, and a beauty. He was full grown, beautifully marked and colored, and a magnificent study in green-eyed fury. Well trussed up, we put him on the truck and took him back to camp.



Now we could take our picture of a leopard prowling along the verandah of our mud hut. That was legitimate. Plenty of leopards prowl on plenty of verandahs. A station master I knew had had his pet terrier snatched from a deck chair on his verandah while he was having dinner.

We built a high wire fence in a semi-circle around the verandah of the hut and stretched wire across the windows. Colored calico curtains were the home-like touch. Then we backed the leopard's cage up to the opening, drew up the door and let him out.

Cautiously he crept out, and along the verandah, winding his way between the deck chairs and a table. His one idea was to escape. Back and forth he prowled, then took a flying, roaring leap toward the cameras. We held our breath, rifles covering him. He might find a weak spot, if he tried. We could not be too sure. He gave up in disgust and went back to the verandah. Then he noticed the windows. A way out? He put his paws on the edge of the window and looked in. No that would not do. He tried the other window. Still sure there must be some way through those openings, he went back to the first window and repeated his performance. We were breathless with joy. If we had rehearsed him, he could not have done a more convincing act. It looked just as though he were trying to get into the house instead of out and away. Staged? Yes, but as a legitimate play is staged. He was only doing something when and where we wanted him to do it instead of on his own.

In somewhat the same way we put on a lion-hyena fight. We had caught the animals in box traps and wanted to use them dramatically. So we built a wire run, covered it with grass and planted small trees. The setting looked natural. Then we dug a pit and covered it with heavy planks, with no opening except the small hole for the lens of the camera. Just in front of the hole we put a dead reed-buck, the camera man slipped into the hole and we were ready to start, hoping our actors would put on a good show.

We let the hyena out of his cage and he pranced right up to the reed-buck. It looked very good to him. He sniffed it over and settled down to a good meal. Then we let the lioness out of her cage. Head up, feeling very gay, she pranced right up to the camera. The hyena quivered, but held his ground. Then Pasha, as we called the lioness, whirled on the hyena and with a blow of her big paw sent him whirling. Good girl! Just what we wanted.

For all the world as though the reed-buck were her rightful kill she put her paw on it and fell too. Then the hyena came back,

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DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

“Me? I was a financial expert”

ALIBI IN A ROADHOUSE

*A mystery story, with false
clues and accidental lures,
complete although compact*

by VINCENT STARRETT

THE man called Smith—short and unimaginative in appearance as his name—finished his coffee with an abrupt gesture and lighted a long cigar. After a moment he tilted back his chair and allowed his pale blue eyes to rest with some appreciation on the half naked figures of the dancers. With appreciation and with some embarrassment . . .

After all, these twisting limbs and coiling, writhing torsos were not part of his customary evening program. But they were—emphatically—quite a spectacle! He blushed a little inward blush, remembering that he was a family man.

Hamilton was saying: "Yes, in spite of all the gilt and glitter, the necklaces and dinner coats, and all the rest of it, I'm told it's quite a hangout for the leading crooks. They bring their women here to dine and dance; they mingle with the social demi-virgins—and under a top hat, after all, who is to tell the difference between a hoodlum and a broker?"

"I am myself a broker," ventured B. F. Smith, entering the conversation. "Surely no one would take me for a criminal . . . Or would they?" He laughed good humoredly.

Teresa, the principal danseuse, was doing a particularly snaky and rhythmic vulgarity with her hips abetted by her chorus . . . From the gardens beyond the open sides of the Casino a little breeze blew pleasantly, from time to time, to clear the stagnant atmosphere within. But in the corner where the musicians played their furious music, the perspiration stood in drops on the foreheads of the orchestra . . . The bulky violinist sweltered.

"What do you suppose are the dreams of a fat violinist, after a season of nights like this?" chuckled B. F. Smith, his eyes upon the musician.

"He is looking at Teresa," Gary Hamilton replied. "Can you doubt the nature of his dreams?"

"I suppose it's really pretty rotten, all of it," said Nancy Carroll idly. "You've been here often, I imagine?"

"To the contrary," answered Hamilton, "it is my first visit. I know the place, however, by repute. It has been open only for a fortnight." He indicated the flying limbs and rippling torsos of the ballet . . . "The midnight floor show is reported to be the very latest in 'undress'," he added, laughing.

"The last word and the last stitch," she agreed. "You don't pay much attention to it."

"I am less interested in that sort of thing than newspaper reports might lead you to imagine." He glanced for an instant at the magnificent watch that was strapped around his wrist . . . "Well, I fancy it is about over."

"Then we can dance again," said Elsie Archer. Her fatly languishing gaze rested for a moment on the slender elegance of Gary Hamilton, now deftly lighting a cigarette at the flame of one of the yellow candles burning on the table.

"Speaking of criminals," said B. F. Smith



abruptly, "isn't that Madan at the corner table there?"

"Who? What! Not Falkner Madan?" The two women and two men who made up the balance of the party twisted in their chairs and stared.

"By Jove!" cried Hamilton. "I wonder what he's doing here? Funny I didn't notice him before. I must stroll around and have a talk with him."

"He just came in," continued B. F. Smith. "I saw him take his seat. Probably looking for those criminals you spoke of, Hamilton. Glad you think I don't resemble one! Or did you say I did?"

For some moments they continued to stare, with varying emotions, at the figure of the celebrated detective, seated just across the room . . . Then in a crash of brass, a sweep of strings, the spotlight faded on the last, retiring dancer . . . Teresa, drooping in the center of the drawn velvet curtains. The fat violinist, his handkerchief tucked into his collar, drew his bow across his fiddle in the first bars of a dreamy waltz. His confrères joined him, and the customers piled out upon the floor to claim their partners . . .

"I don't much care to dance," said Nancy Carroll. "Can't we go out into the gardens? It's really much too warm to stay indoors."

Hamilton mopped his brow. "I agree with you entirely. The river is just beyond, you know, with gondoliers and all the other trimmings. Perhaps you'd rather float? There's a 'Lovers' Lane' across the stream that is said to be a perfect maze. You almost need a guide to lead you out."

Miss Archer thought her slippers would be ruined. "But I'm going anyway," she said. "Fancy! A lovers' lane!"

"No hoodlums, I suppose, at advantageous intervals, to relieve us of our jewels?" smiled B. F. Smith. "I'm not sure we oughtn't to take Madan with us!"

They stepped out into the coolness of the night and strolled down twisting paths under the glittering stars . . . Then the stream flowed darkly past their feet, and in the distance there was the sound of a guitar and someone singing . . .

"I don't see any gondoliers, however," pouted Elsie Archer.

"No matter," said Hamilton. "The bridge is higher up . . . Do you see it, Coleman?"

Rufus Coleman was lighting a match to see the path before him.

"Not visible from here," said B. F. Smith. He stumbled, peering into the darkness, but Hamilton caught and steadied him.

Then a tiny pencil of light spurted from the tips of Coleman's fingers, and he chuckled. "Almost forgot I had this flashlight with me! It may save our lives before we're through." He exhibited with pride a slender metal doodad for which he had paid a quarter in a ten-cent store . . . By its aid they reached a rustic wooden bridge, at last, and clattered merrily across into the deeper shadows of a wood . . . It was a jolly notion, Hamilton thought, to build a roadhouse on the border of a forest sanctuary . . . The fragrance of moist leaves tingled pleasantly in their nostrils as they pushed on into the darkness.

The path was tortuous, between tall, arching trees. Twice it doubled back upon itself. The little light danced eerily from tree to tree, illuminating the scene in shivery, revelatory flashes . . . B. F. Smith clung grimly to the arm of Gary Hamilton, already slightly encumbered by Miss Archer . . .

"Damn it!" shrilled the little broker in exasperation. "Shan't we go back, Hamilton? This makes me nervous."

"I keep thinking I hear someone following us," said Elsie Archer.

Miss Carroll said nothing. For some reason she was thinking of Teresa, drooping between red, parted curtains . . .

But suddenly Hamilton's voice was harsh and strident . . . "My God, Coleman, what is that?" he cried. He stopped abruptly, peering ahead into the darkness. "To your left there, in among the trees! Turn your light on it for a minute!"

He freed himself from the embrace of B. F. Smith and Elsie Archer and strode swiftly to Coleman's side. He seized the flashlight from the

other's grasp. . . . The light circled erratically for an instant, among the trees. . . . Then it rested on the crumpled body of a man, face downward upon the turf.

Miss Archer screamed and flung



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GRANDSTAND

Continued from page 30

he recovered his full strength, though one eye continued to give him trouble. But Jack never again regained the same mental poise in the ring that he had possessed before he faced Tunney. It was firmly rooted in his mind that "a champion can not come back" and that the terrible beating he had taken from Gene had sapped his strength too much for a successful re-match.

It was Dempsey's attitude more than his legs which whipped him at Chicago in the return bout. He could not get away from the idea that people had him pegged as a has-been and that what had happened to Jim Jeffries at Reno would happen to him. The most daring fighter of all time who had the gameness to stay on his feet at Philadelphia on a night when he was ill, did not have the courage to conquer himself.

Athletes, except in very rare instances, do not go to pieces overnight. Only one man has beaten them and generally if they could retain confidence in themselves, they would have a good chance to regain their championships. Certainly, they should still be able to conquer the rest of their opponents. But such is not the case.

The defeated champion loses his belief in himself along with his crown. He is swayed by what people say and the moth-eaten tradition that "they can't come back." Sometimes the star is bewildered by the decisions of the officials or the roar of the crowd.

Incentive melts away. The ex-champion says to himself: "I have already been at the top. The best that I can do is get back there again. What's the use of going through all of the hard work and making the sacrifice which victory demands?"

Some "wilt inside" when they so much as see a youthful rival and lose before the contest even begins. Norman Ross, "The Big Moose" of swimming, who was the greatest champion the game had known, went to pieces overnight. He won the Inter-Allied swimming championship for the United States single-handed, and then came back to victory again in the 1920 Olympics.

Soon after his return home he one day watched a long-legged youngster swimming like mad in Lake Michigan. The moment he saw him, Ross afterwards told me that he somehow sensed that he had met his match. He called the boy out of the water, found out that he knew nothing about the science of swimming, but was anxious to learn. So he arranged a tryout for him at the Illinois Athletic Club tank in Chicago. The youth broke the pool record the first time he swam there and within a few months shattered many of the world's best mark's, winning international fame for America and several Olympic championships.

Blissful ignorance of the history of swimming, coupled with youthful confidence, made this boy unbeatable and brought him immortal athletic fame as "the human fish" and later screen glory as "Tarzan Weismuller."

A friend writes of Johnny: "He couldn't swim. His father couldn't swim. His mother couldn't swim. He didn't have any yen to become a swimmer. He went into the water the same as a kid taking medicine. Yet he came out the fastest swimmer in the world and with a physique which has made him into a motion picture idol."

While Weismuller has risen in the world, Norman Ross, "The Big Moose" who discovered him, has been almost entirely forgotten as an athlete. Ross lost that "something" which made him the greatest champion of his time, during the first few minutes that he watched the Austrian boy in Lake Michigan. Norman had beaten every swimming star of his generation, but he could not conquer his own inferiority complex or overcome the knowledge that his friends were saying that Johnny was going to be faster than himself.

As a matter of fact, there are certain distances where "The Big Moose," if he had only believed in himself, could always have beaten Johnny Weismuller. He had greater strength, a cooler head and more stamina. Yet he wilted in a single day.

This same timidity has played havoc with the swimming career of Duke Kahanamoku, the famous Hawaiian champion who won the Olympic hundred meters title in 1912 at Stockholm and again at Antwerp in 1920. Duke finished second to Weismuller at Paris in '24 and now that Johnny is out of amateur competition, he is again the best in the world, even though he has turned the corner past forty.

No one has ever broken his world's record for fifty yards of 22 3-5 seconds, though Weismuller tried on many occasions along with countless other speedsters during the last twenty years. Duke has no confidence in himself. He has heard the world say that he is too old for the game and was never in a class with Johnny Weismuller, and he has believed what he has heard.

Bobby Jones, the only golfer ever to win the American amateur and open, and British amateur and open championships in the same year, has suffered a similar reaction. Just as soon as he retired

from competition he "let down." His scores in exhibition and practice rounds have been far below his former standard and it is doubtful indeed if he could ever reach the top again.

It is not a matter of condition with Bobby or the other ex-champions. They have simply lost their will to win. Most of them have in the final analysis, I believe, been dependent upon outside opinion. The grandstand has more than played its part.

Tennis fans will recall when the graceful Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen first came to the United States to participate in our National women's championships at Forest Hills. She possessed all of the glorious confidence which comes from a long series of brilliant victories. She had been winning titles since she was seventeen and in her early twenties she was not only universally recognized as the finest feminine player in the world, but the greatest of all time. Then she faced Mrs. Molla Mallory, the United States champion whom she had beaten abroad, but who was the favorite of American tennis fans.

The Frenchwoman sensed the confidence of her opponent, playing in her own "backyard" with the gallery behind her. The great Lenglen who had never been beaten, suddenly felt deathly ill. The weight of a nation seemed to beat down on her racket. Her arms grew heavy from returning Mallory's steady serves. She lost faith in herself. She thought of the responsibility of winning for France and the strain was too much. She was on the verge of collapse before the match had gone two sets and she was forced to abandon play. That was her single defeat during more than a decade of championship tennis. The grandstand was entirely responsible. She allowed the spectators to defeat her—not Molla Mallory.

Five years later at Cannes, Suzanne Lenglen faced another great American champion who had not yet come into her own—Helen Wills. This time, the French woman had the gallery with her. She made a grand entrance, arriving from her villa at Nice in a Voisin motor car. She darted with a springy step from her machine and threw a light kiss to the crowd. She was greeted by a mighty roar. Vive la Suzanne! Vive la belle Suzanne!

An army of camera men assaulted her. She posed and smiled for them and later stood beside Helen Wills for more pictures. Helen wore a rose-colored sweater, a middie blouse, and a pleated skirt. She looked about as emotional as Buster Keaton. Suzanne was resplendent in a salmon-colored, closely-knitted sweater and a short, white skirt, with a salmon-colored head-dress, which was almost a turban, to match. The California champion was stolid and sturdy; the girl from France was effervescent, like the champagne of the famous Reims Valley. They formed a great contrast—placidity versus impetuosity.

But the ruling spirit of that battle was the grandstand itself. Suzanne had the confidence of knowing almost every spectator was cheering for her and her play became superhuman. Helen Wills fought courageously and well, but the odds were against her and she finally lost 6-3, 7-5. Yet in defeat, little "Poker Face" had conquered.

Suzanne Lenglen never met her again. She preferred to retire rather than face such an opponent. Lenglen later toured the United States as a professional, appearing in many exhibitions, but she was no longer the champion of former days. Those two sets at Cannes marked the zenith of her play.

Meeting Helen Wills had much the same effect upon her, as did his professional football debut on Red Grange, the galloping ghost of Illinois. Red, who had flashed to national gridiron fame as a sophomore against Michigan and who had come back to glory in his senior year against Pennsylvania, as the greatest half-back in an open field that the game has ever known, always played with the grandstand behind him in college competition. With the gallant Earl Britton to run interference and a great line to shove him into the open, Grange relied upon his genius to carry the ball. No man was ever a more brilliant master of the art of changing pace or of shaking off tacklers by a simple twist of his wriggling hips than the Illinois half-back. Behind his natural ability was the inspiration of the crowd which gave him confidence to do the impossible.

In his first professional game, Grange found himself in an entirely different atmosphere. The crowd was cynical, skeptical and unemotional. The players were the same. Team spirit was lacking and in its place were cold hard fundamentals. Men ran interference like clockwork, but without enthusiasm. No one was ready to "die for dear old Rutgers" that Grange might gallop to glory.

The boy, if he made good at all, would have to do so entirely on his own. Red realized that his ability was beyond and not behind the line of scrimmage. He tried valiantly to break away. The inspiration was lacking. The crowd had paid to see Grange run and when he was smothered on almost every play, they soon lost interest. No one was more alive to their indifference than the red-head.

He tried his best, but it was not good enough.

Though Grange later remade himself into a fine all-around football player, he was never again the ghost of the gridiron. His genius deserted him overnight, just as the spark of immortality was snuffed out of Hal Chase, the greatest first baseman of all time, when he was barred from organized ball.

Looking back at the record of our heroes of sport, it seems to me that public opinion—the grandstand—is the most important factor in victory or defeat. Men are made in striving to give their best and when they have reached the top and incentive no longer burns so brightly, and they hear and read that they are "old men" in competition, the majority soon commence to believe it themselves, and the first good boy who happens along, sends them hurtling down the hill to athletic oblivion.

THE CHECK-BOOK

Continued from page 27

handed it to her.

"I'm late."

He fetched his hat, but as he opened the front door, she called to him.

"Oh, darling!"

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"Is this check all right?"

"Of course it's all right," he said impatiently. "Other people don't write checks the haphazard way you do. I keep my check-book in order. I know exactly how much I have in the bank at any given moment."

"You really think it's all right?"

"I know it's all right," he shouted, angrily.

"What could be wrong with it?"

"I just thought perhaps you ought to have signed it," said Mrs. Medway, ever so gently.

BREAK 'EM GENTLE

Continued from page 54

rider from up north, and that night being the end of the doins and some aimin to get an early start home, they all agreed that a little celebratin on their own would jest set them right for the hard work ahead of them on their home range.

Where do cowboys go to for their fun? After a hard winter, a tough spring round-up where the grub and the work is the same every day, with their minds on their work and plenty of hard ridin all day and their hard soogans at night—without sight of a skirt exceptin someone brings one of them magazines with picters of actresses in 'em, where would you have gone, dear reader? Yep—that's where they headed for. They was a district in that town where the lights was red and the carpet was thick.

The Kid was introduced to the first filly he ever saw that didn't shy or look a bit like the gawky she-kids up the river. This one had a different complexion than them red-faced kids. Also, she was not a bit bashful like they was. While the others was drinkin, she takes this Kid up to her web, like the old-fashioned spider does, and he yes-mams and no-mams her to death and, never havin met so innocent a youngster, she takes a shine to him, and he, poor innocent kid that he was, he goes for her in a big way too.

Eunice was the name she went by. Mamie was her right name, and seventeen was her age. They start young in the oldest profession. She was only at it a year and, having come from a family of the plow, she had a little money saved up, and when that kid came into her life she jest naturally knew that she wasn't cut out for the work she was doin.

She was a sweet kid and to see her in gingham no-one would have been the wiser for what she had been. This isn't a guessin contest, but you guessed right again. Sure, they was married the next morning.

The other day at Walla-Walla—I'll be a son of a rattlesnake, who do I run across at the old entry office? Don't guess this time. This is about five years later. There is the Kid—a bit older, a little heavier around the shoulders, but the same innocent kind, and there is Mamie wearin a ridin outfit and dressed up typical cowgirl fashion. Do I hear right? The old girl is enterin in the women's bronkridin and the Kid is goin in for bronkridin and bulldoggin.

There ain't much left to tell. He teached her plenty. They can give the best of them a run for any sort of money. Don't be a bit surprised if you hear the Kid wins the title of Champion Bronk-rider of the World. O yes—they have two kids of their own, they have their own little spread and another surprise for you, gentle reader, old Flap-jack, as good a cow-man as ever put an iron to a hide, is foreman there when the two bosses is out competin, not so much for the money they gets as for the glory they is in it, and for the privilege of bein called top hands by their own breed.

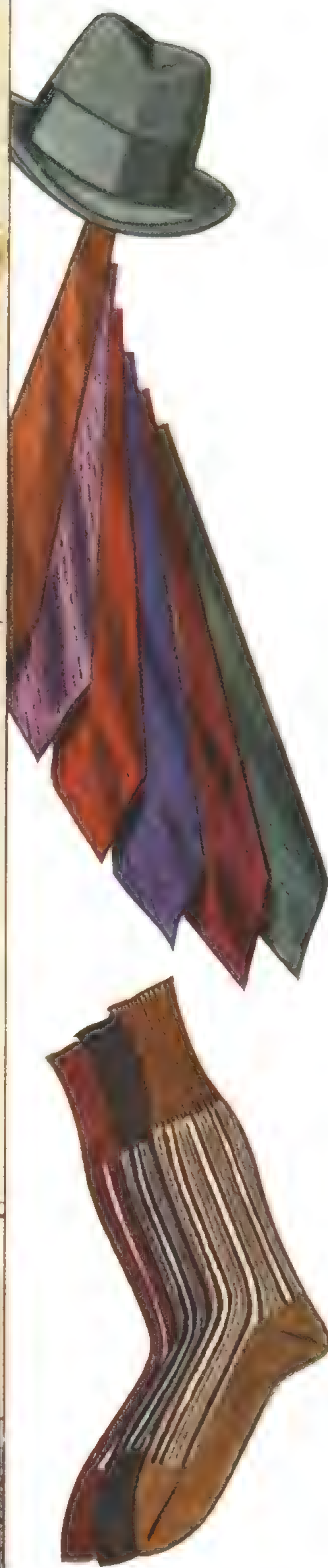
This is supposed to be cow-talk, but it jest goes to prove that a bad bronk and a bad woman goes hand in hand, they can be gentled, and—made good.

A FEW WORDS IN PRAISE OF THE IRON HAT



YOU may be one of those who prefer to take their stripes neat, although these wide spaced stripes are very very custom and would be classified by any of the better tailors as "distinctly a gentleman's suiting if you know what I mean by that." And you may not go for the very British note of the wrapped umbrella. But the rest of the outfit is next-to-compulsory, if it is important to you that your clothes should deny the suspicion of being hold-overs from a past administration. Take the breast pocket handkerchief, for example. They don't come any smarter than these new madder print gum twills and foulards. And the new printed poplins, (an unusual neckwear note for the Autumn season, but then this season is unusual) are the perfect and proper foil, with their indistinct and subdued patterning, for the small but distinct checks that are so

good in shirtings right now. The newest thing in soft collars, both attached and separate, is the eyelet pinhole for the placement of the collar pin. This is featured in the newest examples of both the short rounded and short pointed collars (they show in the sketch on page 105 better than they do here). Certainly the bowler hat is an essential ingredient in the smartness of this outfit as a whole, being every bit as important to the general effect as the off-white gloves and the black blucher shoes. And just as certainly it ought to be included in the wardrobe of every man who makes any pretension whatsoever to good grooming. If it's light in weight (look out for the English ones, most of them weigh nigh onto a ton) and properly proportioned, it's as comfortable as a hat can be. And no hat, not even the Homburg, has the dignity of a well-fitted derby.



IN its every line, this outfit hums a quiet but distinguishable refrain of "This is New York." One need not be reminded that New York is not America, but at the same time it is worth remembering that Broadway is not New York. And, wherever you may wear it, an outfit for town use could do much worse than suggest that you frequent only the more genteel sections of the big metropolis. After all, a topcoat for town wear should take on an entirely different appearance from that of one originally intended for use over a saddle-kit or other country clothes. It isn't so much a matter of fabric—in fact, the soft handling cloths that were formerly restricted to country clothes are now the essence of smartness for town—it's the model that makes the big difference. This one is fly-fronted with peak lapels and slanting skirt pockets and it makes up like a

million dollars in soft finished dark gray cassimere carrying a self herringbone pattern. For devotees of the derby hat this coat is perfection, as color, pattern and model lend themselves admirably to the semi-formal air a derby creates. For those who do not relish this degree of dignity, a permissible variant is the Homburg hat, particularly in the somewhat subdued shade of green that is new and very smart this season. With pattern playing such an important part in clothes, solid colored neckties that are patterned only by their own weave afford a means of relief from the danger of piling up too much pattern in one outfit. Note the cuffless trousers—not a new note but one that is enjoying renewed popularity. A don't on this outfit—don't wear dark-colored gloves—the contrast is important. Off-white pig; or light wash leathers are best.

A TOWN TURNOUT WITH A STRONG EASTERN ACCENT

PUBLICITY BY CUTTLEBONE

Continued from page 49

minutes to make it! Can he do it? The people stands up and hollers! They cheers, they yells, they laughs—

"Yeah," I says. "They laughs. You bet they laughs . . . we ain't going to do it."

Just then up comes Jimmy. Slim tells him his idea, and asks him can Cuttlebone get round in twenty-five minutes. It don't seem any horse can take that long to go four miles, but Cuttlebone can do a lot of things other horses can't. Jimmy scratches his yellow hair, and his little pink face twists up, and he says:

"Yeh." Both Slim and me gets surprised at that. Most always Jimmy only nods his head.

"Well," I tells Slim, "I hope you had fun thinking of this, because we ain't going to do it."

"Gee," says Slim, "even you ain't always wrong! Sure we ain't going to do it—and why? Because I done it already! You guys is lucky to have me for a partner, or you—"

"You done *what*?" I hollers. "You—you—you—*My God!* Fifty bucks for a fool stunt that—and now we got no money to light out if that damn sheriff turns up! Say, I got a good mind to—"

"No you ain't!" comes back Slim. "No you ain't. You got a bad one! But it don't matter—not so long as you got me too."

There wasn't nothing a fellow could say, and Jimmy of course didn't say nothing, like he always says. Anyway, the money was gone, and it was too late.

Well, next day we take Cuttlebone out to the track, and it's all nice and green, with lots of pretty girls talking, and people in cars, and a few of them sitting up on those old fashioned rickety stage coaches rich people is crazy about. I'm still sore at Slim, but the sheriff ain't showed up, and after a while the first race is over, and we pull Cuttlebone into the paddock, and saddle him up.

"Here, Bill," says Slim, "you can lead him round."

"What the hell?" I says. "I ain't no stable boy."

"Don't be a fool!" says Slim. "All the rich owners would like leading their horses, only they got to give employment, ain't they? So they's generous about it. I'm generous, too—I'll let you do it."

I ain't sure about Slim ever being generous, but it sounds okay, and I leads Cuttlebone around, feeling sorry for the rich guys, and them not able to lead their own horses. But after a while folks start laughing at Cuttlebone being in that race, and I sees that Slim wasn't so generous. It did look silly, them other horses—five, there was—all being cleanbred, and Cuttlebone clumsy and common.

But it ain't long before starting time, and pretty soon that little bugle blows.

"Come over here, boy!" hollers Slim.

"What the hell?" I says, leading Cuttlebone over like a kitten on a string. "Who you calling boy?"

"Shut up!" Slim hisses. "We got to act like we got a stable boy, ain't we? Got to act like we're rich and generous, ain't we?"

He fiddles with the saddle like he really knew how, and then chucks Jimmy up on top of it. Cuttlebone goes onto the track with the other horses, and me and Slim hops it into the stands.

Way down at the start Cuttlebone is behaving quiet, like he don't know what it's all about, but the thoroughbreds is running around like mice, and it's two minutes before they get lined up.

"Ain't you excited?" asks Slim.

"Excited about getting to be a famous fool?" I says, disgusted like. "Oh, yeah!"

And just then the little white flag comes down, and the crowd whoops. The horses is off! The cleanbreds all in a bunch, thundering along—but before they get to the first fence, our old walrus is strung out behind. He jumps good enough, but it's wonderful how he can't run.

Well, first thing I know, two of the thoroughbreds falls down! Then another one falls down, and now there is two horses way in front and Cuttlebone way behind. By gosh, I says to myself, maybe we're going to be third! I pinches Slim to see am I dreaming. He hollers, so I see I ain't.

Then he hits me a poke in the ribs.

"Ouch!" I says. "What the hell?"

"Cuttlebone's tired!" he says.

For once Slim is right. Cuttlebone is sure doing bad. He don't even jump good, and he's running pretty near stationary. We watches him mighty hard.

All of a sudden I looks around.

"Hey!" I says. "What the hell?" I says. "Where's them other horses?"

Funny thing, but they was both down! Down on their noses!

Cuttlebone's the only horse left running! Of course, he ain't hardly running, but he sure is left.

"Damn it!" says Slim. "Damn it to hell! There goes our publicity—ain't that the worst break?"

"You old fool!" I says. I'm so excited I near bust. "We're going to win!" I says, and lets out a holler.

Everybody's doing likewise—yelling and screaming. Then I remembers something awful—how about them twenty-five minutes? Slim pulls out his watch—Cuttlebone's got to hurry! I look out onto the track. He's struggling along. Only one more fence. He lepps at it. He don't lepp high enough. He hits on his nose, Jimmy pops off, and hits on *his* nose!

The crowd quits yelling. It's awful quiet.

Jimmy gets up and goes after Cuttlebone, that's eating grass. He catches the reins—and then doggone if he don't go back to the fence, sit on it, and light a cigarette!

We look at the watch again. Jimmy's right. It's too late. I think how Slim is a fool to get us into this.

And sudden Slim ups and makes a noise like a sheep, and goes running down the stands and out onto the course as quick as when that Pennsylvania sheriff was after him. I follows, wondering what fool stunt he's up to now.

I gets there just as Slim yanks Jimmy off the fence.

"Get on!" he yells. "Get on, you fool kid!"

He slings Jimmy onto that saddle so hard the kid bounces like he was made of rubber. Then he fetches Cuttlebone a wallop on his backside, and sings out: "Steer him good, Jimmy, steer him good, or I'll cut your little heart out and eat it!"

Maybe it was the belting he got, and maybe it was the yelling, but whatever it was, Cuttlebone jumps like he'd sat on a tack! He goes down to that finish line like it was home and mother, and right behind him every inch of the way is Slim, insulting the old goat's ancestors at every jump, and whopping that poor horse so he wouldn't sit down for a week.

I catches up just as they cross the line.

"What the hell, y'old loony?" I hollers. "It's too late, time's up!" I says. "What the hell?"

Slim is panting and wheezing and making horrid noises.

"Old loony yerself!" he gasps out. "Old loony yerself! Ain't ye got no sense? We won the race, that's what! Twenty-five minutes? What for? Cuttlebone's the winner, ain't he? Can he finish fifteen minutes after himself? Sure he can't! So we won the race—and boy, did we get publicity!"

He looks up at the crowd, which is near dying, what with laughing and hollering.

"Vision," Slim says. "Vision, that's what it is! Bill, you sure are lucky you got a partner with vision!"

AFRICA FOR ACTORS

Continued from page 71

tried to get at the buck. Pasha was in a rage. The hyena, with his back to the wall and no way of escape, put up a fight. The dust flew, the growls and shrieks were deafening. Their blood was up and they fought over that buck without giving any quarter. It was perfect. The cameras ground until we had enough, then we opened the hyena's cage and he gladly went to cover. We left Pasha's cage open with water in it, and when she had had enough buck she went home and George could crawl out of his dusty hole.

But every scene is not a success. We dreamed of a lion and a crocodile meeting at night over a kill. In the fitful light of flares such a scene should be tremendous. We had a big lion and a twelve foot crocodile, so we began preparations. An enclosure was erected on the edge of the water. Surely the crocodile would try to get to water and on his way he would meet the lion.

On a black night, when the mosquitoes were stinging like mad, we let the lion loose in the enclosure, near the water. A few feet above him we brought in the well roped crocodile and then set up the cameras. All was ready. We lighted the flares. The crocodile was loose. Now for the action!

Action? Nothing moved but the maddening mosquitoes. The precious flares from our limited supply burned on. The crocodile refused to budge. He lay in one spot, playing possum. Occasionally his evil green eyes blinked. That was the only move he made. The lion squatted under a small tree and stayed there. We poked them, we shouted, we coaxed, we teased. No. They would not budge. The mosquitoes chewed us, the flares burned out. We had to admit defeat. Lions and crocodiles, we learned, prefer to stay apart.

The reputation of the buffalo is such that we were all on edge when we began our buffalo work. They are wily, vindictive beasts and two thousand pounds of it at that. They charge with their eyes open; back-track to lie in wait for you. Oh, they are full of unpleasant habits when they have been wounded or annoyed. And we were certain they would be annoyed when stampeded or caught.

A herd of about two hundred came by our camp every night on their way to water. They showed not the least concern about us, but passed so close to the huts and tents we could hear them breathe.

Nothing could have been more convenient. We studied their habits, knew when they went to water, when they returned, what patch of shady bush they grazed in during the daytime.

Yet preparations for the stampede were simple. There was little we could do but force the buffalo to stampede toward the truck and then take the picture. The truck was camouflaged with long grass, so that we should be as inconspicuous as possible. A high platform was built on the chassis so that we should get one picture from a high angle. The other camera was set up on the body of the truck. I was to drive. George, Frank and I arranged signals so that I should know when to move and how. It would be impossible to hear voices above the noise of the engine and in the midst of the excitement. I had a small De Vrei camera along in case I could get another angle.

Wynant and his boys went one way. We went another so that the noise of the truck would not disturb the grazing herd. We planned to meet at a given vlei (an open grassy stretch) where the buffalo were generally to be found. Wynant was to drive the buffalo across the vlei and toward the truck and the rest would follow. There could be nothing more certain than that about such a plan.

We hacked our way through miles of bush, came on the open vlei. On the edge of the bush across the stretch of grass we could just see a black mass, a cloud of dust moving toward us. The herd was on its way. We could just make out the black dots running on the heels of the herd, barely hear the shouts of the drivers.

Then the mass of animals veered at right angles to the truck. A rifle boomed. The herd whirled around and charged in the opposite direction. Nervously I drew the truck nearer. Again the buffalo turned on their tracks. The rifle boomed again. We were almost in despair. It looked as though they would never get the herd going in the direction of the truck, toward the bush back of us into which we thought they would take refuge.

Cautiously I moved the truck farther in. We could not tell exactly what was going on and feared to spoil any plan, by being too conspicuous. Still the herd tore back and forth in the middle of the vlei, still too far away for the cameras.

More shots, shouts, and the herd turned toward us. Hurriedly I drove the truck forward, stopped at the signal. They were on us now. The whole herd trooped by, the cows, the calves, and the heavy bulls that weighed at least a ton, their great heads weighted down with the tremendous curving horns and massive boss.

A big bull turned off from the herd, headed toward the truck, head low. I crept to the running board with the De Vrei.

"He's charging! I'm going to shoot!" That from George above me.

"No, he's wounded. Hold on!" I shouted back. I wanted a picture of that big head coming right into the camera. He came on. The rifle crashed and he fell a few feet from the truck. We had to stop him before he was on us. He probably thought he was turning into long grass, that being the grass-covered truck.

The rest of the herd pounded past, oblivious to the commotion. Then we spotted a smaller black thing loping on the trail of the big brutes. Yelps of joy from the dogs, shouts from the boys. A calf!

"Catch him!" we all shouted at once.

Breathless, exhausted, the dogs and beaters were after him. A lunge, a flying tackle, but Johnnie missed him. Up and after him again. He did not look so small now. The herd was out of sight in the bush, but none of us forgot that an angry cow might come charging back.

The boys closed in. Now! With a last exhausted whoop the boys made a flying rush, grabbing any part of hoof, horn or tail that came their way. The calf was down, overpowered by sheer numbers. The ropes were rushed up, and the youngster was tied securely and put on the truck. We had made a beginning on the buffalo sequence. One stampeding herd, one calf caught. We felt it was a good beginning.

BELLISSIMA

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stairs. Richard watched him out of sight. Then he walked with the girl towards the exit. As she looked at him she smiled again.

"Yes, we say that for 'good-bye,' but sometimes we do not like to say it," he said in a low tone. It was the most glorious moment in his life when he took her bare arm at the dangerous corner of the stairway. Down below, in the brilliant street, a crowd of boys gathered about a long and splendid car. The fat young man sat at the wheel and gave an impatient toot on the horn.

"Go back!" she said to Richard at the foot of the stair, smiling into his eyes. She told him her name. "Come and see me in Hollywood," she said, and gave him a quick laughing kiss, and ran out into the Neapolitan sunshine, out of his life, and got into the car. Richard, in the dim doorway, staring, saw her smiling to herself as she vanished.

THE LEASE OF LUST

*Story of Stephen, the first
of a sequence of narrative
poems on the deadly sins*

by AUDREY WURDEMAN

Warm in a chalice
Far in the palace
Of purple light,
Stephen lay sleeping,
Easily reaping
The dreams of night,

Wakened for loving,
And loving asleep
Into a moving
Shadow-deep,

Winged, with the waters
Of lust around him,
Glad that the daughters
Of Eve had found him,

Drifting and drowning,
Asleep, awake,
And his heart pounding
As a heart could break,

And so, uneven,
Both god and human,
Was Stephen, Stephen,
First with woman.

* * *

She wasn't young, and she was black, a
breeder
Of lust and bearing. In the warm slow dusk
She held a white child naked on her hip,
Rocking from foot to foot. Her arms were
bare;
Her scratched legs shiny bare; her black
feet played

Into the dust. She fanned herself and
sweated,
And rolled her eyes and moved away from
him
As heifers had upon the farm; he'd seen
them.



A young girl came to the doorway, tall and
strong,
Just become woman, blond and apple-bright,
And stepped outside. Stephen, at the house-
corner,
Saw the last sunlight glint along her shoul-
ders,
Through the thin dress, and ripple on her
skirt
Snug over sturdy hips.

"What do you want?"

"A hot day," Stephen said. "I'm tired,
riding,
And thirsty, too. Could you give me a drink,
And set me right?" The girl went to the well.
He heard the plop of the bucket, the sound
of water

Being drawn and dipped. She brought a
dripping cup.
He sat down on the steps.

"Who keeps this farm?"

"My father." He looked up at her. "I'd like
To ask him about stopping here a while.
I've worked on farms before."

"Father's in town;

Father and mother both; they won't be back
Till morning."

It pleased Stephen to find the women
Alone. "It was a long day. Could I stay
Here over night, and see him in the morning?"

I can sleep anywhere. I am good
At taking up odd corners."

Her eyes widened,
And a slow blush reddened her face, her
throat.
He knew her body blushed.

It was quiet there,
And gnarled old fruit-trees blossomed to the
door
And dropped white petals thick about the
house.
There were odors of the barn, and blooming
lilies,
And pink sweet william, odors that the sun
Intensified. There were the farmyard sounds
That he had heard so long. The petals fell
Over them, making fragrant silky patterns
Along the walk.

Inside, she made a supper,
And set the kitchen table, and they ate,
Speaking in monosyllables. Stephen knew,
With some old instinct, of the tension women
Create. He was at home and well-contented
With this most primitive and animal
Triangle of two women and a man.
The girl talked most; the negro woman rolled
Her eyes and padded softly. She set the child
Down on the floor, and stooped over a wash-
tub,
Still stepping as she stooped, her broad hips
wide
As some fat heifer's. She was tied to the tub
As he had tied the heifers.

This he knew,
Having lived among the cattle, but the girl
Was pleasant and strange, a litheness and
a grace,
But solid and well-built, moving quietly



About the kitchen, reaching above her head,
Laughing back in his eyes. Here was a woman
Requiring courtship; she was desirable,
And tremulous and teasing; he had no words
To answer her, but the other was animal,
And that he knew.

It was a hot dark night,
When the dogs howled and the old house was
alive,
Creaking with shadows, a house of sleepless-
ness.
One of the children fretfully cried upstairs.
He lay awake, and heard the girl go by,
And saw the grey blur that her body made,
Moving softly. She left the door ajar,
And he stirred doubtfully, thinking of the
white skin
And the long blossoming body and laughing
mouth,
And he would make its laughter.

Then the stairs
Creaked under a blacker shadow. The black
woman
Came down from putting the children to
bed. He moved
From under his blanket. The shadow stalked
ahead,
And with slow haste another shadow
followed,
And a door creaked and closed.

Later, he heard
A whimpering, but it was not the children,
A low monotonous crying, and a door
Swung sharply shut.

It was nearly morning.
Stephen went in the early false flame of
dawn,
Hastily saddling, satisfied and sleek,
From that restless house where only the
children slept.

* * *

Walk very lightly,
Whistle as you go,
Leave long strides
In the settling snow,

Walk as the wind wills,
Go where you must,
Make a sharp shadow
Along the yellow dust.
There's always a window,
A face looking out;
Laugh to her, sing to her,
Turn you about,
Go up the steps,
Stay for an hour,
Take from the jasmine
A fragrant flower,
Wear it a while,
Remember, be glad;
When you're old and unloving
You'll have what you've had.
There's always a window,
There's always a girl
Who will give a bright blessing,
A kiss, and a curl
To the boy who loves lightly
And leaves all of that,
With a red game-cock's feather
Stuck in his hat.

* * *

Stephen the lover, Stephen the leman
Left the boy he was on the farm, a blur,
And any man with a thirst for women
Can find a woman thirstier,
And it was easy to go sinning
After the sin began to burn.
There were enough for a ready winning,
To lie with him in the listing fern
With green boughs over, and sun and
shadow,
To pull dusk down like the death of love,
With a great rose glow over woods and
meadow,
And nothing to wish or be thinking of,
To lead him out of the winter's sorrow
Into a warm cocoon of sleep,
When the star-eyed frost on the following
morrow
Covered their window finger-deep.

He left no chip of his heart as token;
He took a kiss and he gave a kiss,
But he would go; if their hearts were broken,
They could mend them as well as his.
And he said as he went, "Goodbye, my dear.
Remember the wisdom of sudden going.
Forget our time in a day or a year,
Now another wind is awake and blowing.
We take our leave as we took our pleasure;
I paid my debt, and you paid me.
It was good for an hour, for an hour's
measure,
And you are free, and I am free.
I made no promises, break no trusts;
I said I loved you, and so I do;
In a world of loving, a world of lusts,
This is the love to which I am true:
The pride that breaks and is proud of
breaking,
The secret sin that is shameless ever,
The slakened thirst that thirsts in slaking,
The changing passion, the changeless
fever.
And I love you always in every woman,
And please myself with my final breath.
The less of lust there is in a human,
The less of glory, the less of death:
The pinnacle splits; the shaken idol
Topples to dust with a little cry;
The death of a god is suicidal,
But a million gods remain to die!"

* * *

O Stephen was a lover, a lover brave and
bold,
But the hotter burns the fire, the chillier's
the cold
When all the glow is out to ash, and grey
supplants the gold.
O Stephen was a lover, a lover gay and
bold,
Whom many a woman tried to keep, and no
one woman could hold,
But all the fire is out to ash, the ashes
turning cold,
And who'll be loving Stephen, now Stephen's
growing old?



WHAT A MARRIED MAN SHOULD KNOW

Continued from page 37

It is naturally impossible within the limits of a magazine article to treat, even superficially, of all that a married man should know, as a house-broke husband, and thereby let him keep as much as an armed truce in the home. It might however be summed up in the phrase, addressed to the wife by the husband: "Don't shoot! I'll come down." There are nevertheless certain situations which you can avoid, if you'll listen to me, and I don't expect that you will, because even Edison preferred the trial and error system, instead of learning by the experience of others. Let us for instance take the case of your wife saying: "Oh, Ed! On your way uptown, stop off at the meat market this evening and buy a steak for dinner."

Don't misinterpret what she told you. She said that you were to buy a steak for dinner or supper, or whatever you call the evening meal in your house, but she did not imply that she wanted you to buy enough steak for the Fifth Annual Beef-steak Dinner of the William J. Mustard Association. Nevertheless, when you stop at the meat market, you will be simply carried away by the quantity of steak you see, and nothing that I can say will probably stop you from buying out the meat market, so to speak, as well as coaling up with enough goods from the grocery department to give the impression that you contemplate an immediate food famine.

Thus when you reach home with the spoils of your marketing, there will be what is called in married life, "a scene," beginning with the rhetorical question: "And who do you think is going to eat all *that* stuff," followed by recriminations and the dragging into discussion, of former errors in your conduct—errors, which come under the head of "cold sweaters." That is to say, they are incidents in your life which you cannot remember even in the privacy of the bathtub, during a hot bath, without breaking into a cold perspiration. Therefore, it is my plan and ought to be yours, always to ask the salesman how much steak your wife usually buys for supper, and then tell him to cut you off one slightly smaller.

Should you however merely ask for steak, remember that in addition to getting a perfectly enormous steak, there will be eye witnesses from the grocery department hard by, and particularly a motherly old soul who is demonstrating something. If it's a hot day, she will ask you if you don't want to try a small glass of ice cold *Pride of the Everglades Grape Fruit Juice*, and this means that you are going to buy in addition to half a ton of steak, two dozen quarts of grape fruit juice.

If, on the contrary, it is a cold evening, the same nice motherly soul will be right there with a steaming cupful of Old Fashioned Chicken and Okra Soup, sold by the quart can in cases of two dozen cans at the extremely moderate price of \$9.60. It will probably be delivered at your door, just as you enter with the side of beef which you have bought as a T-bone steak sufficient for a family of three people, and what sort of a retort is it going to be, when you tell your wife that all it cost was \$9.60 for the case?

In fact, there aren't any retorts you can make to your wife which will be any more effective than: "Oh yeah?" Or even: "Is that so?" And these are not exactly retorts. They are what might be called provocations, and shut off further discussion as successfully as trying to put out a fire with a mixture of gasoline and dynamite. "But," I hear you protest, "if this weak resistance in husbands, to meat and grocery salesmen is universal, why does a wife ask her husband to buy meat in the first place?"

Why does a wife ask her husband to discipline the children? And yet you know as well as I do, that when it comes to disciplining the children, at the request of your wife, you are guilty on three counts. You will stand convicted of being a washout as a disciplinarian by your wife, as a weakling by your children, and by yourself, as a spineless boob.

But then, you must console yourself with the knowledge that any punishment of children, if it does not immediately follow the offense, is a form of inhuman cruelty. If it does immediately follow the offense, then it's just relieving your own irritation and nothing less than an exhibition of bad temper on your part. You are probably downtown when your child cuts up, and are you going to drop all work at the store or the office simply because your wife phones you that Betty has not only refused the spinach but has also dashed the spinach dish to the floor and made stains on the rug? The chances are that even were you to exceed the speed limit in your 1930 model, by the time you arrived, the spinach would have been wiped up and everything would have been forgiven and forgotten.

On the other hand, let us assume the absurd hypothesis that you have arrived home six hours after the spinach episode and have spanked the

child, what happens then? Why, your wife will think you are a bully, a coward and a first class, Grade A monster, totally unfit to be either a father or even perhaps a member of human society. You are almost tempted to say with the writers of pamphlets addressed to criminals: "You can't win!"

"Then what shall I do?" you ask, and with the experience of twenty-six years marriage to the same person, I can only say that it comes under the head of what the lawyers call *damnum absque injuria*, and I assure you I am not showing off when I quote this. It means first that I wasted a lot of my adolescence studying law and second that colloquially speaking, you are up against it good and proper. You have no "out." In short, disciplining your children is something which every married man ought to know is impossible. So let us pass on to less difficult problems, and in these times, there is one situation which sooner or later is bound to crop up in the life of every married man, whether he be a farmer or a bank president, but especially if he be a writer. I refer to the request from your wife that you find a job for a son or daughter of a friend of hers.

It is hardly necessary to say that these sons or daughters of your wife's friend, show great promise or have a "bent" for some such career as art, literature, music, the stage or engineering. It is strange that these sons or daughters never have a bent for the career of retail salesman or saleswoman in a store, or in the case of sons, for being brakemen or trolley car conductors, but what is expected of you by your wife is that you must start one of these young men off as associate editor of a magazine, when as soon as you lay eyes on him, you know at once that he is a born trolley car conductor. The procedure in this case is simple. You think of an editor who you know doesn't want to employ anybody and with whom you haven't any particular drag *anyway*, and you give the young man a letter reading: "Dear Max: The bearer of this letter is the son of my wife's friend, Mrs. Samuel J. Tinkelpaugh. Anything that you can do for him will be much appreciated by yours most sincerely."

This letter serves three purposes. It appeases your wife. It puts Mrs. Tinkelpaugh under an obligation not to bother you again, and it irritates the editor, Max, who dislikes you intensely ever since you drew four cards to an ace and made four aces that time when he held a full house pat on January 26th, 1910. Nor does he have to be necessarily an editor. A popular man like you, is bound to have lots of intimate friends to whom you have not spoken for years, and you can score them all off at one operation, by giving the young man letters to each of them. This shows your wife's friend that you have influence in many quarters, and will serve as an object lesson to her son that the best way to get a job is to go out and hustle for it himself.

Anyway, the letter-of-introduction is one of the easiest ways for almost any man to make himself solid with his wife. That is why so many business men are interrupted while they are enjoying a surreptitious afternoon nap in the office, by the arrival of a Mr. Witherspoon from Spokane, Washington, with a letter of introduction from your wife's brother George, reading: "Dear Jim: This will serve to introduce to you my neighbor Mr. Cyrus Witherspoon who is President of our Home for Chronic Moravians. Knowing that your uncle by marriage was buried in the Moravian Cemetery on Staten Island, I am sure you will have a great deal in common. Love to the family from etc., etc."

If you happen to be a tall, muscular person interested in outdoor sport, you will probably be then confronted by a sawed-off chess player whose life has been devoted to Moravians and chess in equal proportions. Should you however be a slight, delicately built man, extremely fond of chamber music and the more intricate tone poems of Strauss, you will be overwhelmed by a giant with a loud, husky voice, who will talk golf, the purity of the Spokane water supply and the future of the orchard industry in Washington. How then are you going to meet this problem, as a married man whose wife is devoted to her brothers, particularly her brothers who live furthest away in the states of Washington, Oregon and Montana?

Well, in the first place, you probably know from looking at Mr. Witherspoon that no brother of your wife could regard him as anything more or less than the scourge of Spokane, Washington, and in the second place, if you invite him up to the house for dinner, your wife's affection for his sponsor, her brother, will not improve Mr. Witherspoon as an eleventh hour dinner guest. The exact number of married men in the United States is not known to me or to any book of reference, but if laid end to end, they would make a soft and yielding footpath for the exact number of their wives, and assuming that their number is legion, then only .00031416 of them would be able to get away with an eleventh hour dinner invitation to a stranger armed with a letter of introduction.

"But you have not yet stated the remedy?" you say. Well, it is in effect the same method as when dealing with the son of a wife's friend, which son has a "bent" for something. Always pass on the bearer of a letter of introduction to somebody in the next city he intends to visit. If you live in the East and Mr. Witherspoon from Spokane shows up with a letter of introduction, he will probably visit not only New York, where he presents his letter of introduction to you, but also Philadelphia, Washington and Boston. Why should you get one hundred per cent of Mr. Witherspoon, simply because he happens to be a neighbor of your wife's brother? Are you going to sit around all evening and hear him talk about the purity of the water supply in Spokane? A man can pay too high a price for keeping peace in the home, especially if he doesn't succeed in keeping it by paying the price, so the reasonable thing to do is to distribute Mr. Witherspoon among people you don't like in Washington, Philadelphia and Boston.

"But *my* wife," you protest, "is the soul of hospitality, and there's always room for one more at the dinner table in our house."

Why, certainly there is, if you give sufficient notice, in some cases amounting to ten days, but when it comes to your wife having provided just enough lamb chops to go round, i. e. one thick one for each member of the family and the help, any married man who invites somebody up to the house without proper notice to his wife, is out of luck, and that includes pot luck and all other kinds of luck. It may even amount to the old instance of the vaudeville performer who invited three of his warmest friends out to the house on Long Island, to take pot luck, and no sooner had he said to his wife: "My dear, these are my old friends Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson," than one word led to another, and the intermarital throwing of kitchen ware began, ending with the prospective host getting a flat iron just below the ear. When he was restored to consciousness, he was still the hospitable optimist, and smiled weakly at his proposed guests. "Jolly little woman, the Missus," he said. "Always clowning!"

Therefore, I say, show your wife every consideration that reason and experience dictate. Don't surprise her with dinner guests, with or without letters of introduction, and in fact don't surprise her at all, if you can help it. Should you have been wearing a moustache for years, and it begins to sprout grey hairs, thus betraying your age, prepare your wife before you shave it off. Married women are like domestic animals in this respect. I knew a man who whenever he put on a clean collar, which he did regularly once a week, so surprised his faithful Airedale, that he was obliged to kick it vigorously before it stopped growling long enough to recognize its kind master.

There are also married men who have long cherished a sort of ambition to wear loud clothing. I was walking with a married man down Madison Avenue, New York, and we stopped to look at a clothing store window, where there were displayed some imported overcoats in check patterns with leather buttons which looked like blobs of chewing gum. I could see from the married man's face that as far as he and one of these overcoats was concerned, it was a case of love at first sight, and I had an immediate hunch that as soon as he could scrape together thirty-five dollars, he was going to disturb one of the happiest homes in Bayside, L. I., by abandoning a plain blue overcoat for that London creation of brown checks and chewing gum buttons.

Now, there are many worn out anecdotes of the married woman who buys neckties impossible in design and color for her husband's birthday, but these examples of marital shock are as nothing, compared with the number of married men aged fifty, who think that they will look well in prep school clothing and who without the slightest warning, spring a tight fitting sixteen year old suit on a fifty year old wife. It shakes married happiness to its foundation, especially as at the first opportunity, that outraged wife will present

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PRINCETON* PANORAMA

Continued from page 68

sentatives in Princeton, and there is no reason why a boy should find difficulty in getting rid of a reasonable allowance. There are frequent dances at which some of the more popular of the prominent dance orchestras are present. All of the upper classmen who reveal sufficiently conventional personalities are invited to join one or another of the clubs, where, for a nominal sum, they are provided with a place to eat and a social standing.

"The curriculum is one of the best furnished in an American college, and is adequate for any gentleman."

(NOTE: Although a particular college is mentioned in the title, this article might just as well refer to any of the other leading eastern universities. Perhaps Princeton was chosen for the sake of the alliteration, or possibly because the author happens to go there himself.)



DEDICATED TO THE MAN WHO SAYS HE CAN'T WEAR BROWN

DESPITE the fact that the number of Civil War veterans has dwindled to a comparative handful, the majority of American men still seem to be enlisted in some secret army of wearers of blue and grey. Catch the average American in anything but a blue or grey suit and you will detect a trace of the same self-conscious look that is otherwise reserved for those who wear evening clothes on street cars. Englishmen, habituated from childhood to tweedy hues of heather, Lovat and whatnot, simply can't understand this. Of course, there are a lot of things they can't understand. Perhaps the only explanation is that part of the heritage of our male folklore is the superstition that blue is becoming to every man while brown is becoming to almost nobody. That just isn't true and we wish that somebody had thought to keep the statistics that would prove it. Well, any-

way, if you're one of those blue suit boys, try combining a brown worsted suit and a shirt with blue body and white pique collar. (The newer shirts come in very flattering deep blue). A green shirt is good, too, but the combination is more obvious. In general, though, don't be afraid of green—they've taken the "poison" out of it this season and it's one of the colors a man can wear with perfect assurance. The bold polka dot tie shown on the figure is smarter than the printed satins shown at the left, but they're very good looking in their lustrous way and a lot of men like them. Monogramming, once almost the monopoly of the custom shirt maker, has of late spread all over the realm of ready-to-wear articles. A pair of monogrammed braces like those sketched can be obtained for less, this season, than you would have had to pay for plain ones in the recent past.



PLAIN blue suits will never get you into the headlines as the Brummel of your time, but they do afford the negative approach, as it were, to the state of being well dressed. If you are convinced, or if your wife has convinced you, that your taste in colors is not to be trusted, sticking to plain blue is the most reliable way to get the world from proving it on you. You may not be resplendently right, but at least you can't be clamorously wrong—you can wear almost anything with a blue suit. You can wear any one of the self figured ties sketched in the panel of accessories at the right—yes, even the green one. As a matter of fashion fact, green accessories with a blue suit are considered very good this season, some mysterious repeal having taken the curse off green as a color for men. A colored shirt is recommended, but the collar and cuffs

ought to be white to get the best effect against the dark blue ground of the suit. The newest and smartest shirt has a colored body and collar and cuffs of white pique. The collar is detached, allowing for the substitution of a laundered collar when desired. The white pique collar that comes with the shirt should be of the new model that provides eyelet openings for the collar pin. The pleated bosom is dressier, but these shirts are made up both with pleated and with plain bosom and both are good looking and both are correct. The cuffs are the double, or French, style and call for cuff links. The newest thing in braces is the double braid in contrasting colors—very comfortable and very good looking. The hat is the correct gray Hom-burg. On second thought, we take it all back—wearing these things with your blue suit you *will* be resplendently right.

**FOR THOSE WHO GO
FOR ANY COLOR SO
LONG AS IT'S BLUE**

"MAKE IT FUNNY"

*A frank response to the cry
that haunts the waking hours
of the professional humorist*

by **HARRY HERSHFIELD**

"AND your next speaker, ladies and gentlemen, is Mr. J. Gordon Blivitz. And Blivitz was the hit of the evening—by his getting up and simply saying: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this affair doesn't remind me of any story at all!'"

But even the deadly humor of the good old days would be welcome in these morose times. Like the professional worrier asking a friend, "Do you think we'll have war soon?" And the other answering, "Bill if war should come now, it would be like the old Union League Club on Fifth Avenue: One of the members died and the outside was draped in crepe. A passerby remarked: 'It does liven up the old place, doesn't it?'"

I had a reason for opening with these two flippancies. The reader or listener is no different than T. Coddington Rappaport, who received a letter from a creditor, which read as follows:—"My Dear Coddington. You are cordially invited to attend a party given by Joan Crawford, in her penthouse. It will be the smartest affair of the season. Blondes galore and all the champagne you can pour. P. S. I knew you'd read so far, you crook you . . ."

So forgive me, my friends, for this unethical technique in trying to interest you—and what burns me up more, is that I find myself here now apologizing. And me a hardened newspaperman—cartoonist, rather. Which calls for the immediate solving of this moot question, "Is a cartoonist a newspaperman?"—and the answer: "Is a barnacle a ship?" Whatever the status might be, this is evident—that the editorials are getting funnier every day—and the supposed comic strips are going editorial. Then again, the humorist feels the protection as in Shakespeare's line "Invest me in my motley—give me leave to speak my mind." The jester speaks the truth.

I'm sorry that I quoted that line so letter perfect. It seems that I have not learned my lesson. The other week I spoke at a big banquet. During my talk, I recited a piece of poetry, by Keats—accurately. With that, a heckler in the rear of the hall shouted: "Either he's educated or has only one book in the house." I'll admit this is all beside the point. I started about the "Jester speaks the truth." Who is to say in the final analysis what is truth and what is gross exaggeration? Even while I'm propounding this, evolution has changed things enough to even distort this simple continuity. Either everything is absolutely wrong—or all inexorably right. A good gag or pun coming at the psychological moment, might end this economic crisis. What is the finished completed thing—or the preparatory state—who can definitely prove anything, when everything is part of everything, in the coming and going? There is not philosophy safe enough to wager on.

Only one philosopher had it right. He was one of those beings who loudly proclaimed his diagnosis on all happenings. One

night, he went to an affair—and what he thought was ginger ale, wasn't, and he became good and properly stewed. The younger members of the organization, taking cognizance of the fact, decided on a prank—just to convince themselves as to the philosophical truth of the supposed wise one's viewpoint. They took the inebriated genius to a graveyard and laid him on the grave. They then in turn hid behind a willow tree, to await the blazing sun of the dawn to awaken the elderly gent—who would then find himself prone on the top of a grave. The insistent sun did its duty—it brought the drunken one to. He looked around and a quick inventory showed him that he was lying on a grave. In an instant he was the true philosopher. Loudly he yelled: "If I'm alive, what am I doing here? And if I'm dead, why am I so thirsty?"

Which reminds me, that I'm not so sure at this minute what it's all about—this article. All I was told, when commissioned to write this, was "*Make it funny*—or something about fun making." Believe me, Grant couldn't be more general—say, that isn't bad at that? I just happened to think of it—but I'll be more careful from now on. And from now on—that is, to the finish of this article, is the tough part. Then again, why should I belittle myself—me, whose facile pen has scribbled to millions? Which brings up the subject of circulation—and that's what makes you the great wit that you're supposed to be. It was truly said "Repetition is reputation." Get people to read you enough. As was told about Mr. Bernarr Macfadden. After his paper, the Graphic, was started in New York, when it was running about two months, Mr. Macfadden called in the circulation manager and shouted: "How can we get more people to read the Graphic?" And the editor answered: "Publish it every day, in the Daily News as an ad!"

Yes, that is quite an order, "*Make it funny*." On the radio, in the newspaper, in the movies, on the stage, the same cry—"Make it funny." And the same little old joke is twisted and turned and "built up" because of that order—talk about circulation—a good joke is sent out on its specific mission under more disguises than have ever been thought of in Scotland Yard. And how guilty has been your writer here! Not all the stories employed by yours truly have been Yiddish stories, as was my comic strip. I remodelled many, as it were. If the gag is basic, it can easily be done—not hard to reincorporate. This for example: A little Jewish fellow was to play in a minstrel show. And went to a friend with this plea: "Mine friend, I am to play in a minstrel show—and I need a good joke. I don't care how old it is—so long as it is good." "Well," answered the liberal one, "here's an old joke, but a good one. There was a bartender out in front of his saloon. Along came an Irishman named Pat, with a basket and one egg in it.

The bartender said 'Pat, I need that egg for my saloon. If you'll give it to me, I'll give you any drink in the place for it.' Pat gave him the egg and ordered *Sherry and Egg*." The little Jewish fellow laughed loud. "That certainly is a good joke—I'll positively be a big hit with it in the minstrel show." "Do you know how to tell it?" asked the friend, "You better rehearse it." "Don't worry, mine pal, I know how to tell it—but if you want me to rehearse it, I will."

And here's how he told it. "There was a bartender in front of his saloon. Along came a feller named Ginsberg, with a basket with one egg in it—"

"No, no", yelled the friend, "I said it was a fellow named Pat."

"Yes, I know it. But when I tell it, it'll be Ginsberg—that's too smart a trick for an Irishman!"

A few weeks from now, my friends, this same joke will be about Mike and Cohen—and the locale will be changed to some place in India. "*Make it funny*"—how many crimes have been committed because of that. But that again brings up another subject, within the subject—known as "manufactured" humor. And the professional, once steeped in the tricks of the trade, finds it difficult to keep his hands off the pure, genuine factual humor. As is said about a fine painting, "It takes two men to produce a fine painting. The artist to paint it—and another fellow to shoot him to keep him from spoiling it."

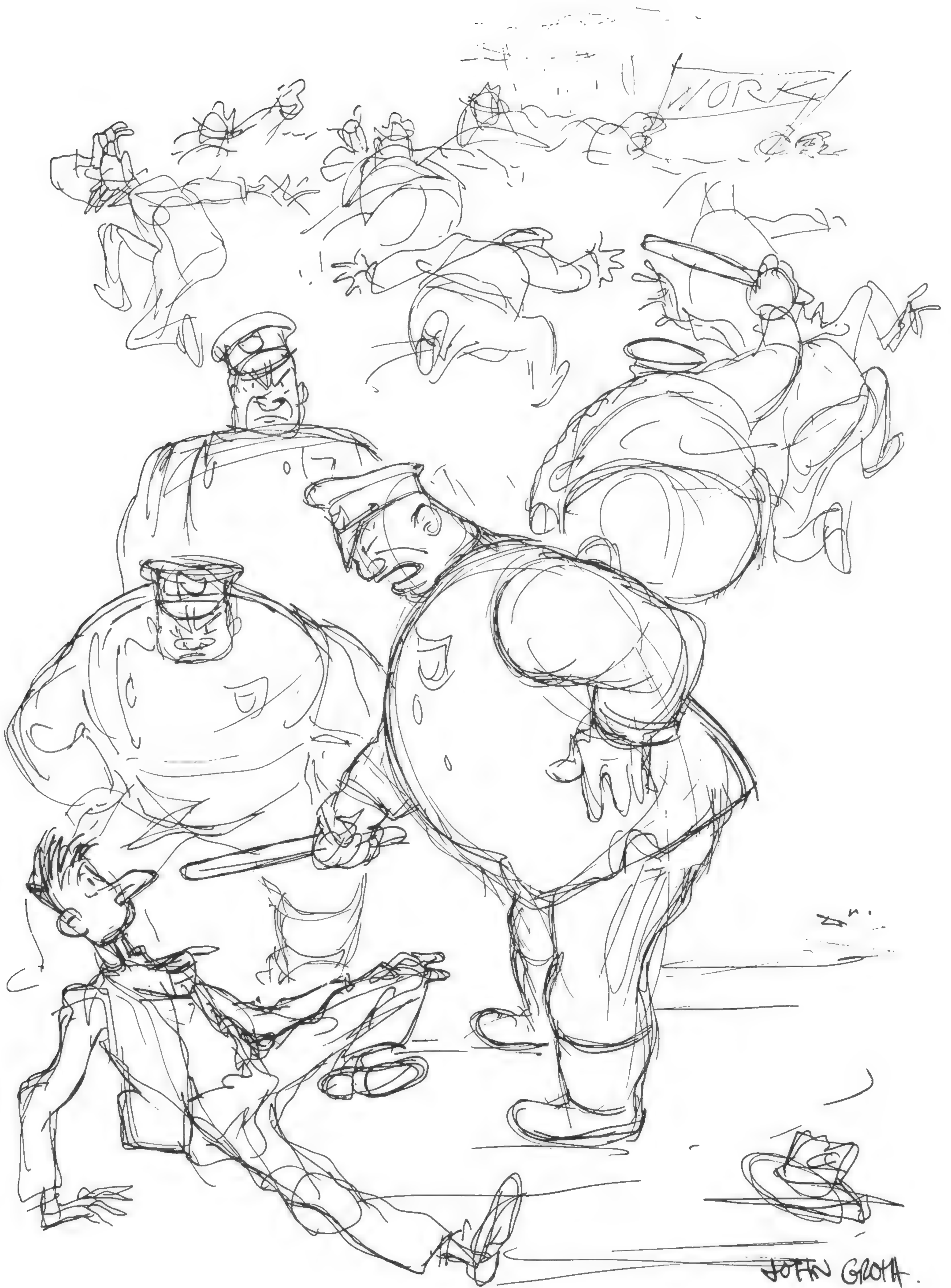
We are prone not to be satisfied with the natural taste of things—and I know of cases in which only one cook can also spoil the broth. But as a rule, it is ruined by the other fellow, who steals a story, then gives it an added unnecessary twist, to make it feel it was his own original masterpiece. Oh, if they would only leave it alone, just as it really happened—and the actual happenings are always the funniest. It will not be long before this one is spoiled—this true event. Sitting in my office one morning, I was interrupted in my work by the entering of a lodge brother.

He looked bedraggled. "You look like you've slept in the park," I started. "You got right," he answered, "I haven't been home the whole night—I'm afraid to go home—my wife will kill me." On further questioning he told me the cause. "Last night, my wife knew I had twenty-five dollars in my pocket. She knew I was going to play poker in a feller's house. But she thought it was going to be 'penny ante'—and I lost every cent. And if I come home without the money, it means the end of our happiness in married life."

After listening to his tale of woe, I gave him a lecture about further poker playing. Then lent him twenty-five dollars, so he could go home to her in peace. He thanked me and when he got to the door, he said: "Mr. Hershfield."

"Yes," I answered, "what is it?"

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"Well, now what do you know about police methods?"

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

*A curse on carbohydrates and
a glad goodbye to spinach, as
diet fads are explained away*

by **ARTHUR F. KRAETZER, MD.**

WE Americans have a number of faults with respect to food. They are faults not only of fact but of philosophy. We seem to be very little interested in the tasteful cooking and serving of food, but tremendously concerned with what is "good for us."

Facts are very deceitful things. They have two fundamental defects. They may be irrelevant. They may have a double meaning, part of which we miss. This, I admit, may be a little unfair to facts, which, after all, are the essential building stones of all theory and all philosophy. It probably would be more just to blame ourselves, who use and misuse facts. Most certainly of the use and misuse of facts and near-facts we have built up some weird systems of dietary fads.

It is certainly a fact that iron is an essential element of the diet. It is also a fact that spinach contains a great deal of iron. But it does not follow that we should stuff unfortunate children with this most unintriguing and unappetizing vegetable. There are plenty of more pleasant sources of iron. For example, good beef and lamb and any of the other green vegetables such as green peas, string beans, and asparagus which, if well prepared—I say "if well prepared"—certainly lose no merit by being delicious instead of flat and tasteless. It would almost seem as if we found merit in the distastefulness of spinach, possibly on the Puritan principle that what is unpleasant must be good for us, and by the way of emphasizing the salutary effect of distastefulness, the average cook serves spinach in a form that only a cow dying of starvation and desperate for any kind of food, would be tempted to eat. I have met but one cook who knew how to serve spinach in a form that civilized people would like, and that cook went to her reward many years ago. The average kitchen ignoramus hands it up to the table looking like the drainings of some gloomy swamp, where some blackguard had murdered his wife.

We hear a lot about vitamins and we have become as crazy about them as we were—and still are, in spots—about patent medicines. There is no questioning the fact of the necessity of vitamins. The discovery of these essential elements of diet is one of the chapters in medical history. Many of us have come to think that we must exercise a constant anxious vigilance lest we miss our daily ration of vitamins and develop beri-beri or adult scurvy, diseases that are so rare in civilized communities that the appearance of a single case in a modern hospital is an event of dramatic interest. The point is that vitamins, though absolutely essential for health, are required in infinitesimally small quantities, and more than enough of all the various vitamins will be found automatically

in the average half-way decent diet of meat, fish, eggs, and butter and a moderate amount of fresh vegetables. The average American commits plenty of dietetic sins, but unless poverty has reduced him to a semi-starvation basis, lack of vitamins is not apt to be one of them. However, a person who drinks coffee and eats a bun for breakfast, and a sandwich and coffee for lunch, may develop symptoms which are possibly due to vitamin lack. But here the problem is the very obvi-



ous primary problem of just plain not enough food. Given enough food of the kind he likes, the average American will be pretty apt to find included in it sufficient vitamins without having to fuss about them. In the poorly fed section of the South, however, where the people subsist mainly on pork and corn, vitamin lack may be a very real thing.

There are, however, two serious diseases of infancy and childhood which, even in fairly prosperous communities, are due to deficiency of vitamins and the presence of sufficient vitamins cannot automatically be taken for granted. If infants are fed on pasteurized milk, or on the milk of undernourished mothers, they will frequently get rickets and infantile scurvy. It should be a matter of strict routine, under a physician's guidance, to fortify the milk diet of infants with cod liver oil, orange juice, and tomato juice. The first protects against rickets, the last two against scurvy. It is not necessary to go to extremes, however, on the principle that if enough is good, too much is better. An excess of cod liver oil and orange juice can upset an infant's delicately balanced digestion, and to upset an infant's digestion is no joke. In this very important matter follow the doctor's advice, not the advertisements.

It has always been taken for granted that milk is a perfect food, probably because of certain sentimental and poetic notions on the subject. In the first place it is an incomplete food because it contains very little iron. As a result, the hemoglobin of exclusively milk-fed babies, which is 100% at birth, frequently drops to 50% at 6 months, an anemia in other words. This lack can be supplied by beef juice given judiciously, i. e., under guidance. Furthermore many adults find milk extremely difficult to digest. For these people milk is not a liquid food by any means, for, slipping easily down their throats, it forms tough rubbery curds in their stomachs and causes constipation, coated tongue, bad breath and a general sense of feeling miserable. There is no greater mistake than to follow the glib advice of those false prophets, the better health contests, and go on a so-called "milk cure." People who follow their misguided notions run down hill pretty fast. On the other hand there are people who take milk, like it and prosper on it. Remember that, though milk is the *Piece de resistance* for the infant, it is but an accessory food for the adult, and while many adults can take it there are many who cannot.

Another superstition is that fruit is a sort of panacea, a food that is not only good for everybody no matter in how great quantities, but a food with a sort of magic medicinal value that will cure whatever ails you. This is most emphatically not so. The main part of fruit is cellulose and cellulose is completely indigestible. Getting past the upper or relatively clean part of the intestine it reaches the lower part unabsorbed and then there happens exactly what happens when you add fruit pulp to homebrew and set it away in a warm place. A fermenting mash is formed, with the manufacture of gas and the same poisons that make homebrew such an uncomfortable and ungenial drink. The same is true of coarse vegetables which leave a lot of residue. There has been a good deal of mistaken propaganda about the value of roughage. We are taught that the bowels will not function unless they are regularly stuffed with rabbit food. The over concern of so many people about their bath-room activities has made them very receptive for this erroneous idea. Here is a beautiful example of how a fact can go astray. For the majority of cases of constipation are due not to weakness but strength of the lower intestine, that is, to strength wrongly applied. If the intestine is irritated, whether mechanically by roughage or chemically from fermenting carbohydrates, it clamps down and impedes the onward passage of its contents. The result is the so-called spastic constipation which is by far the most frequent variety. Roughage and fruit are usually bad for colitis. Although at

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THOUGHT FOR FOOD

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times they may bring apparent relief for constipation, they will very frequently perpetuate the condition they are supposed to cure. They should never be taken to excess and never be used in cases of constipation or colitis unless the doctor in charge of the case sees some particular reason why they are indicated.

From time immemorial there has been an almost superstitious conviction that meat is a harmful food. Now that we have all of us "gone scientific" a number of facts have been plausibly misconstrued in a well meant but misguided attempt to prove this notion. Meat contains uric acid. In gout, uric acid is deposited in the joints. Ergo, meat causes gout. Very logical, but not so. Gout is due to an inability of the kidneys to eliminate uric acid, but it by no means follows that it is the eating of uric acid-containing foods that is the primary cause of this inability. It may well be that people who already have gout should limit their consumption of meat. But the people who get gout are the excessive drinkers of beer, and heavy wines such as port and sherry. It was the three bottle men of the 18th century England who got the red-hot big toe of classic gout. We very seldom see it today.

We hear a great deal about intestinal toxemia, or so-called auto-intoxication. Prejudice has caused the assumption that meat was the cause of this condition. There are two types of bacterial decomposition of food: putrefaction and fermentation. Protein putrefies; carbohydrates ferment. Each process causes the formation of its own series of poisons. It has been taken for granted that putrefaction was the most frequent form of bacterial activity in the intestinal tract. Now it is understood, no food can undergo bacterial decomposition in the intestinal tract, unless it escapes digestion and absorption in the upper, relatively clean part of the intestine, and gets down to the lower portion, which is normally full of bacteria. It follows that the foods most likely to escape digestion will be the foods most likely to end up in bacterial decomposition. The protein foods, meat, fish and eggs are easily digested. They offer less chance of reaching the colon unchanged. But excess starch, particularly if it is incompletely cooked and insufficiently masticated, may in part, escape digestion and reaching the colon, form a fermenting mash with the formation of fusel oil and other poisons that make home-brew such an unwholesome drink. As for the second, carbohydrate cellulose or vegetable and fruit fiber, the roughage that we have been taught to admire so much, human beings cannot digest it at all. Herbivorous animals such as horses, cows and rabbits can. We cannot. Reaching the colon it, like unabsorbed starch, forms gas fermentative poisons. Sugar, the third carbohydrate, is easily digested and absorbed—within limits. On the other hand it may be very easily fermented, with the usual penalties ensuing. The trouble is that the American has gone in too strong for this particular food-stuff. It is his chief dietetic sin. A century ago the per capita consumption of sugar in this country was 5 pounds per year. Today it is 112. It has become a cheap and profitable substitute for the more wholesome and more expensive foods, meat, fish and eggs.

It is the excess of carbohydrate food in the American diet that causes the intestinal toxemia, for which meat, fish and eggs, the protein foods, get the blame. A few years ago two men ate practically nothing but meat for an entire year. During this time they were kept under the strictest scientific care and observation. At the end of the year everything was perfect, they felt 100% fit. Their blood pressure, blood chemistry and urine were all normal. Most unexpectedly, the bacterial content of the colon was less, and what was most shattering to conventional preconceptions, the putrefactive bacteria, which are supposed to thrive on protein, had practically disappeared.

We have always taken it for granted that protein caused high blood pressure. It has never been proved, but everybody believes it. A physician made a careful record of blood pressures among the Eskimos. Among the northern Eskimos he found no cases of high blood pressure. Among the southern Eskimos he found high blood pressure just as frequent and just as high as in civilized communities. This is certainly curious and does not at all coincide with the prejudices on the subject. But remember, high blood pressure is not a simple problem. It is a complex problem. Whatever part faulty diet may play in its genesis, the faulty diet is but one factor. In other words, high blood pressure is not a matter for amateur dietetic treatment. Remember that the copy in the ads is motivated by the desire to sell. It was a happy day for the advertisers when copy writers began to set themselves up as mass-dispensers of individual advice on scientific subjects. Yet each case remains a subject for careful study by the individual's physician.

LET ME PROMISE YOU

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at him.

But he didn't even look at her. With his mouth drooping open, he looked longingly at the watch, for he realized how much he wanted it now that he saw it smashed on the floor. He had always wanted such a watch. As he looked up at her, his blue eyes were innocent with the sincerity of his full disappointment. "Gee, Al," was all he said.

The anger began to go out of her, and she felt how great was his disappointment. She felt helpless. "I shouldn't have done that, Georgie," she said.

"It was a crazy thing to do. It was such a beauty," he said. "Why did you do it?"

"I don't know," she said. She knelt down and started to cry. "Maybe it's not broken much," she faltered, moving around on her knees and picking up the pieces of glass carefully. In her hand she held the pieces but her eyes were blinking so that she could not see them. "It was a crazy thing to do," she was thinking. "It helps nothing. It can't help bring him back to me. Why does he stand there like that? Why doesn't he move?" At last she looked up at him and saw his round smooth chin above the white neck of the sweater, and her dark eyes were shining with tears, for it seemed, as he watched her without speaking or moving, that everything ought to have turned out differently. They both looked at the broken pieces of glass she held in her hand in such abject despair, and for that moment while they looked, they began to share a common, bitter disappointment which made Georgie gravely silent and drew him close to her. "Never mind, Al," he said with awkward tenderness. "Please get up."

"No. Go away. Leave me alone."

"You've got to get up from there. I can't stand here like this with you there."

"Oh, why don't you go. I know I'm mean and jealous. I wish someone would shake me and hurt me. I'm a little cat."

"No, you're not, Al. Who'd want to shake you?" Please get up," he said, coaxing. "Here, come on," he said, bending down and putting his hand on her shoulder.

"Say you'll stay, Georgie," she said, holding on to his hand. "It's so warm here. It's miserable outside. Just listen to the wind. Do you hear it? I'll get you something to eat. You don't want to go, do you?"

"It's no worse than when I came," he said, but his sudden tenderness for her was making him uneasy. He had known Al so well for a long time, she had been one of his girls, one he could feel sure of and leave at any time, but now he felt that he had never looked right at her and seen her before. He did not know her. Nor did he know himself now. He could not leave her. The warmth of her love began to awe him. Her dark head, her pale oval face seemed so close to him that he might have put out his hand timidly and touched her and felt her whole ardent being under the cloth of her dress, but the sharp tremor inside him made him catch his breath and destroyed all his old confidence. Faltering, he said, "Gee Al, I never got you right. Not in this way. I don't want to go. Look how I want to stay."

"Georgie, listen to me," she said eagerly. "I'll get that watch for you. Or I'll get a new one. I'll save up for it. Or I'll get you anything else you say."

"Don't think about it," he said, shamefaced. "I feel just like a bum."

"But I want so much to do it, and you can look forward to it. We both can look forward. Please let me promise it to you."

She was still crouched on the carpet. He glanced at her handsome dark face above the white nunlike collar and at her soft pleading eyes. "You look lovely right now, Al," he said. "You look like a wild thing. Honest to God you do."

Touched by happiness, she smiled. Then with all her heart she began to yearn for something more to give him. If there were only more things she had and could give, she thought; if she could only give everything in the world and leave herself nothing.

A TREATISE ON PIE

Continued from page 20

dandy combination for anyone who knows where to find a sofa with pillows on it.

After testing all kinds, including such rarities as raisin pie, butter-scotch pie, prune pie, sweet potato pie, banana pie, tomato pie, pineapple pie and chocolate pie, and the old dependables, such as peach pie, cocoanut custard pie, lemon pie and gooseberry pie, the gold medal must be awarded to one carrying a stratum of either huckleberries or blueberries at least an inch thick, overlaid with lattice work, and slapped in the face with about a pint of soft vanilla ice cream. This is said to be the kind the angels eat.

"MAKE IT FUNNY"

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"Could you lend me ten dollars more, Mr. Hirshfield—I'd like to show her I am winners."

That story is true, gentlemen—now watch that go the rounds—on every radio, in every movie short—you just watch it—it's a great racket, this "make it funny." But who am I to complain? I am forgetting that there are three sides to every story—his, yours and the truth. But humor—that is, the manufacture and distribution of it, is one of the biggest "rackets" in the country today. And how the boys will cheat and "chisel" to be the first to gain a reputation on it—or more important the "dough." The seventeenth thief of the original story may be the one to cash in the biggest on it. Who tells the story, is like the value of paintings—"It depends on whose nail it hangs."

But I openly assert, that the bigger the comedian, the more boldly he steals another's quip or gag—and the originator is lucky he isn't jailed or roasted by the critics, for his daring to refuse his property. And all on account of the high prices paid for even a single line of humor these days. As I said, the bigger names are the greatest offenders—it goes for them as they say about politicians today: "Every man has his price—and what's more, you can get him on installments."

Then again, what's the difference? If you can get a laugh out of it, what difference does it make how and who dishes it out—as far as I can see, that is the purpose of humor. One more complaint out of me, then I'll not bring it up again—but it does burn you up, to see your brain-child kidnapped. Mark Twain had it right when he said "They can't steal from me what I haven't thought of yet."

Lest I get too serious, I mustn't forget I was told to *make it funny*. This is my first talking to you, readers of this magazine—and I do not want to give the wrong impression. And in closing let me tell you how it feels to meet people of your class—this true story, if you will, of my first meeting with Mrs. Vanderbilt, in her Sutton place home. Some entertainment to be broadcast from her smart abode. I was invited—and told to bring a friend.

I brought a little business acquaintance along—and impressed on him the favor of my arranging for his meeting Mrs. Vanderbilt—that from now on, she would know him and he would know her—Mrs. Vanderbilt.

We finally met the famous society leader, waiting in line till other guests were introduced. My friend was duly impressed. I kept saying to him: "Now you know her and she knows you." On leaving, again the line formed to bid her goodbye. Everyone made some flattering remark to the important lady. But my little friend didn't lose his sense of proportion—he wasn't fooling himself, believe me. When his turn came to bid au revoir, he said, "Glad to have met you, Mrs. Roosevelt—I hope to be introduced to you again some day!"

WHAT A MARRIED MAN SHOULD KNOW

Continued from page 80

the overcoat with the chewing gum buttons, or the prep school suit, to some Italian or colored furnace man whose wife is so busy making both ends meet in managing the family finances that she wouldn't care if her husband wore Dutch peasant's clothing and topped it off with a high silk hat.

My advice to you therefore, is to stick to blue or grey, varied occasionally by a pencil stripe material, and don't tempt your wife to give away a perfectly new suit simply because it looks like a masquerade costume. "But," you are going to tell me, "after all marriage is a matter of give and take, and when my wife buys herself a new dress, copied from a Parisian model, which makes her look as though she were wearing her own granddaughter's graduation gown, am I to say nothing?"

You certainly *are*. As you yourself said, marriage is a matter of give and take. The husband gives and the wife takes, and she is especially prone to take one of your new green soft hats with either a bow or a little feather in the rear of the ribbon band. No self respecting woman is going to give people the impression that she is married to a Tyrolean who without provocation will yodel in public. Hence that hat is as surely destined for the incinerator as last night's potato peelings, and I therefore recommend as tending toward marital happiness, a plain black derby or else a soft hat in a modified grey felt with the bow on the side.

As a matter of fact, I could go on recommending all sorts of procedure by way of stating what every married man should know, and thereby expand this piece into a three volume treatise, but from what I've said, you probably get the idea of the thing. After all you want to be happy, don't you? Therefore by avoiding such trouble as has been outlined here, my experience of twenty-six years, tells me that you will be very, very happy thirty-five per cent of the time, and believe it or not, twenty-five per cent is considered to be an extremely high average.



TYPIFYING THE TREND TOWARD ROUGH FABRICS

WITH the new trend toward rougher textures, brown suitings have been given a greatly increased importance in the fashion picture. The soft handling and rough weaves, rough almost to a point of shagginess, are by no means confined to clothes for country wear—this year they've come to town. This is of particular advantage to men whose business or profession makes an easy informal appearance helpful. The doctor, for example, ought to be one of the most enthusiastic welcomers of the new rough textures. They make him look robust and very healthily outdoorish, and there is a nice point of tact involved in the thought that they resemble, as little as possible, the costume of the average undertaker. The two button notch lapel modified drape model is the best adapted for the rough textured cloths, as opposed to the three button

drape with peak lapels that was sketched on page 75 which is a model better adapted to worsteds. The accessories sketched at the left on this page are selected as being especially well suited for wear with the rough suitings. The clipped figure shirting, long outside the pale of fashionable preferment, has come back with this new suiting trend, the slightly raised appearance of this fabric being especially appropriate with a soft rough suiting. The Spitalsfield tie is another revived favorite. In a tie of this type you can get away with bright colors without approaching the deadline of gaudiness. As for hats, the snapbrim is the only suitable model, but to be up to the times it ought to have the rather high tapered crown shown in the one sketched, and should be worn without dents in the crown. It is good in green or brown with a greenish cast.



FOR no good reason, except that matters of fashion seldom run along the line of logical reasoning, this suit of black and gray checks, that once would have yelled "racetrack" to the discerning, now basks in the sunlight of fashionable favor. It is not by accident, either, that it is pictured on an older man, because age has proved no barrier to the invasion of the mode for business and town wear by fabrics that were once considered suitable only for country and sports clothes. Note, however, that the outdoorish aspect of the cloth does not necessarily imply a similar informality in the accessories. The carnation of Harvard red, the laundered collar and the off white gloves—once these would have been regarded as the apex of incongruity, as running mates for a rough finished checked suiting. And that's as good a way as any to

account for the fact that they are now calmly accepted, even by oldsters, as the last word. The topcoat, too, falls in line with the big parade toward soft handling rough textures, but does it, so to speak, with fingers crossed, because its outward conformity to this trend is only a mask for an inward adherence to the practical demand for longer wear than the soft fabrics can give. Its back is a sturdy hard-wearing worsted, although the outer surface is a soft handling cassimere. Topcoats get such a deal of knocking around that this compromise between the fashionable and the practical would seem to be very well advised. Horizontal ribbing, instead of the usual vertical, gives a new quirk to plain colored shirts, and the combination of satin and basket weave stripes does the same thing for rep neckties. Appenzell initialed handkerchiefs are good.

**THE RACETRACK
SUIT CAN ENTER
ANY OFFICE NOW**

ALIBI IN A ROADHOUSE

Continued from page 73

her arms about the neck of her companion. But B. F. Smith put her aside with great gentleness and walking softly forward, stood beside the fallen body. . . . He touched it delicately with his foot.

"He's dead, Hamilton," he said, at length, in a low voice. "For God's sake, keep your light on! It would be terrible for the women if it were to go out."

Stooping, he turned the body upon its back, revealing the mired features. The light fell whitely on the staring eyes, the twisted, leering mouth. . . . The shirt was stained with blood.

Hamilton moved to his side and together they looked down on the dead face.

"Sollberg," said the little broker, after a moment; and the other shuddered. "The owner of this place!"

"He was at the door when I came in—less than two hours ago," said Hamilton. He turned his head. . . . "Hurry back to the Casino, Coleman, and bring Madan here. It looks to me like murder. . . . Take the women with you."

Miss Carroll spoke quickly, in a clear voice. "Madan is coming now, I think," she said. "Listen!"

Footsteps were sounding in the near distance, and muffled voices. . . . A light was dancing along the winding path behind them. . . . Then two men came swiftly around a turning and confronted them. . . . A tall man with mocking eyes and grim, tight mouth; that was Madan the detective. . . . In his companion Hamilton recognized with amazement the burly musician who had played the violin. . . .

"I am Gary Hamilton, Mr. Madan," said Hamilton. "I am afraid a murder had been committed here. Your arrival is most opportune."

The detective's eyes came round to those of B. F. Smith. . . . "What have you to report, Smith?" he asked abruptly. "Alfredo tells me that Hamilton left the Casino more than an hour ago, with one of the dancers, and that Sollberg followed him."

"Then that is why it happened," said B. F. Smith, his face lighting. "I could not see the immediate motive. . . . Well, sir, I'll tell you all about it. I met this Hamilton through Stuyvesant the banker, as you suggested, and—"

"What on earth are you two talking about?" screamed Gary Hamilton.

"Keep still," commanded Madan coldly. "He's telling you all about it."

"I met him through Mr. Stuyvesant, as you suggested, and trailed him all the afternoon, sir. I learned that he was coming here, tonight, and so I got here first. . . . Coleman brought the girls along, sir, as a bit of local color," chuckled B. F. Smith.

"You saw Hamilton when he came in, then."

"Yes, sir. I saw him speak to Sollberg at the door. I had already arranged with Sollberg, however, to give Alfredo a seat in the orchestra. I told him we were watching for a celebrated crook."

"Go on," said Madan.

"When he saw us at the table he was very happy. He begged to join us. Later, when he was dancing with Miss Carroll, he begged to be excused; and he was gone for twenty minutes—visiting friends, he said, when he came back. I think we know now what he was really doing."

The musician broke in with passionate excitement. . . . "I see him leave Mees Carroll, Mr. Madan! I watch him close, and he slip out the door. Pretty soon the girl Teresa follow him! Mr. Sollberg see it too—he follow both of them. But—alas!—I am just then playing on the fiddle; and so . . . !" He finished with a shrug.

"Yes, yes," said Madan impatiently, "you told me that, Alfredo. . . . What else, Smith?"

"I suppose I should have followed him," said B. F. Smith regretfully. "I was afraid I might betray us all, sir. . . . Well, when *you* came in I called attention to you. He pretended that he knew you and wished to speak with you. He made no further effort, however, in that direction. It was obvious your presence bothered him. . . . This murder was on his mind, of course, although I didn't guess it. I think he then resolved on the bold course of bringing us to this spot himself, to have a group of witnesses about him when the body was discovered."

Hamilton broke in scornfully. "You are accusing me then of murdering this gentleman?"

"Oh yes," said B. F. Smith, with his engaging smile. "I thought you knew! . . . You see, sir, he had already told Miss Carroll that he had never been to this place before; yet everything he said thereafter proved it to be false. It was he who told her of this crooked path, and even suggested that we visit it. . . . He knew precisely, in the darkness, where the bridge was located, though no one else could even see it. Until Coleman produced that silly light of his, he proved himself familiar with every step of this infernal maze. . . . He was behind both Coleman and Miss Carroll all the way; yet it

was he who discovered the body before any one of us had seen it—before it was possible to see it! He actually *led* us to the spot. . . . I knew that he had been this way before. . . . Why, Coleman couldn't even find the body with a light till Hamilton ran forward and took the thing away from him."

"Do you mind," asked Hamilton politely, "telling me exactly who in hell you are?"

"Mr. Smith is my assistant," answered Falkner Madan. "So are all the others. . . . Is there anything else, Smith?"

"Just this," said B. F. Smith, and he walked a little farther in among the trees and plucked a silver spangle from a bit of roughened bark. "Teresa was the accidental lure; this is a spangle from her dress. I'm glad I noticed it before we left! . . . Sollberg wanted her for himself, you see—but Teresa wanted Hamilton. When Sollberg followed there was a quarrel, and then—*this!*" He shrugged. . . . "No doubt Teresa has the pistol—Teresa or the river!"

"He would have killed *me* if he could," said Hamilton.

Falkner Madan nodded. "No doubt that is true. It would perhaps have been easier that way for us. . . . Our instructions from your board of directors, Hamilton, were merely to keep you constantly in sight, when it was expected you would try to flee the country with your loot. . . . However, there is good reason now for locking you away. . . . For some time to come, I fancy, your victims will know precisely where you are!"

PRODIGAL SON OF PARIS

Continued from page 50

Pascin's first sojourn in New York coincided with the visit there of a very wealthy lady illustrator from Paris, Mlle. H. D. Meeting Pascin, she sought to rescue him from his commercial work. She was able, and she offered, to put an end to his financial worries. They married and returned to Paris and his "second period."

Things went very smoothly. His wife encouraged him and financed him, brought his paintings to the attention of collectors. His name grew.

But—there was always a "but" with Pascin, a contrast, the man lived in contrasts—onto the scene came Mme. L. There was no violent break with his wife. He loved her and respected her, but he lived with Mme. L.

But this, too, could not last. Nothing could last for Pascin. It could only begin, cease, and resume. The fever for far places was always coming over him. Now he kept a studio in New York. He became a naturalized American citizen. But always he was coming back, from there or from anywhere, to Paris. Cuba, Mexico, Florida, Algiers, Spain—but he came back to Paris always.

The fever for drinking, too, was strong. He drank, I think, to be alone. Yet he was always surrounded by a crowd in these bouts, he was always paying the bills at the bar for anyone, stranger or friend, who happened to be near him.

He lived with a gay and reckless prodigality, but he brooded constantly—"the hard fate of struggling humanity" was the only explanation he would vouchsafe when questioned about this moroseness into which he so often fell while he painted. He was a pessimist, though perhaps not a cynic, leading the life of an optimist. The little French models, when out of work, relied upon Pascin, and that reliance was never denied, an advance of money was never refused.

He understood human sorrows as well as he understood the color tints of the flesh. His color sensitivity and love for the human figure mixed with the deep painful loneliness that always accompanied him. The artist is a yea-sayer to life, in that life interests him sufficiently to make him want to paint. And the artist in Pascin overpowered the pessimist, never without a struggle and not for long, but enough to make him paint with such enthusiasm and zeal that, looking at his figures, you feel both Pascin the pessimist and Pascin the one who rejoices in painting. And if you cannot feel this contrast you are not getting what is in the paintings.

And now I am on that ground where the angels fear to tread. One should not attempt, ever, to be didactic about the appreciation of art, and least of all in a magazine that is not printed for artists. But it is folly to reproduce Pascin's pictures if they will not be understood. There is food for understanding in them for every man, though most of all, of course, for the artist. Yet it is there for every man who will trouble himself to look for it. An artist conveys his color moods to those persons who are willing to feel them as he himself felt them. Pascin was a creator. His creation was not just seeing and painting, but *feeling* the essentials of the color tones that his arrangements of figures offered him. To this extent, then, and to this extent only, his palette was the filter of his personality. And of the strange duality of that personality I have already told you.

Look at the painting with this in mind. It is a characteristic example of Pascin's art. Think of it not merely as a picture of a woman, but as a permanent record, on canvas, of the impression made upon Pascin's mind by the image of a woman's body in his eyes, a record that sets down, in paint, the meaning of her body as translated by Pascin's mind, conditioned by his mood and personality. Pascin was a creator. Creative minds take what they want from nature and do not photographically copy her. The result is exquisiteness of color and line.

If you want to see the greatness of Pascin's art do not look for pictures but for color sensitivity and for tender lines. Look for those things and you will begin to see and feel his nervousness, his restless tension, the strange stamp of his personality.

What is there left to say about him, beyond that? He is dead. As dead as Baudelaire, as dead as Poe. And yet more living than the former, as much alive as the latter. He is the spiritual kin of both of them.

I remember that he told me, once, that life was too hard and that he would end it some day. He said that only once, in the long time that I knew him. I thought it was a passing mood and, on that occasion, I was right. But a day came when that mood did not pass.

Any moralist, studying his case history, would call him weak. But he had a will, and courage and determination. He kept them in the moment of renunciation. After he had opened the veins in his hands, he tied his feet, and then he hanged himself from the top of his studio door.

There were fantastic legends told of him before his death, and stranger still have been told since. Queer nonsense, hinting of royal bastardy in unsavory surroundings, glamorous in a dirty sort of way. It is all foolish and futile, too. It can add nothing and it can take nothing away—it is all in the paintings.

In a monograph published in Paris the year before Pascin's death, Yvan Goll spoke of him as one who traveled through life like a king who has lost his crown, but kept his majesty. I have thought a good deal, as a friend of Pascin, about the fitness of that phrase. I could not then, and cannot now, invent a better one.

AUGUST AFTERNOON

Continued from page 22

that thing. Mr. Vic, I surely can't accommodate you this time. If you want that white-folk's knife, you'll just be bound to get it yourself, Mr. Vic."

Vic cursed him.

Hubert backed away until he was at the end of the porch. He kept on looking behind him all the time, looking to be certain of the exact location of the sycamore stump that was between him and the pine grove on the other side of the cotton field.

Vic called to Hubert and told him to come back. Hubert came slowly around the corner of the porch and stood a few feet from the quilt where Vic was sitting. His lips quivered and the whites of his eyes grew larger. Vic motioned for him to come closer, but he would not come an inch farther.

"How old are you?" Floyd asked Willie.

"Fifteen."

Floyd jerked the knife out of the wood and thrust it deeper in the same place.

"How old are you?" she asked him.

"About twenty-seven."

"Are you married?"

"Not now," he said. "How long have you been?"

"About three months," Willie said.

"How do you like it?"

"Pretty good so far."

"How about another kiss?"

"You've just had one."

"I'd like another one now."

"I ought not to let you kiss me again."

"Why not?" Floyd said.

"Men don't like girls who kiss too much."

"I'm not that kind."

"What kind are you?" Willie asked him.

"I'd like to kiss you a lot."

"But after I let you do that, you'd go away."

"No, I won't. I'll stay for something else."

"What?"

"Let's go inside for a drink and I'll tell you."

"We'll have to go to the spring for fresh water."

"Where's the spring?"

"Just across the field in the grove."

"All right," Floyd said, standing up. "Let's go."

He bent down and pulled the knife out of the wood. Willie ran down the steps and across the yard. When Floyd saw that she was not going to wait for him, he ran after her, holding the knives in his pocket with one hand. She led him across the cotton field to the spring in the pine grove. Just before they got there, Floyd caught her by the arm and ran beside her the rest of the way.

"Boss," Hubert said, "we ain't aiming to have no trouble today, are we?"

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"Oh-ho, stealing apples are we?"

ALL IN A MAN'S READING

*Notes on books both current
and recent, and on a few that
were undeservedly overlooked*

by **JAMES T. FARRELL**

THEODOR PLIVIER is one of the German authors who were forced to flee Germany in order to escape the Hitler regime. It is said that he made his escape with extreme difficulties, losing all his possessions except the half-completed manuscript of his next novel. His novel, "The Kaiser Goes, The Generals Remain" (Macmillan \$2.00) can give Americans much information towards the understanding of post-war Germany. It is the story of the German revolution of November 1918, and its theme is events rather than characters. Much of the material is strictly historical, presented without exaggeration. Also, many of his characters are of historic importance, the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Ebert, Liebknecht. The novel presents the causes of the breakdown in Germany, widespread misery at home, timidity and dissension amongst the rulers, and defeat on the battlefields. Out of these circumstances, the people were driven into revolution, while the rulers parleyed, and the Kaiser delayed abdicating his throne until it was too late. The author describes the resultant outbursts, the mutiny at Kiel, the raising of red flags, the people marching, with the soldiers going over with them, the bickerings and futile plannings of the authorities. The chapter dealing with events in Berlin is particularly thrilling, and causes one to reflect over the contrasts in Berlin in those days, and the wild hilarity of our own Armistice Day. Also, the author makes clear the position of the Social Democrats, and why they were doomed to a failure as ignominious as that which they eventually suffered with the rise of National Socialism. This point is the key to the title and the author's primary intent. The Kaiser went. The Social Democrats secured control of the Revolution, but to do so, they were forced to rely on the army. Hence, the generals remained and the old regime did not go out completely. The Socialists commenced ruling in a compromise position. The seeds were sown for Hitlerism. This is a novel used for instructive purposes, and to convey historical information. Also it is a successful experiment.

THE Chicago Fair, like Hitlerism and Germany, has been brought much into the popular consciousness. A number of books describing the rise of Chicago as a metropolis, have been issued. Most of these have exuded with civic virtue, and the exaltation of large buildings, regardless of their human cost. Hence, a history like Edgar Lee Masters' "The Tale of Chicago" (Putnam's \$3.75) is tonic. It is an uneven book, and largely motivated by the author's hates. Also it contains much careless writing. Despite such characteristics, it makes exciting reading, and will give one a sense of

the growth of Chicago as few other books can. Two sections of it, a description of the Chicago fire, and an analysis of Samuel Insull and Al Capone, are particularly notable pieces of writing.

"PLEBIAN'S PROGRESS" (Covici Friede \$2.25) by Frank Tilsley is an English first novel dramatizing the experiences of a young man who belonged to the generation that was too young to fight. It is a tragic story of the depression, done with insight and sympathy. It is mainly significant because it shows, clearly, how unemployment, and its consequent hopelessness, causes a tremendous drive towards personal disintegration. Also the author builds some excellent scenes around the English dole system. The denouement is more melodrama than tragedy, causing something of a let-down. Withal, "Plebian's Progress" is a moving first novel, well worth being read.

A RECENT book which will balance with "Plebian's Progress" is "Business Is Business" (Knopf \$2.00) by Basil D. Nicholson. It is a satire on modern business, swiftly paced (except for a few unnecessary lapses into excessive description) and amusing. The protagonist is a boy of thirteen who commences a skyrocketing career of petty thievery, high finance, confidence games and promiscuous loving in the Polynesians. He involves the American navy, Oxford University, and almost all of England in his wild rise. His last manipulation is a corporation whose ultimate purpose is that of transporting tourists to the moon. The scheme sells, and even creates international rivalry between England, the United States, and Japan, as to which nation will be the first to send a rocket to the moon. The protagonist turns in a neat profit, and sends off a cheap rocket. But he is shot by an irate husband, and at the end, wangles himself into heaven to become an archangel. It is good satire, and makes quick, pleasant reading, even though the author's effects are partially diluted by a sheer excess of villainy.

"THE Autobiography of An Irish Liverpool Slummy" by Pat O'Mara, (Vanguard Press \$2.50), and "Down and Out in Paris and London" (Harpers \$2.50) by George Orwell, are books complementing each other. O'Mara describes the Irish slums of Liverpool, presenting a frank and profoundly revealing account of the lives of the poor. It deals with the author's own

family and their struggles, with street brawls, riots, religious disturbances, the life and games of boys on the street. In brief, it is a full book, notable for its extreme honesty. Mr. Orwell's volume presents poverty in Paris and London. It is most notable for its descriptions of the life of *plongeurs*, generally handy men and dishwashers, in a smart and recognizable Parisian hotel near the Place du Concorde. The two books together have the further value of contrasting the national temperaments, so-called, of the English, French, and Irish.

"TWENTY Years A-Growing" (Viking \$2.50) stands in contradistinction to the books of Orwell and O'Mara. The author was raised on the bleak Blasket Isles off the Kerry coast, and is now an Irish policeman. Here he gives a simple, cherished account of the life on these isles, exulting in all the little routine of the simple people. He wrote originally in Gaelic, and his work has been translated into English-Irish rhythms. It has streaks of genuine poetry, and is a minor folk piece of definite charm.

IT is not the purpose of a quarterly to be as contemporary and journalistic in its treatments of books as a daily newspaper. Rather comments on books in a quarterly are second thoughts, devised to suggest those that may have been neglected. Thus, it is apropos to mention a few less recent books which deserve not to be forgotten. One such is "From Flushing to Calvary" (Harcourt Brace \$2.50) by Edward Dahlberg. Dahlberg is outstanding amongst the younger American novelists, and in this book he has one of the most remarkable character portraits to be found in contemporary American writing. "The Water Wheel" by Julian Shapiro (The Dragon Press, distributed by Duffield & Green \$2.50) is a first novel published in the earlier part of the year. It is a study of a late stage of what is called adolescence, and contains some scintillating and brilliant writing. "The Saint and Mary Kate" by Frank O'Connor (Macmillan \$2.50) is a novel over a year old, and apparently forgotten. Withal, it is almost a great book. The story deals with Cork tenements, and is written with a mixture of tenderness and irony. It is most remarkable for its incisive character portraits. Finally, there is "No Retreat" (Harcourt Brace \$2.00) by Horace Gregory, one of the few books of genuine and moving poetry that has appeared in the last year. It is, largely, a book of elegies, but noteworthy for its music, and for a fine group of lyric poems, "Poems to My Daughter."

STONEWALL AND IVY

Continued from page 25

and switching her little fanny around, and spoiled rotten. That's the way she grew up too, only getting worse as she got older. Her father must have spent all his spare time taking photographs of her, because his windows was always full of Ivy's pictures—soulful, smirking, or smelling a rose. At thirteen the boys was taking her to the dances at Fry's Spring, and every time a car passed the gym late at night and I heard shrieks and giggles, I knew it was Ivy in the rumble seat.

After five or six years Ivy'd had so many boy friends the gang down at the poolroom got to calling her the Widow Rogers, but did that faze her? She just kept getting flossier and prettier every year, if you like them dizzy blondes. But she had brains too, you have to hand her that. She worked as a sort of travelling secretary between the profs, and there was always a whole raft of rumors about those travels. I don't know how I come to know all this, but in a college town there don't much happen but what everybody hears it.

This was the Ivy that moved into my office to help write my letters and file the clippings, and of course that's how she come to meet Stonewall.

The season was nearly over when our Freshmen took Navy's great Plebe team into camp, hanging the goose egg of a 41-0 score on their necks; and the next Monday I get more fan-mail than Rudy Valley. Torrey and Paisley and Perry Ringler and Corny Bates—all my old gang from the team that tied Yale in '21—kept piling me with questions and congrats about Stonewall, and I sit right down and write every one of 'em a long letter, which Ivy types.

When she gets 'em all finished she sways in with the letters for me to sign. She leans over the desk, turns on the floodlights in them big blue eyes of hers, and drawls:

"I just saw his picture, and I doan think I know this boy Tayloe Jackson, Mister Reeves. Is he a fuhs-year man?"

I look up from the catalog I'm reading and stare at her steady for a minute.

"Hands off that boy, Ivy," I says. "You got two thousand others to pick from. Besides," I add, "he's gonna be plenty busy from now on."

She just stood there by the window, running one hand slowly over her hair, and smiling.

"Mister Reeves," she turns to me, "you prob'ly never spoke a truer word."

* * *

In another week we wound up the season with Carolina, or vice versus, as the Tar-Heels even took our goal-posts back on the train, and Ivy moved on to greener pastures—the greenest there is, a small-town Freshman. I didn't stir a finger against it, though I hear they're always together. After the boys turn in their uniforms what they do is their own business. Only I won't stand for drinking, not this rot-gut corn. Besides, I figured Stonewall would be just page 267 on Ivy's love Calendar, and be all washed up by Christmas.

As it turned out, I couldn't of been more wrong.

One night about a week after I come back from seeing the Army-Navy game there's a clear cold moon and a light frost, weather I like to walk and think in. I knew I'd have to get a complete new set of plays for next year, and one of them Army spinners I saw struck me as a natural for Stonewall. A real honey it was, masked so's you never saw the runner until he was headed for the barn. I wanted to think it over, so I strolled along the lake and up the path by the Petting Pits.

These Petting Pits is a great institution at Jefferson. They was built by the Confederates during the Civil War as a powder arsenal, and never filled in. It's just a deep hole in the hillside with trees growing over the top, so in Summer nobody can see what goes on, which they tell me is just as well. But in Winter of course the trees is bare, and from the path along the top you can see as clear as looking into a barrel, specially when there is a moon, and you can hear a hairpin drop.

I'm ambling along this path figuring who'd take out the left halfback when I hear sounds coming out of the pit. Now I ain't no Eavesdropping Eddie but all of a sudden I recognize Stonewall's foghorn voice.

"It isn't *that*, Ivy," he was explaining. "I guess I love you all right, but after all I got my future to think of."

"Your future! Your *future*!" I could hear Ivy's foot tapping a rock. She'd probably run into these futures before. "What about mine, Tayloe? What about *ours*?"

"Golly, Ivy, you know how I *want* to—but they wouldn't let me play football if I was married. It's a rule."

Hey what the hell, I thought, and leaned up against a tree.

"What do you mean *football*?" Ivy exploded. "When we're married we're both going to get so far away from this darn place we'll—"

"Who said so?" And Stonewall's voice was hard as a gong. "I'm going to finish at Jeff, Ivy, so don't

you go getting *that* idea. Maybe we can get married next fall when I'm twenty-one, but even if I have to give up football I'm staying on right here!"

Then Ivy starts crying and they go into a clinch.

I got on a heavy mackinaw and a muffler, but I'm in a cold sweat when I turn back down the path. When I get home I build a big fire and get out my keg, and sit up all night worrying. If Ivy works fast I got to work faster, and with the pace she's setting I see that's going to be like Man o' War racing downhill on skates. It's six o'clock and getting light before my scheme hits me. I remember going out on the porch and watching the sun come up over the stadium, and whistling out loud, something I don't often do.

There ain't but one flue I can find in my plan and that's this: I have to wait until the boys come back in the fall before I can spring it. I figure if only Ivy coasts along on the promise and don't start any tricks I'll be safe. I go over the Registrar's files and discover Stonewall won't be twenty-one until October 12th, which gives me six weeks to work after we begin practice.

All last Spring and Summer I'm on pins and needles. I get Stonewall to come out for Track and throw the hammer so's he'll be too tired at night to see Ivy. A dozen times I'm on the verge of giving him a heart-to-heart talk and the low-down, but I'm worried how he'd take it and I hold my tongue. In May I write to Corny Bates out in Kentucky to get a job for Stonewall with the high-ways, driving a truck or anything, just so Ivy can't get to him, and when finally I put the boy on the train in June I draw a breath so deep a brakeman standing next to me jumps ten feet, thinking it's an express going by.

I stick around school until August, fishing in the days and working out plays at night. Once I go to the movies and sit next to Ivy and a little dark fellow she introduces to me as Dr. Mateos, the Spanish professor in the Summer School. I'm dying to ask her what she hears from Stonewall but just then the news reel comes on and I don't want to miss nothing. However, I see out the corner of my eye that she's holding his hand, and I smile to myself, specially when the Spaniard gets to wiggling and arching his eyes at her. As a coach that's one thing I can say for Ivy, she never got out of training all the time I knew her.

Right after Labor Day the boys start pouring in and I'm meeting every train. Somehow they look bigger to me and they're all as tanned as saddles. Just when I'm starting to get anxious Stonewall steps off a local, grins and tosses his bags at me. Right away I see he's packed on at least another five pounds of muscle across the shoulders and I'm reaching out to shake his hand when Ivy comes out of nowhere and slips in ahead of me. They don't kiss there on the platform but I felt like there's a guy walking all around us holding up a big sign marked LOVE, it's so clear. Ivy rides back to the post-office with us, and then I drive Stonewall over to his rooms.

"They don't make many girls like Ivy, coach," he begins.

"No, the patent's run out," I replies.

"Why she's as much a part of Jefferson as . . . as the statue, or the green street cars," he raves on.

"Sure. Only her line's longer," I says.

He turns around to me. "Why don't you like her?" he wants to know. "You got vinegar in your veins?"

"I get hay fever every year this time," I explain, "and it don't go away until the sap's left the ivy." That one goes past his head.

Well, I see it won't be no use to argue, because he's still in a bad way. That night I get off six long letters, all exactly alike, to Perry and Dink Torrey and Corny Bates and three more boys from different teams of mine, explaining the whole situation and what I'd planned to do. I wound up by begging 'em all to be back for the opening game with Roanoke if they gave two raps for Jeff's chances against Navy and Princeton. They was swell letters and I laid it on thick about the Old Spirit. In a post script I added I'd dug up five gallons of Afton dew three years old and smooth as a cue ball. I had, too.

While I'm waiting for the answers I drive that squad like a twenty-mule team, and the way they pull together right from the start is heart's balm to these old veins. If you was there when we swung into action against Penn or Princeton you know how they looked—a front wall which charges like the Prussian Guards, and a backfield that's just three husky Tiller girls prancing around a unleashed lion. That's Stonewall. He's the spear's head of my attack and a world wind on defense. Gee, I been reading our press clippings so much I even get to talk like 'em. Anyway, I know I got a team at last, and I'm worried sick somebody'll break a leg or pull a charley horse, or any one of those thousand and one things. Specially as at every practice I see my biggest accident sitting up there in the stands waiting to happen. With the wedding bells already bonging in her ears Ivy don't miss a trick. Her eyes follows Stonewall's every move.

In a week the boys has all replied saying they'll be here, so I'm ready for my next play. I drop in on a fellow named Bob Weaver, one of my quarter-milers, who works part time for Ivy's old man. I tell him honestly the boys is getting up a little surprise for Ivy, a sort of centennial, and what they needs most is six of her photographs, taken at all ages from sixteen up. "Can he get 'em?" I asks.

"Sure," Bob grins, "the shop's lousy with 'em. We even got one of her lying bottoms up on a bear rug, holding a wooly rabbit. I'll bring 'em all around when I leave tonight."

The pictures turns out to be all I could ask for, and more. Then I dig up a sample of Ivy's flashy handwriting from the files, and after practicing a couple of hours I lay the pictures in front of me on the table and sign 'em slowly in her big bold letters, like this:

For Perry darling, my one Love. Ivy
My own little Dink. X X X. Ivy
To the One and Only Corny, from Ivy
For my Pit Cave-Man. Ivy
Carter, my Dream Boy of '22. Ivy
For Buck, in Memory of One Night in '23. Ivy.

We're only two weeks to October 12th and I'm afraid Stonewall and Ivy'll up and jump the gun any day, when it's the Friday before our first game and the old boys drop in on me right on schedule. Most of 'em I hadn't seen in ten years, so's it's three hours and two gallons before I get around to telling 'em about the Ivy menace and how I plan to squash it once and for all. After I get through with my story and hand out the pictures they all just sit back and howl, but I figure that's the corn. When Perry finally gets so he can talk he reaches over and slaps me on the shoulder.

"Doc you old sinner," he gasps, "you'd sell your liver to win a ball game! Besides," he adds, "it's about time Ivy settled down."

"My liver ain't worth a ball game," I says. "And Ivy don't settle down on no fullback of mine. Not when he can rifle a pass through a key-hole at forty yards."

"Is he really hot stuff, Doc?" they all want to know.

I ups the jug and study my glass a minute in the sunlight.

"He's what I been waiting for ever since Jim Thorpe quit the game, and that's a long time ago." I nearly chokes saying it too.

The boys just looks at each other and then back at me.

"O. K., Doc," they says. "We're on."

I'd fixed up these boys with rooms scattered around the campus, and our play was that that night between eight and ten they'd clear out and call on Ivy. They all knew her, though she'd been just a gangling kid in their day, so I didn't have no worries about that. Before he left his room each of the boys was to take the picture I'd give him and stick it on his dresser or over the mantle where it couldn't be missed by anybody who came in.

Practice that afternoon was cut down to a signal drill and polishing up the passes, and I let 'em off early. As they was running off the field I called out to Stonewall. He came over smiling and trotting in that easy-swinging way a race horse does.

"They's some old Jeff boys here I want you to meet, Stonewall," I says. "Old football men of mine. Suppose you call over around eight thirty."

His face drops. "I got a sort of early date, Coach," he explains. "Maybe I could come over later—"

"Whatcha mean, *later*?" I barks. "You got to be in bed by ten o'clock."

"O. K." he replies, and jogs away.

I'm all nerves sitting at home waiting, but when finally I hear Stonewall on the porch I pretend I'm reading the paper. He comes in, looks around and sits down.

"Take off your coat," I says.

"Honest, Coach, I can't stay a minute," he begins. I notice he keep fumbling in his coat pocket and I see a little bulge sticking out there, like one of them jeweler's ring boxes. Suddenly my collar gets too tight on me and when I wipe my head my hand comes away wet.

We must of sit there for five minutes in silence before I take out my watch.

"Maybe the boys mistook me," I says. "You prob'ly better run over and introduce yourself. You don't have to stay and talk to 'em."

Stonewall jumps up. "Where're they putting up?" he asks.

I look all around the stuff on the table. "I got the list of rooms here somewhere," I mumbles. I find it and give it to him.

"You get to bed early!" I yells after him. "Don't ever let no woman interfere with football."

About a half hour after he's gone I get up, put on my coat, walk all the way up that path by the Petting Pit, and wait. If it works out the way I figure it here's where the last act of Stonewall and

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THE ROUGH STUFF GOES OVER BIG IN TOWN CLOTHES

TOWN clothes, it is apparent, are undergoing many changes. Here we have the omission of cuffs on the trousers and the addition of a ticket pocket placed just below the line at which the draped model gives a slight waist suppression. Cuffs have never been a necessity and have served in the past, aside from their somewhat dubious decorative function, chiefly as collectors of dust, matches and divers odd and various bits of rubbish. The herringbone pattern is enjoying renewed popularity with the trend toward soft rough fabrics in suitings for town and business wear, and it lends itself very nicely to the double breasted model sketched here. A plain shoe, in black or briar brown—a deep rich reddish cast—with a simple plain toecap and no punching or pinking; a demi-bosom shirt with cross stripes worn with a low front white laundered

collar; and a dark solid color tie with a plain pearl stickpin—that rounds out to completion this formula for appearing to good advantage during the daylight hours. Out of deference to those men who have formed the habit of wearing foulard ties twelve months in the year, the new printed satin ties are now being made up in patterns that were hitherto considered characteristic foulard designs. Except for their heavier body, these ties really look very much like foulards, since the satin has been toned down somewhat to avoid over-shininess, but of course they wear much better. Vertical striped hosiery is well adapted for use with the simple checked and herringbone suitings that are now so important as a result of the big swing to rougher textures in fabrics. Brace clips, attached to elastic cords, keep one's shirt down.



"I know he's a millionaire but then, money isn't everything"

OVERTURE: POET AND PUG

Long before Byron boxed one Gentleman Jackson, poets and pugilists found common ground

by GENE TUNNEY

SOMEONE once asked Daniel Boone whether he had ever been lost. "No," he drawled, cuffing his coonskin cap back from his forehead, "no, not exactly lost, but once I was bewildered for three days."

I have been bewildered for more than three days. Ever since I quit the ring, I have been amazed and a little nonplussed by the vast majority of people who regard my acquaintance among authors and my love of literature with astonishment and resentment. They seem to think that it is an unseemly thing for prizefighters to consort with professors. They regard it as somehow unmanly, even though they may have the greatest respect for the intelligentsia. To them, brains and brawn combine as badly as do December and May. It is incongruous; it is out of the natural proletarian order of our world, and they look upon me, the pugilist who reads poetry, as neither fish, flesh nor fowl. Sometimes they criticize me for using it as a publicity stunt. Sometimes they merely regard me as a queer duck, a candidate for Ripley's odditorium.

I want to show in this article that the friendship of a prizefighter and a poet has precedence in the world's history since the days of the ancient Greeks. I want to show that such a friendship is no reflection upon either of these professions. And I want to show this by examples taken from sources which nobody will dispute, from history and from the classics.

But first let me say that my interest in literature never was intended to be used as a publicity stunt. Anybody who has followed my career in the ring knows that I was a poor boy, and that my circumstances in my early days were not in any way conducive to artistic aspirations. It just happened that I loved the arts. I learned that for myself. I read Shakespeare at first more or less by accident, and I found out that his plays and his poetry held something of value to me. Then I learned that other plays and other poetry, that books and art and music held something of value. I was happier for knowing about them. I found that I liked to talk to people who knew about them. Everything that I learned was like a window opened suddenly to a new view of the world.

So you see I am glad for that first reading of Shakespeare. I do not claim to have any particular talents for writing. But I am grateful that I appreciate and enjoy poetry. And I can say that I get as much

thrill and exultation from hearing Keats' odes read by a cultivated and beautiful voice as I did in the ring from a clean well-timed punch.

Let us go back in history and see what we can find. The Greeks were famous for their athletic prowess; they were famous as well for their poetry. A youth was trained to be competent in rhymes as in wrestling.



Homer is the first poet to give an account of a hand-to-hand battle, blow by blow, and a very vivid and sensational account it is. Plato, philosopher and compiler of philosophies, wrote lyric poetry and was an excellent amateur wrestler in the gymnasium. Alcibiades and Alexander the Great combined fists and philosophy, poetry and wars.

David was a psalmist and a harp-player, but when the Israelites needed a champion he stepped out of the ranks and slew Goliath. Virgil was the friend and intellectual mentor of the great Augustus, who, on his campaigns, used to send couriers to the poet begging him for another canto of the Aeneid, to help him during long and weary sieges.

In the history of modern fighting there are plenty of instances of the union of poetry and pugilism. Figg, who is the first fighter of whom there is any real record, had many friends among the literati. He numbered Walpole, Swift, Pope, and the uncle of Sam Johnson among his immediate acquaintances. The painter Hogarth, who often entertained him, designed his professional card. And he was received in the houses of the lords and ladies of England, even into the Royal Family itself, for he frequently dined in privacy with George the First; and the Earl of Peterborough, his first patron, included him in the family circle.

George the Fourth was partial to boxing. He had many friends among the English pugilists. "Gentleman" Jackson, who was famous as the greatest fighter of the time, and who took the title from Mendoza by tactics which would scarcely be condoned under the Marquis of Queensberry's rules, was the king's confidant, friend and personal bodyguard. He had a place of honor at the coronation; he kept in his rooms chests filled with presents from the royal palace, and one of his nicknames was "Idol of the Prince Royal." Incidentally, he was a friend of Byron, who occasionally engaged him in amateur combat.

Daniel Donnelly was another protege of George the Fourth. It is said that the king knighted him, and as proof of that honor the following rhymes were inscribed upon his gravestone:

*"Underneath this pillar high
Lies Sir Daniel Donnelly.
He was a stout and hardy man,
And people called him 'Buffing
Dan.'*

*Knighthood he took from George's
sword,*

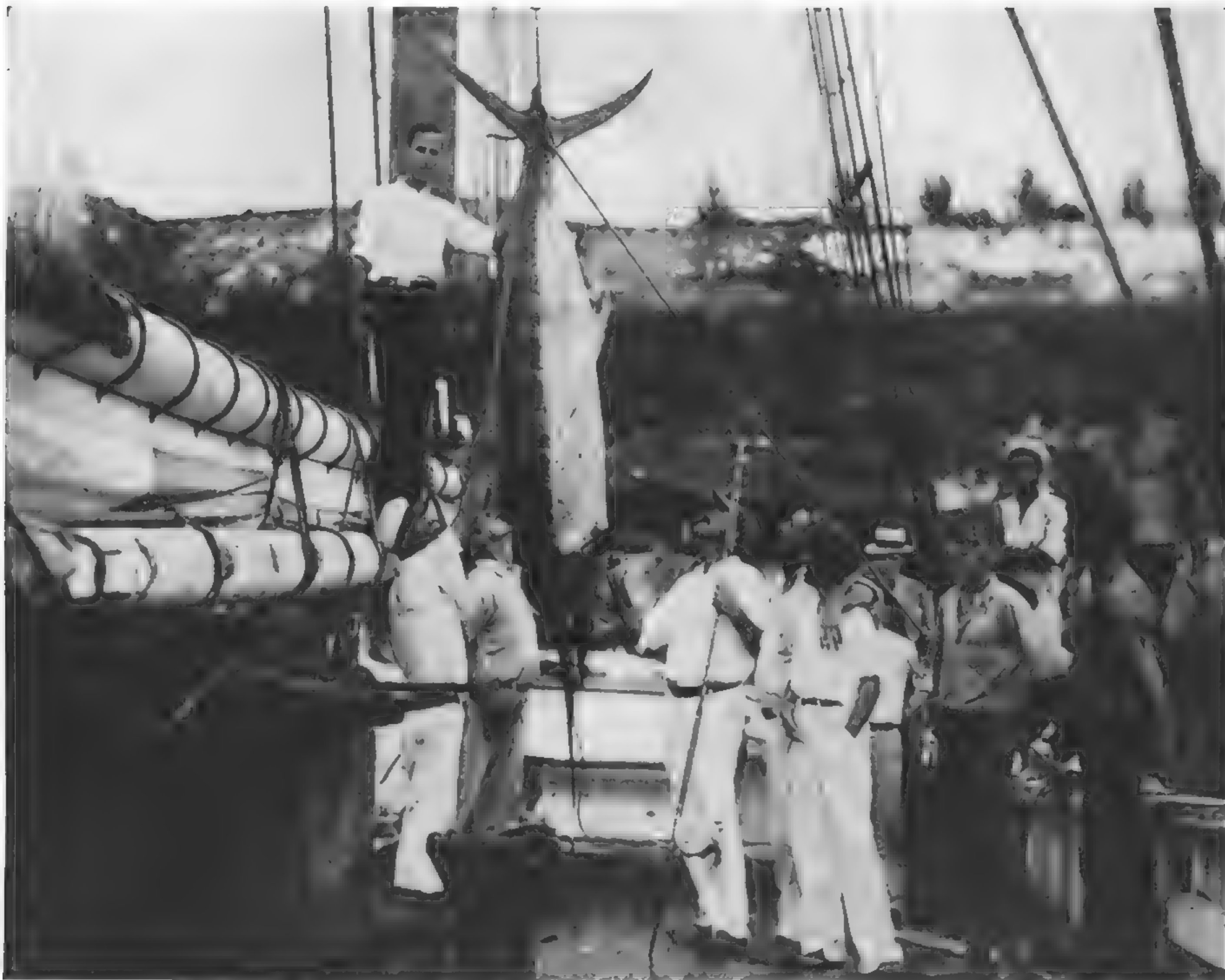
*And well he wore it, by my word.
He died at last from forty-seven
Tumblers of stout he drank one even.
O'erthrown by punch, unharmed by fist,
He died unbeaten pugilist.
Such a buffer as Donnelly
Ireland never again will see."*

And there was Bob Gregson, who was called the Poet Laureate of the pugilists. He had high courage, but no science. He used to compose verses and cry them during his fights. Some of his poetry was collected in a volume by one of his patrons; I give a stanza for what it is worth. This is taken from a long poem celebrating the victory of Tom Cribb over Molineaux, the great negro:

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“Can’t you wait a minute?—I want to hear your husband sing this song”



*Striped marlin weighing
343 pounds*

*Pauline Hemingway with
first white marlin*



*Another view of the 468 pound marlin
shown on page 9, giving idea of size*

MARLIN OFF THE MORRO

Continued from page 39

lutely fresh bait caught that same day; if the bait were stale you might expect them all to refuse it once they had tasted it. This sort of fish can often be made to hit by speeding the boat up and skipping the bait over the top of the water with the rod. If he does take it, do not give him too much line before you hit him.

The indifferent fish will follow the boat for as many as three or four miles. Looking the baits over, sheering away, coming back to swim deep down below them and follow, indifferent to the bait, yet curious. If such a fish swims with his pectoral fins tucked close to his sides he will not bite. He is cruising and you are on his course. That is all. The minute a marlin sees the bait, if he is going to strike, he raises his dorsal fin and spreads those wide, bright blue pectorals so that he looks like some great, under-sea bird in the water as he follows.

The black marlin is a stupid fish. He is immensely powerful, can jump wonderfully and will break your back sounding but he has not the stamina of the striped marlin, nor his intelligence. I believe they are mostly old, female fish, past their prime and that it is age that gives them that black color. When they are younger they are much bluer and the meat, too, is whiter. If you fight them fast, never letting up, never resting, you can kill them quicker than you could ever kill a striped marlin of the same size. Their great strength makes them very dangerous for the first forty minutes. I mean dangerous to the tackle; no fish is dangerous to a man in a launch. But if you can take what they have to give during that time and keep working on them they will tire much quicker than any striped marlin. The 468 pounder was hooked in the roof of the mouth, was in no way tangled in the leader, jumped eight times completely clear, towed the boat stern first when held tight, sounded four times, but was brought to gaff at the top of the water, fin and tail out, in sixty-five minutes. But if I had not lost a much larger striped marlin the day before after two hours and twenty minutes, and fought a black one the day before for forty-five I would not have been in shape to work him so hard.

Fishing in a five-mile-an-hour current, where a hooked fish will always swim against the current, where the water is from four hundred to seven hundred fathoms deep, there is much to learn about tactics in fighting big fish. But one myth that can be dissipated is the old one that the water pressure at one thousand feet will kill the fish. A marlin dies at the bottom only if he has been hooked in the belly. These fish are used to going to the bottom. They often feed there. They are not built like bottom fish which live always at the same depth but

are built to be able to go up and down in any depth. I have had a marlin sound four hundred yards straight down, all the rod under water over the side, bent double with that weight going down, down, down, watching the line go, putting on all pressure possible on the reel to check him, him going down and down until you are sure every inch of line will go. Suddenly he stops sounding and you straighten up, get onto your feet, get the butt in the socket and work him up slowly, finally you have the double line on the reel and think he is coming to gaff and then the line begins to rip out as he hooks up and heads off to sea just under the surface to come out in ten long, clean jumps. This after an hour and a half of fight. Then to sound again. They are a fish all right. The 343 pounder jumped 44 times.

You can fish for them in Cuba from April all through the summer. Big ones will be accidental until the middle of June and we only saw four broadbill all season. But in July and August it is even money any day you go out that you will hook into a fish from three hundred pounds up. Up means a very long way up. The biggest marlin ever brought into the market by the commercial fishermen weighed eleven hundred and seventy-five pounds with head cut off, gutted, tail cut off and flanks cut away; eleven hundred and seventy-five pounds when on the slab, nothing but the saleable meat ready to be cut into steaks. All right. You tell me. What did he weigh in the water and what did he look like when he jumped?

(This is the first of a series of letters by Ernest Hemingway. The next one will be from Spain)

*Smacks in Havana harbor
— tarpon lie in the shade
of these smacks*



THE NEW LEISURE

Continued from page 13

vulgar and debasing sex plays by the score.

There are other people who seek a social expression apart from their work. The Rotary Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs and other similar organizations are evidence of this. These groups widen a man's interest in his fellow men. He is drawn out of his purely individualistic selfishness and has some concern for what is happening to his fellow men.

As an example of what can be done by such organizations, let me cite the work of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace which is forming groups to study International Relations all over this country and Europe. These groups consist of both young and older people who come together once a week or so. They discuss what they hear and read, and so greatly extend and deepen their interest in current events.

Groups such as these could be formed by political clubs or public service clubs. Suppose they met every week or two and discussed not only national questions but also local ones. They would afford many an opportunity for improving their leisure and at the same time would bring about many reforms in local government and community life.

There are some parts of this country where the towns have no sidewalks. The reason is that the people are so individualistic that when they have made a path to the street their interest stops; they never give a thought to the man who walks in the street. Such people are not socially minded; if they can be made so during their leisure it will react for the benefit of the entire country as well for the benefit of the people themselves.

Men and women differ enormously in their response to suggestions and directions. Some are easily fatigued and make very slight response. Their use of leisure is very apt to degenerate into mere laziness. Others show great response in many cases. In that case leisure becomes not only interesting in itself but vastly increases the interest and capacity for work. A man who understands the real use and enjoyment of leisure is a far better worker than he who does not.

One of the things which Americans in particular find it very difficult to grasp is the fact that while a man can do 12 months' work in 9 months, he can not do it in 12 months. A man who works 9 months measured in hours and has fruitful and enjoyable leisure for 3 months will do more that is worth doing in a year's time than he who works 12 months with no leisure at all.

In other words, properly used leisure increases the capacity for useful and productive work. When men get that into their heads, they will see the basis of a new argument for shorter hours of labor. That argument is not that shorter hours of labor will result in less work being done, but that it will result either in more work being done or in the same work being better done.

Of course, this means that there should be no artificial limit put to a worker's power of production. He should lay as many bricks in a day as he comfortably can without regard to the capacity of other people engaged in the same occupation. In this way the advantage of those things with which he occupies his leisure will manifest themselves in his capacity for work.

We have a very long way to go in dealing with this question because there are parts of our own country and other countries in which the standard of living is still far below what it should be. This standard of living cannot be raised all at once, but nevertheless it should be our object to raise it by all means in our power and certainly to remove any obstacles, governmental or other, which may now stand in the way of its being raised. One great obstacle to the freer movement of international trade, which freer movement would be of such benefit to the people of the United States and to many other peoples as well, is that the condition of the workers in some lands is still so very low as to make it quite incommensurable with the condition which we have in mind for our own workers of today and tomorrow. This is an international problem of large importance and it will not down.

Various nations have approached the problem of leisure in some definite fashion. The new government of Italy has developed a most extraordinarily brilliant program for the interesting and enjoyable use of leisure on the part of both children and adults. The German people have long had their own way of solving this problem and have made large use of music and of open air life. The French have done not so much. The British, like ourselves, are dealing with the problem now in serious and practical fashion and along very much the same lines that are projected and advocated in this country.

The fundamental fact to be grasped is that work and leisure are two parts of one and the same thing, which is an interesting and useful life. He who does not work loses one of the greatest of life's enjoyments, and he who has no adequate leisure and no knowledge of how to use that leisure is deprived of life's greatest satisfaction.

THE PHANTOM CHAMPS

Continued from page 56

were weighing me in the balance of ability.

Apparently they couldn't make up their minds, and I sensed that I would have to stand the test—how would I fare with any one of them? I found myself wondering. I am glad to be able to report here truthfully that I was not afraid. In fact, I believe I welcomed the test, as I know now any of the old time champions would welcome the chance to meet any successor if it were possible, with both at the peak of their prowess. But alas, this can happen only in the imagination.

That first night, there came the great Gans to try me out. Always the boxing writers have argued the respective ability of Gans and myself. Some thought Joe was the greatest of all lightweights. Others flattered me by expressing the opinion that I represented a more advanced type of fighter-boxer. At any rate, that first night I found myself fighting the great Negro, and in the dim haze of the room the others stood around in judgment. All I ever had heard of Gans, I suppose, crowded into my imaginary battle with him. Of course I must have fallen asleep, but it stands out vividly in my mind even today—which is something remarkable for a dream to do—his masterful blocking, his deft hitting, his elusiveness and his sagacity. He feinted subtly, I recall, and if it means anything for the records, I lost that first fight with him—that imaginary contest, which lasted an arduous number of rounds.

I was all in the next day, and yet I daren't tell Gibson nor my trainer the cause of my fatigue, for fear they would make a laughing stock out of me. But it was the same thing the next night and the next. I simply couldn't get inured to the place. One after another, the ghostly galaxy of ring greats paraded forward, to cross gloves with the current champion, to see if he were worthy of the title they themselves had graced so nobly.

And then, the very night before my fight with Ritchie, the spectral Gans and I met in our "return match." This time it was I who won—so you see, the question of supremacy between us would still be a moot one, if these "fights" were taken as a criterion. I never had the good fortune to see the real Gans fight, but if I were privileged a revelation of his style that first night, I can realize well why his name will live forever among the illustrious ones of the prize-ring.

And so, that night I faced Willie Ritchie, no wonder I lost! He'd brought his gang with him! And what a gang, all those phantom champs, to be faced by the Champion of Avenue A!

Willie Ritchie was notoriously a "slow beginner," but he had a reputation for remarkable stamina or staying powers. But somehow, I was unable to make the most of this, for I found my arms heavy and my fists leaden. I felt exactly as if I actually had gone through my imaginary battles physically, and, whether it was all imagination or not, I could feel bruised spots in my body, as if from heavy blows. I didn't fight anywhere near to my form that night, according to those who had seen me in other contests. For myself, I know I didn't.

Thus it was that in the third round Ritchie caught me a beautiful smash right in the right eye, and the eye puffed up and popped out so far you could hang your hat and coat on it. It was a wow, and I could hear the late and lovable Tad Dorgan, famous newspaper sports cartoonist, going into rapturous wonderment at the fight. Tad, you might know, was a rabid "native" Californian, and he crowed gleefully as he clicked off on his typewriter the tale of my debacle.

At the end of the fourth round, I was a comical sight, what with my right eye sticking so far out it looked like a beacon lamp. It made the feature of the fight stories sent out by the scribes covering the affair.

In the dressing room after I had dressed, Gibson told me he and the rest of our party were going over to the Indoor Yacht Club, a rendezvous run by Jim Coffroth, the famous California sports promoter.

"I'll meet you there later," I said. "I'm going to the hotel and fix up this eye." At the hotel I put hot and cold applications on the injury, used witch hazel and did a few other things that finally brought the swelling down, so that I looked quite normal, except for a discoloration under the eye. This was easily camouflaged with cold cream and powder, and I sallied forth, to the Indoor Yacht Club.

Arriving there, I went up to the bar, and placed my order for a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk. Then turning, I found myself face to face with dear old Tad. He was staring at me in unmistakable astonishment. I grinned at him and asked him what was the matter.

Pointing his right forefinger—Tad had only the forefinger and thumb on his right hand, the other three fingers having been severed at the hand in a childhood accident, leaving a hard, bony knob—pointing directly at my right eye, Tad demanded:

"Where's that eye?"

"What eye?" I dissembled.

"That eye you got from Ritchie!" insisted Tad.

"Why, Tad, I got no eye from Ritchie," I replied. Then Tad:—

"Listen, I wrote my story for the paper back in New York, and I told all about that eye. I said you had an eye, and by Golly, you've got to have an eye!"

And with that he let me have that bony fist right smack in the right eye, and in a flash it puffed out even further than it had been in the fight. I beat it back to the hotel and the hot towels, the witch hazel, and bed.

And would you believe it, ever since that time, I've always welcomed fights with so-called "phantoms" of the ring. They always proved to be my meat.

I WAS, I AM, A SPY

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nationals. When picked up by the gendarmes and the British M. P.s and taken to the Prefecture, I was to deny vigorously that I was Bennett and to insist that I was Howard, an American newspaper man. The Prefect, at my request, would send for Boileau of the Information to identify me. Boileau, to my apparent discomfiture, would fail to identify me and would suggest that a visit be made to the address on the Carte d'Identité. There Bennett's passport faked up with my photo would be discovered. The British would then hang on to me with their famed bulldog tenacity. I would be taken to the recruiting office and impressed into service. Two of our men would be detailed to watch over me and if I were directed anywhere but to Marseilles, they would manage to get me out of British hands and in due time, as Howard, my apparent return from Morocco would be arranged and the British would list Bennett as a deserter. If I were directed to the mine-layers at Marseilles, I should use my ingenuity to discover what type mine was carried and on the first occasion ashore go to the Prefect to demand sanctuary, asking him to keep me under cover and to transmit my code number to Paris for further instructions. Should my mission not be accomplished before the British squadron sailed, I was to remain with it until I had succeeded. At the first chance of escape I was to go to the nearest French official and employ the same formula.

The plan worked like a charm. I was caught in the raid, taken to the recruiting office after two days of military prison, and duly shoved into King George's navy. The officer in charge did not try to veil his contempt for the slacker I was presumed to be and, in fact, showed me how ridiculous my contentions were by calling attention to the fact that, although claiming to be an American, I had not attempted to communicate with the American Embassy during my two days of confinement and that the letters I had sent had been addressed to parties unknown to the French authorities and were now in his hands. He informed me that any attempt to evade the Sergeant who was taking me in his detachment would be considered as desertion in the face of the enemy and the death penalty was the punishment therefor. My civilian clothes were taken from me, I was given a sailor's uniform and kit and an hour later was entrained for Marseilles in a detachment of eight men. Four were sailors detached from other commands, two were young recruits and another was a slacker who had been caught in a raid like myself. I discovered by the comments that slackers were generally sent on dirty jobs like mine-laying. (The Chief must have known and depended on this when he conceived his plan.)

The trip was not a pleasant one as two of us were in the party but not of it. Travelling in a third-class compartment with a crowd who hates your guts is nothing I would recommend. I was glad when we arrived and were taken out in a tender to the boats to which we were assigned. I was the only one of the eight taken aboard my particular tub and when I came aboard, the young Lieutenant who commanded her had me brought to his cabin. He told me that nobody but himself knew the circumstances of my recruitment and that it depended entirely on myself as to what treatment I should receive. A non-com was called who took me aft, assigned a bunk to me and turned me over to another who told me my duties. That night we sailed.

During the next day and a half I polished more brass than I thought existed in an engine-room. A little after noon I was ordered to the Lieutenant's cabin and there was told that I was being transferred to the M.L. 982 where I was to report to the Squadron C. O. I got my few belongings together and when we ran alongside, was put aboard the squadron leader. I was taken to the cabin of the Commander, a very elegant gentleman.

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SUGGESTED KIT FOR ANY DAY AT THE RACES

THIS is the way the experienced racegoer dresses, mindful of the fact that racing days come in all kinds of weather. Some of the new raincoats are made of substances so cannily contrived that you are put to it to determine, at any distance over three feet away, whether they are topcoats that look like raincoats or raincoats that closely resemble topcoats. In any case, whether it be of rubber processed to a nap-like finish or cloth that is weather-proofed, the coat that is built on the lines of the model sketched will look at home in any paddock. The one-piece topped plaid cap which survived, for a while, only as a shipboard accessory, has staged a comeback and is now not only tolerated but highly regarded as an item for general sports and country usage. Woolen reefers and string gloves or leather ones of the pull-on type comprise, along with woolen socks and stout

blucher shoes, the additional essentials. The horsey Long Island set has always been noted for a nice sense of clothes selection, combining the colorful with the eminently practical, and this turnout is a typical one. With the reviving interest in horses, since increasing numbers of people have taken up riding as a regular exercise, racing motifs have found a more prominent place in the realm of items designed for general sports-wear usage. This fashionable acceptance for things that smack of the turf has resulted in the present vogue for bit design jewelry, double ring belt fasteners and even the use of racing colors in such hitherto prosaic items as braces. These are of a new model with calfskin ends and the convenient clips attached which anchor one's shirt in place. The over-size silk sports handkerchief features a choice of horse or hound as decoration.



THIS is the outfit for the country gentleman or the week-ending city dweller. In either case, the old English sheep dog, that symbol of rural aristocracy, will have no cause to feel ashamed of his companion. The briar pipe and the ash stick are as congenial to a country setting as the tang of autumn air and the rustle of dried leaves. The Lovat jacket has three buttons and expansion pockets; the buttons are of hand-cut stag horn or leather (the former are currently rated as being a bit more on the swank side) and the pockets are capacious enough to afford ample parking space for bulky objects such as the tobacco pouch and things like that. In this particular scheme of color and pattern, the best fabric bet would be shetland for the jacket and tweed or heavy flannel for the trousers. The latter are not cuffed but are worn with natural

turn-up. Cuffs, indeed, seem to be on the way out with natural turn-ups favored outside the city limits and cuffless trousers getting the preference, at least among those who set the pace, in town. While a light shirt is indicated in the sketch, nothing feels better or looks better, with country clothes, than a fine soft shirt of Scotch woolen flannel in the true dark colorings that are now getting such a big play. These shirts have come in with a bang, as handsome and appropriate concomitants of the wooly textures that are in high demand for men's suitings. A shetland pullover is especially desirable this season, for the same reason—the soft finish is in keeping with the soft rough cloths that dominate the current trend. Helpful to the effect of studied nonchalance that characterizes these outfits is the oversized sports handkerchief.

**KEYED TO COUNTRY
LANES FROM SHOES
TO CHECKERED CAP**

IN THE BOIS

Continued from page 53

Nally dropped his umbrella and turned to her. "Dear Sheryl, don't you understand? I was afraid." "Ah—chivalry!" She smiled in the meaning way of women.

"I don't mean that. When we broke up—when I left you . . ."

Sheryl stood up, her eyes wide with fury. "When you left me. I like that. My dear boy, I think that a little research will prove that *I* left you."

Nally stood up also. He smiled wanly. "All right, then, I'll forgive you."

Sheryl wheeled around and walked quickly away from him. She was sorry, now, that she had bothered to recognize Nally. It would have been infinitely more satisfying to have accepted the coincidence of seeing him and to have imagined what might have been said, rather than to have wittingly submitted herself to Nally's dullness. After all, she was married now. She had undertaken soberly all the attendant responsibilities and Nally was the last person in the world she wanted to see—at least, that she ought to see.

As she thought of all these things, her pace quickened. The virulence of her mood was not the only element that prompted her acceleration; she heard the too-familiar sound of Nally's long strides overtaking her. Quite abruptly, her arms were caught and she was obliged to stop in her tracks. Nally turned her forcefully to him.

"I love you," he said, simply.

Sheryl's face expressed vividly her violent displeasure. "How nice for you!" She tried to break away, but Nally had always been very strong—no reason for it, either; he was innately lazy and never exercised.

He continued to look at her. He had such charm when he wanted to use it.

It seemed to Sheryl that right now all that once had been the one and only Nally had returned. But she remained adamant.

"Will you please let me go? I must get back to my hotel."

"Why?"

"Because I arrived only this morning and I must unpack—that is, if you don't mind."

Nally grinned. "Not at all. Don't give it another thought."

Sheryl's lips thinned. She thanked her heavens that no one was in sight; that this discussion was completely their own. "Scenes have always bored me," she said crisply.

"Me, too." And then his voice lowered and his words were clipped. "Sheryl. Sheryl, dear. I love you."

"So I understand."

Nally did not seem to hear her comment and went on, "You love me, too, don't you? There's never really been anyone but me—ever, has there? Every minute we were separated, you were thinking of me, weren't you? Every time you were in your—in Cross' arms, you felt unfaithful to me, didn't you? You belong to me wholly, don't you?"

"Of course!" said Sheryl, who, to hide the sudden flood of tears that began to run down her cheeks, put her head on Nally's shoulder.

Nally held her very close to him, so that she might feel his heart thumping away madly. He wanted to say something like "My darling!" But he smothered the temptation as being too banal. That was one thing about their relationship—it had never been banal.

With a quiet sniff, Sheryl raised her head. Her chin wiggled a little bit, and a faint touch of wet mascara on her lashes made her squint her eyes. "Nally," she said.

"Yes, dear."

"You're gloating, aren't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"God, you're a beast." She put her face once more on his shoulder.

And once more Nally agreed.

After a few more stifled sobs had escaped her, she turned sideways to Nally, who took care that one arm remained around her shoulders. He tilted her chin upward, and after his eyes had gorged themselves on her face, he kissed her.

Sheryl felt that she and Nally had been fused into one distinct entity for that brief moment.

"It's raining!" Sheryl spoke through their kiss.

"Damn!" And Nally opened his umbrella. He wanted to giggle or scream or cry. He could not make up his mind which to do, so he took Sheryl by the arm and hurried along.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Take you home, if you like."

"Yes, I would like. I haven't even unpacked—oh, I told you that."

"That's all right. Where are you staying?"

The rain started to come down heavily, and Sheryl clung closer to Nally.

"I've found the cutest little 'pension' hotel near the Etoile."

"We'll get a taxi."

But, as fortune would have it, there was no taxi

Continued on page 104



Esquires

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THE-MINUTE AMERICANS.

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SKINNER'S



LININGS



56

LITHOGRAPH BY JOHN GROTH

Eviction

I WAS, I AM, A SPY

Continued from page 98

He was sitting at his desk and swung round in his chair when his orderly, with me in tow, rapped on the open door. He asked me in, dismissed the orderly with the request that he close the door after him and then asked me to sit down. I, as an ordinary seaman, remained standing and was again told to sit down. When I said something about regulations, he laughed and said, "Very well then, I order you to sit down. Take a cigarette and listen carefully while I read you this report. It leaves me in a quandary. I'd like to drop you overside and let you try to swim ashore but I have other orders."

He adjusted his monocle, lit a cigarette after offering me a light for one I had taken, and read me the following: "Larey Howard, alias Howard Lawton, alias Ludwig Haenel, alias Jean Finot, alias Captain X, is with your squadron as Roger Bennett. Born February 17, 1889 at 370 East 51st St., New York City, French-American parentage. Educated in Ohio. Engaged in commercial pursuits until 1915 in the U. S. Recorded that from the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, he was often present in cities where violations of American neutrality occurred which resulted in arrest and deportation of German agents. Possibly an agent-provocateur, possibly counter-espionage. Secured position as European correspondent of XYZ Daily Record, works on space rate. Left New York on S. S. *Chicago*, July 2, 1915, became friendly aboard with Sigrid Olesen, Swedish mistress of well-known New Yorker. Remained in Hotel Bordeaux several days with her. Lived for several weeks in her Paris apartment with her. Shortly thereafter she was deported to the U. S. Frequent Montparnasse thereafter going on occasional trips to the British and French fronts usually to sectors where defeatism was rumored. His visits were marked by subsequent transfers of men to other regiments, court-martial leading to executions and the like. Has made several visits to Germany via England and Holland. He is persona grata to the Central Powers as his despatches to his paper usually favor Germany. In London and Paris has on numerous occasions been present at cafe and restaurant brawls at which killings have taken place. Upon examination no weapon has ever been found upon him. Victims of brawls have invariably been under surveillance of Allied authorities. He has struck up intimacies with numerous foreigners who have shortly thereafter dropped from sight. He is apparently a killer whose tracks are covered by others. Has considerable funds at his disposal which cannot be accounted for by his personal means or by his journalistic earnings. He is obviously in the Espionage Service of some power, probably France, as he works most often with them. He has rendered invaluable service to His Majesty's Government, to Belgium, to France, and to Russia. He has secretly been decorated by the three latter powers. Although known as Captain X, he has been decorated by the Imperial Russian Government with an order never bestowed below the rank of Colonel. Has on several occasions given valuable information to the greatest neutral power. He may be in its Secret Service. He is to be extended every courtesy by you. You are to return him to Marseilles where further transportation will be provided. No harm must come to him while with your Command."

Dropping his monocle from his eye, he smilingly said, "Now, my dear chap, what have you to say to that? You see *our* Intelligence is not so dusty."

I answered, "All I have to say is that your people don't seem to know their own minds. When I told them that I was Howard, they insisted that I was Bennett and that Howard was in Morocco. Now that I admit being Bennett, you say I am Howard."

His rejoinder was, "Well I don't care a damn whether you're the Kaiser himself. I think you're in a filthy job and I still think it would be a bloody good day's work to drop you overside. But as I admire your guts, I'm having you mess with me this evening and after dinner back you go to Marseilles on the 1402. By the way, you might tell me how you perform your executions and are then found without weapons. That's a likely thing to know. It might be of use to me some day."

I grinned at him and answered, "My dear Commander, granting that all this report is true, which I do not concede, wouldn't it be rather indiscreet of me to tell you more than you already know? Suppose you put your Intelligence to work on that."

The youngster who commanded 1402, whose cabin I shared and with whom I messed on the return voyage, was patently puzzled as to what it was all about but asked no questions and I volunteered no information. He personally escorted me to the R. T. O. and got me a first-class compartment to Paris and saw me aboard the train. The agent who was set to watch me was laughable, he was so obvious. I made no attempt to evade him as there was always the chance that if I did he might pot-shot me as a deserter.

Upon arriving in Paris I taxied immediately to a house on the rue Blondel, (the logical place for a sailor to go, although I didn't go for the logical

reason.) Before my shadow could gain admittance, Madame having told him that the house was full up and that he would have to wait until a client left, I had telephoned for instructions. I was told to go openly to Bennett's room in about an hour.

I found Pierre there and he removed the stain from my body. He gave me a uniform to put on and to my amazement I saw it to be that of a fireman. When I was dressed he took my sailor clothes and all my other gear and soaked them with petrol. I saw that everything of value had been removed from the room during my absence. On my asking what it was all about, he coolly replied, "I'm going to set this place afire. Monsieur Bennett and his belongings are to be cremated. The newspapers tomorrow will carry an account of the fire and the finding of a charred body, presumably Bennett."

When I expostulated that he was endangering the rest of the tenants, he replied, "I've had my orders from the Chief and now I'll give you yours. Now that you are ready, I shall give the alarm after setting a match to this. By the time the firemen get here, it will be just right for them to extinguish. In the confusion you will board the fire-engine I indicate. At the firehouse you will find your newspaper correspondent's uniform and a fast car will take you out to a way-station of the P.L.M. in time to get the express into Paris in the morning. Money and all necessary papers are in your uniform. You will breakfast and then go to your office. You will find an invitation to visit the Verdun sector. You will leave at noon with a party of correspondents. The party will be in charge of a Captain Blanquet of the Etat Major. In the party will be a correspondent of a Buenos Aires newspaper named Vallejo. He is being subsidized by the Boches. Eliminate him. Let's hope for better luck with this mission."

To my question, "But when do I see the Chief?" he answered with a grin, "Never fear, you shall see him. He will be Captain Blanquet."

And then, he lit a match.

CONFESSIONS OF A GHOST

Continued from page 67

state of cerebration, for tons of humor are required to keep up a weekly act. Eddie Cantor, Jack Pearl, Ed Wynn, Bert Lahr, Harry Richman, George Jessel—they are all haunted, and by some of the most successful apparitions in the business. Among the leading gag men are Al Boasberg, Dave Freedman, and William K. Welles, who composes the Baron Munchausen foolery. These men and their colleagues are Broadway boys with stony eyes and memories like elephants. They need the memories for protection against gag thieves who listen in with more than idle attention when the big guns of humor thunder over the airways.

Here it should be mentioned that there is a shining exception to the ghost writing rule, in the person of Fred Allen, who writes all his own material. But then, he used to be a librarian, and can still read a newspaper without moving his lips, which makes him, in his profession, not so much an exception as a prodigy.

Recently I had the pleasure of assisting at a gag conference for one of the top flight comedians. The room seemed to be full of cigar smoke and men named Lou or Al. The comic, an earnest little fellow, was pacing up and down.

"I got a public," he was wailing, "a public and you ask me such a thing!"

The humorists had suggested that their employer obtain a laugh by making the unpleasant labial sound known as the Bronx Cheer.

"Lou," he groaned, "I can't do it! I got a public!"

Lou, Al & Co. chewed their cigars to the ultimate half inch. It was like Black Friday in the panic of 1907, with J. P. Morgan deciding whether or not to let the country go to perdition. Then came the true, the heaven-sent afflatus, welcome as a dove with olive branches.

"I got it!" cried Al, "I got it! He bends over, see? Way over, see? And then the drummer, he tears a piece cloth, see? R-r-rip! Like he tore his pants, see?"

Success!

The willing ghosts forthwith attacked the problem of visualizing this gag for the edification of the comedian's public. As I left the room, they were waving their cigars as though to signal the go-ahead to a train of inspiration that would prostrate the country in one Gargantuan belly-laugh. Make no mistake: these Broadway gagsters know their business, and they have also been clever enough to master the technique of the microphone.

And there is a technique, though not a difficult one. It is a matter of *ear*. The vaudeville men, dealers in the spoken word, have sensed this important fact. But a writer who is exclusively eye-minded, as I believe many magazine authors are, will find radio a puzzling and elusive medium.

That's where the ghost comes in. At first, of course, he isn't a ghost at all; his connection with the author's series of dramatic scripts is purely

advisory. But after a week or so, the advisor's role becomes dimmer and dimmer; the edges begin to waver and blend. And another collaborator has turned literary spook.

Then we have the spectacle of highly paid, three-name authors, who belong to the Dutch Treat Club and carry gold fountain pens, collecting enormous fees for work which is really done by obscure but competent radio hacks. The author has sold his name. The ghost supplies the rest: plot, character, skill in dialogue, feeling for the dramatic scene. Most fictioneers do not ordinarily find either cash or glory on the visible stage. The field of the legitimate dramatist is one which they do not ordinarily attempt to cultivate.

But radio with its plentiful ghosts is a happy hunting ground for an author with a front and a list of magazine successes. There is something about such men that impresses prospective sponsors of radio entertainments. The question of the author's fitness to produce spoken dialogue is never considered for an instant. The sponsor's notion is, you can always find somebody to do the writing.

And then, there are the radio actors who claim the authorship of the sketches in which they appear. One thinks of Philipps Lord who as the pious Seth Parker sells hymn books to his Sunday night public. On the other hand, Raymond Knight of "Ku-Ku" and "Wheatnaville" fame writes every line and word that is heard in his sketches. Neither of these gentlemen would present quite the curious problem in ethics which is found in the case of the widely published author, of established reputation, who augments that reputation over the air with drama and dialogue bought in the ghostly markets.

Not since the days of Dickens have serial writers turned out such quantities of material as does the radio author of this year 1933. If his story is heard every day, he writes in a week more than the number of words in a novel of standard length. No wonder the big names of the nickel weeklies prefer to farm this gruelling labor out. Keep a radio show going, and you haven't much time left for the higher aspects of life as represented by golf, ping-pong, and lunching with editors.

So miracles of mass production must be performed by the ghostly playwrights of radio. At one time I was writing a daily fifteen minute program—signed by a famous name—and two half-hour weekly scripts in addition. This represents considerably more dialogue than is found in a three act play. To continue production at this rate week after week induces a state of mind which I imagine is rather like that of an opium addict. People seem to float rather than move and all the voices you hear come from a great distance.

Nevertheless, the radio ghost takes on his job of haunting with his eyes open. Certainly he doesn't have to do it. And he may be cheered in his anonymous labor by the hope that some day he will work in his own right and under his own name—ghost for himself, so to speak. That day, of course, will never come. A ghost would not be a ghost if he were not endowed with the devious, sardonic, pessimistic turn of mind which enables him to accept an arrangement whereby the work of his brain is used to glorify another person. No amount of money could really justify such a transaction. The ghost knows in his heart that when he accepts his wages he has sold something he can never buy back—his own integrity. The only uncredited collaborator whose doings were ethically defensible was Cyrano, who stood in the shadow and whispered to Chretien the golden phrases which were Roxane's delight. The reward of Cyrano was that he loved them both. But for my part, I fear that I could not say I have affection for any of the authors I have boosted to meretricious fame, nor do I admire the audience that applauds them.

What I have written here, however, is not set down in bitterness. My "collaborators" often invite me to a Barmecide's feast of flattery and pretended admiration. This is amusing. Often they amuse me further by their calm acceptance of well-meant praise for work they signed but did not write.

I recollect the case of one man for whom I did a series of radio plays replete with terse dialogue and smashing situation. I feel sure this man would be hard put to it to write an ordinary business letter, a really well-phrased letter, I mean. But he was not deterred by any sense of his own shortcomings. Soon he was giving oracular interviews on how to write for radio. Then came the day when I saw in a journal a section of dialogue from one of the scripts I had written, accompanied by an article in which the expert pointed out how "his" work had brought a new vitality to the art of impregnating the air with drama. And the editor added that this man was "undoubtedly the most gifted of the dialogue writers."

That's success—as it comes to a ghost!



Seehausen

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ESQUIRE

THE DWIGHT FISKE ALBUM—The idol of the sophisticates of New York, Chicago, Paris, Berlin and London, at last tells all. You may have read his songs, but until you see him doing them you just don't know the half of it. And by an innovation of publishing practice you will see him doing one of his newest and liveliest, from beginning to end. Don't ask us how—wait'll you see! Incidentally, he will tell you what the Queen of Spain said, and what a mouthful that was.

HEMINGWAY IN SPAIN—This issue will contain the second of the series of letters Ernest Hemingway is doing for *ESQUIRE*. Illustrations by John Dos Passos.

THOMAS BURKE—*The Watcher*, a haunting story of Limehouse, by the man who made it famous.

PAUL MORAND—*Around the World at the Cocktail Hour*, a grand tour of the world's most famous bars, featuring the best drink served at each of them, by the celebrated French author who is a citizen of the world.

BARNEY ROSS—That part of the new lightweight champion's story which has never been told on the sports pages.

HENRI DUVERNOIS—*The Toys*, a Christmas story with an unusual twist, by one of the outstanding young writers of France.

ALBERT HALPER—*Hot Night in Rockford*—a quiet girl alone and lonely, a slick salesman on the loose, carnival-time in a small town—a great story.

JOHN RAMSEY—*Partly Cloudy to Cloudy*—a tale for duck-hunting time, by a young author never before published.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.—*Yokel, Yokel, Little Star*—an article in which one of the very few male movie stars who are well dressed tells why most of them aren't.

SAM HELLMAN—Subject unannounced, title unannounced, but how could it help but be funny?

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE—*The Bridge Racket*—being the real low-down on how the contract experts get that way.

GEOFFREY KERR—*Portrait of a Butler*—which is very funny—and therefore indescribable.

ROBERT BUCKNER—*Little Augie and the Davis Cup*, by the ebullient Buckner, who seems destined to become the Balzac of our alley.

Of course, these are only a few of the many features in the next issue of *Esquire*. But now is the time to assure yourself of obtaining a copy of every issue. And the only way to do that is to subscribe. It's \$1.50 by the year.

ESQUIRE

THE QUARTERLY FOR MEN

THERE'S NO REPEALING TASTES

Continued from page 47

takes place in the year 1907 in the halcyon days of the Franco-British bliss. A famous French General—possibly Joffre—gives an elaborate dinner in honor of his country's powerful ally. On His Majesty's right and left are seated the two best looking women of Europe. In front of him and around him are laid out some of the dustiest bottles in France. The King chats and drinks. Chats brilliantly and drinks liberally though somewhat perfunctorily, swallowing in one gulp whatever is poured in his glass. The General gets redder and redder; not from liquor but from indignation. "To think," he whispers to his neighbor, the Prime Minister of France, "that I should have wasted my time on unearthing all this fine stuff from private cellars. The man is a boor and an ignoramus." "Tsss..." says the Prime Minister. "Tsss... my eye," replies the General. The coffee is being served by now. An eighty-two year old gentleman, wearing a white canvas coat and corduroy trousers, enters the room with an uncertain gait, holding a bottle close to his heart. I should have said "the" bottle, for what the rosy-cheeked patriarch holds in his veined hands happens to be one of the very few genuine samples of Cognac-Napoleon to be found in France or anywhere else under the moon. At a sign from the General, His Majesty's glass—sufficiently big to accommodate the head of John the Baptist—is filled two inches high with the brownish, smooth—smooth as butter—substance. "Here's to the ladies," offers the King and swallows his Cognac in one gulp. "Jesus and Mary," roars out the General in a voice that is heard two floors below and before he can be stopped by the Prime Minister he shakes his fist at the King. "What have I done?" gasps Edward. "What haven't you done?" replies the General. "I've stood this barbarism long enough. I am at the end of my patience. It was bad enough to watch you swallow your Chateau-Lafitte as if it were so much dishwater but when it comes to Cognac-Napoleon... Oh, no, oh, no... A thousand times no and then some." His Majesty is bewildered, ashamed and a bit amused. "How does one go about drinking Cognac-Napoleon?" he queries with a wink at his neighbors. "I'll show you how," thunders the General. "Watch me carefully." He takes his glass in both hands, raises it to the level of his nose, begins to roll it slowly and then—after two minutes of rolling—breathes deeply of the faint aroma. "The ethery smell so peculiar to all brandies, even the oldest of them, is practically gone now," he explains to the King. "Another five minutes or so and I shall moisten my lips with this noble liquid." "And what does one do then?" asks the King guardedly. "Does one drink it?" "One talks about it," replies the General wryly.

—All of this goes to prove that when "Der Tag" arrives and at a sign from Secretary Hull the heavily laden boats push their way from Sandy Hook into the Hudson River, there will be hue and cry throughout this gorgeous land for the most unpronounceable wines, brandies, and liqueurs. And then—some six weeks later—having satisfied their yen for the exotic and unspellable, the boys and girls will walk through the, by then, wide open doors of Tony's and say in voices choking with ill-disguised emotion:

"Make mine a double old-fashioned."

And thus it will remain for generations to come, until another Andrew Volstead raises his head out of the tall wheat fields of the manly State of Minnesota and proves to the satisfaction of his contemporaries that the Golden Age of their beloved vaterland coincided with those happy bygone years when that sterling American, Alphonse Capone, Esq., was keeping the fires of rugged individualism burning in the Hotel Lexington in Chicago.

IN THE BOIS

Continued from page 101

in sight, so Sheryl and Nally walked and walked until they were very near Longchamps. Talk seemed superfluous; at least, until they found the taxi, so they amused themselves with harmonizing on several choruses of "Singing in the Rain."

But such things cannot go on forever, and eventually a taxi weaved into view. Nally hailed it and in anaemic French repeated the address Sheryl had given him.

They had not ridden in it five minutes when the rain stopped as suddenly as it had started.

Sheryl took Nally's hand. "What are you doing tonight?" she asked.

"Driving down to Biarritz."

"Alone?" Sheryl looked serious.

"Naturally."

"Cad!" She dropped his hand.

"I am—really."

"Then you've changed."

"I have indeed."

Sheryl was looking out the window. "I'm rather sorry you have."

"Why?"

"Never mind."

Nally was completely perplexed, but beginning

to enjoy the situation. "Have you—er—deserted your husband?" he asked.

Sheryl still surveyed the passing panorama. "More or less," she answered. "I told him about us. I was beastly."

"Beastly!" repeated Nally, grinning broadly.

"I felt so horribly ashamed. It seemed to crush him so when I told him, that I thought it would be unfair to live with him any longer. Therefore, I packed up and came over here."

"You were always so brave, so sportsmanlike, in those matters."

"I called you this morning at your old number. There was no answer. I had nothing to do and no place to go, so I went for a walk."

Nally took her hand once more. "Sheryl, are you going out tonight?"

"I can't. It's too late. My luggage hasn't been touched and everything I have to wear is in it."

The sun slipped its last golden red glows of the day through the Arc de Triomphe as the cab made the necessary sweep around it.

"I'm almost home now. Call me before you leave with—well, call me anyway, won't you?"

"Won't you come?"

"If I weren't civilized, I'd be insulted."

"My dear—"

"Goodbye, Nally. It was so nice to have seen you, and do have a good time."

Although he knew by her tone that her sentiments were anything but sincere, he mumbled something pertaining to luggage as the taxi stopped by the little "pension" hotel near the Etoile on the Rue Balzac.

Early the next morning, a little inn on the road to Biarritz served a charming breakfast to a charming couple.

The innkeeper knew that they were foreigners, and guessed that they were Americans.

POOR MAN'S NIGHT CLUB

Continued from page 61

fall would mean his elimination from the contest. Thus a sprint means a certain number of hours—seldom fewer than three or more than six—with fewer than three falls. Later on in the contest a two-fall rule is in effect.

An elimination sprint is the same as the time sprint, except that its duration is not fixed in advance. It continues until one contestant is eliminated by taking a third (or, under the two-fall rule, a second) fall.

A grind differs from a sprint in that the floor attendants are not allowed to help the contestants, in any way, except after a fall. In the sprint, a contestant feeling drowsy can ask the nurse or a trainer for help, but not in the grind. In the grind, the couples are usually chained or taped together in dancing position.

A grind, like a sprint, can be set for a certain interval of time, or for an indeterminate period, to end only with the elimination of a contestant.

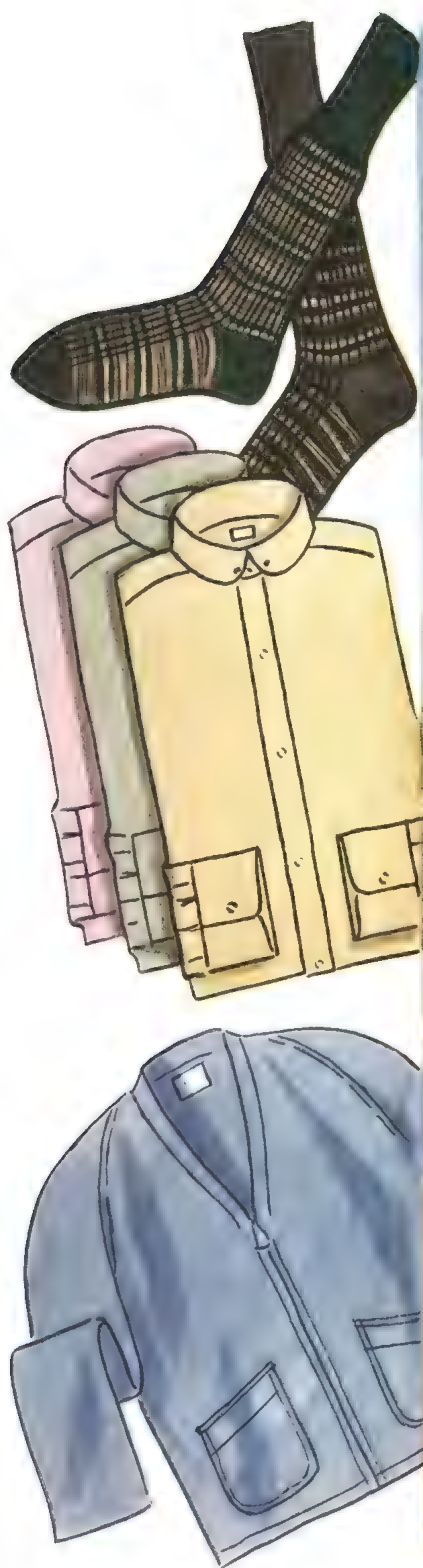
So much for the rules. They may, and do, vary greatly. Walkathons may be held in theatres, auditoriums or dance halls, armories or pavilions or even tents, and the rules are shaped by exigencies imposed by the nature of the place, as well as by the showmanship of those in charge of the contest. But they must be open to the public all around the clock. This is the one characteristic common to all of them—they are open twenty-four hours a day. For how else to allay the suspicion that is harbored, if not voiced, by the majority of patrons, that the thing ain't on the square?

But if, to the spectator, a Walkathon may be called the poor man's night club, then to the contestant it can be dubbed by no more accurate title than *The Innocent's Jail*. For where else, except in jail, must you be under the eyes of your fellowmen for every waking moment, over periods ranging from one month to six, unable to escape for a moment, going through a jitter-giving monotony of routine every moment you are awake, and huddled in a common barrack, with no more approach to privacy than that afforded by the mere segregation of the sexes, for the moments you are asleep—and they are only moments—and get not one single dime in pay for your pains? The army is the life of Reilly compared to this, for soldiers get pay, they get their leave, with its concomitant chances for emotional outlet. The weary cast of a Walkathon gets neither.

If it is hard to see why people should want to watch a Walkathon, then it is harder still to understand why people should want to enter one, as contestants. The contestants, or to refer to them by the only name the Masters of Ceremonies ever call them, the Kiddies, are of two types. There are the professionals—kids who go, for want of any better way to find food at least and shelter of a hard-won sort, from town to town where Walkathons are held, frequently going by the hitch-hike route. Many of these young veterans, still in their early twenties (averaging, in fact, about 21 years)

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ESQUIRE—Autumn, 1933



CORRECT RIDING HABIT FOR PARK OR COUNTRY USE

IF your association with horses is more than occasional, this version of a riding kit should interest you. It is a hacking kit that will serve for either country or park riding. The breeches have a "whip" to the looseness from knee to waist but they are tight in the calf after the true British cavalry pattern. The jacket must be cut carefully, along the lines of the one that is sketched here, or a botch will result that may be regarded as equal insult to the horse and disgrace to the rider. The skirts should be of ample length and flare to set well over the hips and sufficient cloth should be cut into the back and front of the jacket to preserve the wearer, when seated in the saddle, from the least hint of resemblance to the proverbial toad on a log. A Tattersall waistcoat helps give the outfit tone by relieving the severity of the plain browns and tans and is, of

course, the last word in correctness. The eyelet-pinned round collar attached shirt of light weight broadcloth is suitable for general sports and negligee wear, but is especially good with this riding kit because this style of collar affords a trim, almost military, note of neatness that adds a lot to the effect of the outfit as a whole. A suede jacket is a welcome addition when the weather turns cold, but a newer idea is the short knitted woolen jacket—much like the old time Mackinaw in texture—made over the same model that has previously been made up only in leather. It closes, like most of the newer leather jackets, with a slide fastener, and its raglan shoulders assure the wearer that there will be no binding across the back in active sports wear. Six and three rib hose in horizontal stripe patterns have been noted frequently at the Eastern sports events.



MONOTYPE BY JOHN GROTH

"Gee, kin ANYbody get in?"

BACK HOME IN 1919

Continued from page 10

Charley looked up in Major Taylor's grey face sagging in the pale glare of the fog through the smoking room windows and noticed the white streaks in his hair and moustache; Gosh, he thought to himself, I'm going to quit this drinking.

They got through lunch somehow, then scattered to their cabins to sleep. In the corridor outside his cabin, Charley met Mrs. Johnson. "Well, the first ten days'll be the hardest, Mrs. Johnson."

"Why don't you call me Eveline, everybody else does?" Charley turned red.

"What's the use? We won't ever see each other again."

"Why not?" He looked into her long hazel eyes; the pupils widened till the hazel was all black.

"Jesus I'd like it if we could," he stammered. "Don't think for a minute I . . ."

She'd already brushed silkily past him and was gone down the corridor. He went into his cabin and slammed the door. His bags were packed. The steward had put away the bedclothes. Charley threw himself face down on the striped musty smelling ticking of the mattress. "God damn that woman," he said aloud.

The rattle of a steamwinch woke him, then he heard the jingle of the engine room bell. He looked out the porthole and saw a yellow and white revenue cutter and, beyond, vague pink sunlight on frame houses. The fog was lifting; they were in the Narrows. By the time he'd splashed the aching sleep out of his eyes and run up on deck, the Niagara was nosing her way slowly across the green grey glinting bay. The ruddy fog was looped up like curtains overhead. A red ferry boat crossed their bow. To the right there was a line of four and five masted schooners at anchor, beyond them a square rigger and a huddle of squatty Shipping Board steamers, some of them still striped and mottled with camouflage. Then dead ahead, the up-and-down gleam in the blur of the tall buildings of New York.

Joe Askeew came up to him with his trench coat

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POOR MAN'S NIGHT CLUB

Continued from page 104

have been in thirteen or fourteen of these shows. They get no pay—in fact the word professional is a misnomer, being used, as it shouldn't be, simply to designate those who have been in a number of these contests. Their only income, for their "working" periods, i. e., for as long as they can last in the contest that happens to be current, is derived from the sale of popcorn and their own autographed photographs, plus whatever they can entice, in the way of a shower of coins from the audience, by their always inept and usually ludicrous efforts to put on individual entertainment, either in song, and oh how sour, or by stunts. Pennies and nickels are most numerous in these impromptu offertories. Sometimes dimes. Seldom quarters. But people do, now and then, send up a dollar bill to the M. C.'s platform, with the request that this or that favored contestant do a certain desired song or stunt.

The other kind of contestant is the Walkathon-struck amateur. Yes, one can become Walkathon-struck, just as one can become stage-struck, with the important difference that it is difficult to satisfy the latter urge, when the first virus strikes, other than by such sublimation as pestering the stars for their autographed pictures. But, in the case of the Walkathon, one can step right into the class of giver—yes, better still, of seller—of autographed photographs, without so much as a day's training or apprenticeship. The movies and the stage are difficult to crash, even for those possessed of admittedly recognizable talent. But the Walkathons are wide open to any lunk with two sound legs, a normal heart and pulse, and a sufficiently unimaginative turn of mind to be able to contemplate, without fear of incipient idiocy, the prospect of exposing oneself, like an animal in a cage, to the twenty-four hour a day gaze of the public.

A Walkathon usually starts with a want-ad that runs every day for several weeks before the scheduled opening of the contest. This ad invites all would-be contestants to make application and to submit to physical examination. Its wording is most restrained and conservative; it holds out no high hopes of fame and fortune for those who qualify as contestants. It simply says, "Here it is, come and get it, all those who want a chance to compete in a Walkathon." And it offers nothing—nothing but a chance to walk your legs off, for no particular purpose and for no direct remuneration.

But to those who are Walkathon-struck, who have seen Walkathons and envied the easy celebrity achieved by contestants obviously possessed of no talent of any kind, the words have a magical ring. For this is the short-cut to stardom, of a short-lived but very exciting sort.

The boy who couldn't hit a ball past infield on any sandlot baseball team, who couldn't catch a pass twice in a thousand tries, can enter a Walkathon with as good a chance as anyone's to win, and can hear the constant shrieking plaudits of a passionately partisan crowd for hours at a time, cheering him on with gratifyingly intimate and endearing terms of encouragement. The girl who has been a wallflower all her life, and would be anywhere, were she to move among the Hottentots, can get the attention, every night, that was Cinderella's at the ball, simply by joining a Walkathon. She can also get varicose veins and fallen arches, if she is unlucky, but those are not the things that are thought of beforehand.

Anyway, the starting field in any Walkathon is sure to be at least fifty per cent amateur. The majority of the amateurs will drop out the first month, but one or two will go through to the contest's final stages. In fact, more often than not, one member of the winning couple is an amateur. And, also more often than not, that winner turns professional—in other words, begins joining up in other Walkathons, one after another, here, there and everywhere, and never wins again. The other half—the professional half, in the starting field—in almost every Walkathon, will be found, upon investigation, to be composed almost entirely of one-time Walkathon winners from somewhere.

When they enter, they get a thoroughgoing physical examination. And throughout the contest, nurses and a doctor are in constant attendance. The kids are fed seven times a day—standing up to every meal, because a contestant may never sit down, except during the rest periods. When the contest moves, as they often do, after the shakeout of the first weeks is over, and the crowds begin to grow, then the contestants walk to the new quarters or, if the distance is prohibitive, they go in trucks, standing up like cattle.

A daily shower is compulsory, and comes at the zero hour, some time between five-thirty and seven in the morning, when the attendance is as light as it ever gets, being comprised, at that hour, of those who, if they have homes, seem to have forgotten them. The boys leave the floor for the shower at one time, the girls at another, so the floor is not deserted.

The crowd is rabidly partisan and volatile in its expression of excitement, fear, enthusiasm and anger. Nurses have been booed off the floor—and out of their jobs—by portions of the crowd who resented some fancied partiality in the treatment of contestants.

The contestants, in marked contrast to the crowd, show an amazing lack of competitive spirit. Instances of this are in constant evidence, from beginning to the bitter end, in every Walkathon. In the longest Walkathon on record, which was ended, in a tie between two couples, well beyond four thousand hours (over six months), the two couples deadlocked at the end were still helping each other through the final grind with which the contest ended.

Grinds have lasted over seven days. Remember, a grind means no sleep and no help from trainers or floor judges, yet after seven days, or 168 hours, without sleep, contestants have been seen helping their opponents, and thus, by prolonging the grind, prolonging their own agony.

The grind is an amazing thing anyway, at any time and under any circumstances. The thing that gets you is the slow tempo of the whole thing, the dragging slow swish swish and clup clup of all these leaden feet and the contrast it affords to the hysterical crescendo of the crowd's shouts and screams, strident as a sudden siren in a downtown street.

Every moment after the second hour in a grind is like those moments in a prizefight film when the rare bits of dramatic action are run through in slow motion. The contestants go into their falls with a dream-like slow sinking. They do not fall as a fighter falls, suddenly keeling. Instead, they seem to melt down to the floor. And often, at a point where another fall means the elimination of the first one to take it, as many as eight or nine contestants will be slowly sinking to the floor. To guess which one will take the fall first, and thus end the grind, is like guessing which of the guttering candles will be the first to go out, in an eight branched candelabra.

Of course, there is shrewd showmanship on the part of some of the contestants, as well as consistent good showmanship by the promoters of the contest. The colorful couple, the one that gets the sympathy and affection of the crowd, and the lion's share of its attention, is the one that is always in difficulty. So some of the smarter of the professionals, with an eye to increasing the take when coins are showered onto the floor during the performance of a stunt or song, contrive always to be in danger—early and prolonged danger—during every sprint or grind. You will see them take two falls within the first hour of a four-hour sprint or grind, night after night, keeping the crowd's atten-

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the Higher



the Fewer

The higher the forehead the fewer the hairs . . . and the nearer you are to baldness. Take care, brother, while there is still time, and spare a few minutes a week for the proper care of your scalp. Before every shampoo give it a thorough 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic workout. Apply the Tonic generously to the scalp, and massage with a rotary motion until the head tingles, and the scalp feels loose. These treatments, given regularly, will keep the scalp in the pink of condition, the circulation stimulated, the hair vigorous, and abundant. Your drug-gist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Why not start following their advice today? Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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“So you couldn’t wait ’til we rescued you, huh?”

OVERTURE: POET AND PUG

Continued from page 95

"You gentlemen of fortune, attend unto my ditty,
A few lines I have penned upon this great fight:
In the center of England the noble place is pitched on
For the Valour of this Country, or America's delight.
The sturdy Black doth swear
The moment he gets there
The planks the stage is built on, he'll make them blaze and smoke.
Then Crib, with smiling face,
Says, 'These boards I'll n'er disgrace,
They're relations of mine; they are old English oak!'"

Those lines are more truth than poetry. But they show, at least, that a man who made his living by his fists could string words together with an interventional rhyme occasionally.

Ward, who won the championship in 1825, was one of the cultured men of his time. He was a clever musician, playing the violin and the flute, as well as having a pleasant and cultivated singing voice. But he was most interested in painting. He had several exhibitions of his work, in London and in Liverpool, and Henry Stacey Marks, of the Royal Academy, said that he could do all Turner could in colors and atmosphere.

Everyone knows that certain of the Romantic poets were interested in athletics. That was part of their creed. And aside from a general philosophic interest in fisticuffs, there were two poets who advocated and practised them. I have already mentioned Byron's impromptu and friendly workouts with "Gentleman" Jackson. Keats, on the other

hand, was what one might call a serious fighter. On the same day that he wrote the *Eve of Saint Agnes* he beat a butcher's boy in a street fight over a cat that the ruffian was tormenting. And Shelley, in numerous muddy and bloody episodes at Eton, was not unhandy with his fists, slight and slender though he was.

Poets have written about fighting from Homer to Masefield. Songs have helped men to fight; fighting has given men a thing to sing about. The relationship is as primitive as the battle-cry; it is as modern as *The Everlasting Mercy*. It has always been, and it will go on forever, as long as men have wars, singly or in groups. There is something about a lash with the fist that makes a man want to call out in exultation, and to make a song; there is something about physical prowess that makes it ripe material for the song-makers.

In my personal experience, I have found authors eager to talk to me about literature. They have never tried to patronize me because I am a prize-fighter; I have never tried to patronize them because they are writers. They have regarded me as though I were a craftsman with a separate but somehow overlapping material. William Lyon Phelps, professor at Yale, author and critic, has taken time to talk to me about shoes and ships and sealing wax, Shakespeare and cabbages and kings. I have walked and talked with Thornton Wilder, that most unathletic of authors, and have met him on the common ground of a love of literature. I have dined and wine with Charles Hanson Towne, convivial poet and writer of belles lettres. I have heard Joseph Auslander read his beloved Keats and Shelley, and his own poems in manuscript. And my friendship with these men, wholehearted as it is, has proved to me that a poet and a pugilist are not so different after all; that there are meeting-places where they can find themselves on the same footing, so to speak, and can talk together and in so talking, add something to each other's lives.

THE LOST ART OF ORDERING

Continued from page 16

to some bachelor's rooms, after, say, an evening at Weber and Field's Music Hall, where there would be sure to be a chafing-dish supper, with a keg of beer in the corner, and the flaky Welsh rarebit being stirred to its moment of perfection by the deft host, proud of his culinary skill. Then some girl would sing a German love-song, and we would wander home through the gray streets, to dream of castles in Spain, or more likely have strange nightmares, in which we were drifting out to sea on golden rafts.

Mostly, it was innocent, and sweet, and wonderful. But now, with gin and whiskey in the foreground, and the old simplicities tossed to the background, it is coarse and crude and—yes—vulgar. For who can order a dinner, if it is to be sur-

rounded by highballs and gin-fizzes. And who cares what one eats, if it is preceded by six cocktails? Our taste is gone, our values have been destroyed; and it will take a generation to get them back again.

Lucullus, as well as Bacchus, must laugh in his sleeve at America under the Eighteenth Amendment; for how he must hate to hear a youth of today, half seas over, saying to his lady, "The regular fare is good enough in this speakeasy, Dotty." And they begin with fruit cocktails, scarcely touch a minute steak, and are satisfied with salad served on tiny side-plates, boarding-house fashion, and end with a sweet in a tall goblet, crowned with whipped cream and a red cherry!



Three point two beer accompanies such an outlandish meal, or, worse yet, a bottle of so-called Burgundy, made last week in Hoboken. Then it's off to the talkies, and they wonder why the star

looks so dizzy to them.

We'll come back to our senses—oh, yes. But how long will it take us to learn the things we used to know so well?

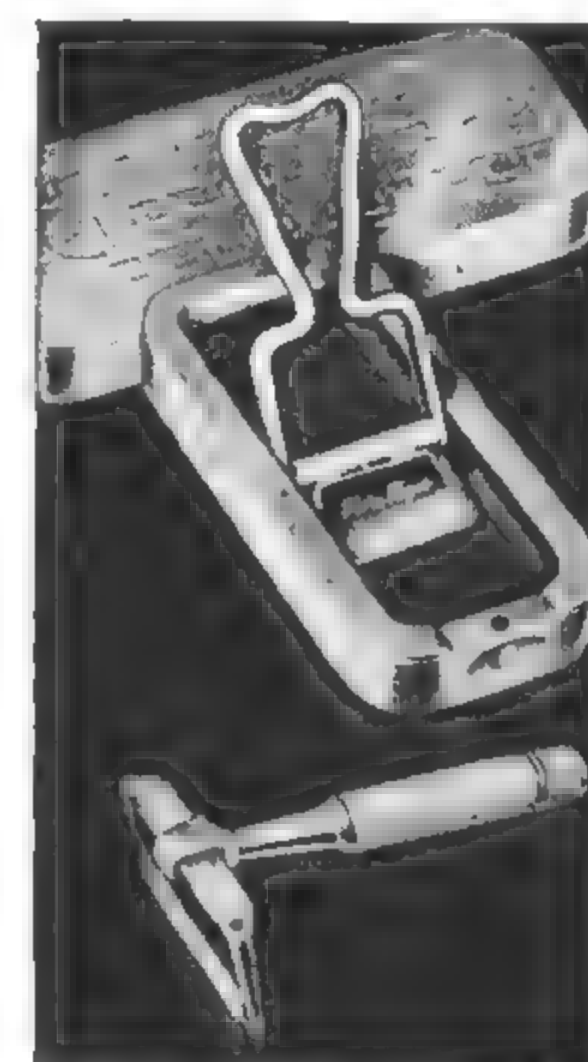


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**ROLLS
RAZOR
WITH A LIFETIME BLADE**

STONEWALL AND IVY

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Ivy'll be put on, and I want to see it's the real curtains.

As I got the story from the boys later, Stonewall tore into Ivy's parlor about nine o'clock while they was all sitting around the piano singing "Old Jeff, My Heart Abides With Thee." He strides right past everybody up to the piano stool.

"Better get your things on, Ivy," he says coolly. "We've got some things to talk over. Your friends will excuse you."

"Why Stonewall!" Ivy gasps, but she's out in the hall before any of the boys can lift a hand. Anyway, Corny said, they was all sitting on 'em.

Well I'd mapped it right, because they come straight from her house to the Pit, which is the only privacy on the campus. You could hear Ivy asking questions a block away, but Stonewall don't say a word until they get inside the Pit and sit down. At least Ivy sits down. Stonewall jumps right up and starts in to pace back and forth in front of her.

"So I've been the only one, eh?" and Stonewall laughs like a piece of canvas being ripped. "Your Ideal after all these years? And by the way, how many years you been working this claim? From what I hear you must have moved in right after the war. Maybe you palled along with Grant and Robert E. Lee? . . . You never were here in the Petting Pit with anybody else. Oh no! And I'm the first that awakened you, whatever that is. O yeah? . . . I can take a lot, Ivy, but I just can't stand being lied to!"

Maybe Ivy's figuring the jig's up or she's wondering just how much Stonewall's found out, because at first she don't answer at all. Then when he starts in again at the beginning Ivy cuts him short with a slap on the jaw that sounds like a pistol shot. She throws back her head and laughs until both me and Stonewall is staring at her, scared stiff.

"O you poor big ape!" she cries, turning on him. "You great dumb ox you! I just thank heavens my eyes are opened in time." She backs off and takes a better look at him. "You call yourself a man! Why, what do you know of Life, of the World? *Nothing!* But put this in your pipe—I know where there is a man!"

With that she stomps off in the general direction of Higgins' Hill, and I remembers later that's where her friend little Doc Mateos hangs out. I'm so weak from all that's happened I can't hardly stand, and I sit right down in a elderberry bush. I planned a lot of plays in my time but I never had one work so complete as this. When you can shake your runner out into a clear field you've done about all you can. From there on it's up to him.

I guess the rest is history by now. By the end of this season Stonewall's cleats will of made highways on fields from New Haven, Conn. to Athens, Ga. What if they do say I got just a one-man team? Do they know how near I come to having none at all?

O yes. Somebody down at the poolroom told me recently that Ivy's persuaded her husband to go back to Spain. I understand they don't have no football there at all. Only bull fights.

AUGUST AFTERNOON

Continued from page 89

Vic cursed him.

"I don't want to get messed up with a heap of crouble and maybe get my belly slit open with that big hairy knife. If you ain't got objections, I reckon I'll mosey on home now and cut a little firewood for the cook-stove."

"Come back here!" Vic said. "You stay where you are and stop making moves to go off."

"What are we aiming to do, Mr. Vic?"

Vic eased himself off the porch and walked across the yard to the water oak. He looked down at the ground where Floyd had been sitting, and then he looked at the porch steps where Willie had been. The noonday heat beat down through the thin leaves overhead and he could feel his mouth and throat burn with the hot air he breathed.

"Have you got a gun, Hubert?"

"No, sir, boss," Hubert said.

"Why haven't you?" he said. "Right when I need a gun, you haven't got it. Why don't you keep a gun?"

"Mr. Vic, I aint got no use for a gun. I used to keep one to shoot rabbits and squirrels with, but I got to thinking one day, and I traded it off the first chance I had. I reckon it was a good thing I traded, too. If I had kept it, you'd be asking for it like you did just now."

Vic went back to the porch and picked up the steelyard and hammered the porch with it. After he had hit the porch four or five times, he dropped it and started out in the direction of the spring. He walked as far as the edge of the shade and stopped. He stood listening for a while.

Willie and Floyd could be heard down near the spring. Floyd said something to Willie, and Willie

laughed loudly. There was silence for several minutes, and then Willie laughed again. Vic was getting ready to turn back to the porch when he heard her cry out. It sounded like a scream, but it was not exactly that; it sounded like a shriek, but it was not that, either; it sounded more like someone laughing and crying simultaneously in a high-pitched voice.

"Where did Miss Willie come from, Mr. Vic?" Hubert asked. "Where did you bring her from?"

"Down below here a little way," he said.

Hubert listened to the sounds that were coming from the pine grove.

"Boss," he said after a while, "it appears to me like you didn't go far enough away."

"I went far enough," Vic said. "If I had gone any farther, I'd have been in Florida."

The colored man hunched his shoulders forward several times while he smoothed the white sand with his broad-soled shoes.

"Mr. Vic, if I was you, the next time I'd surely go that far."

"What do you mean, the next time?"

"I was figuring that maybe you wouldn't be keeping her much longer than now, Mr. Vic."

Vic cursed him.

Hubert raised his head several times and attempted to see down into the pine grove over the top of the growing cotton.

"Shut up and mind your own business," Vic said. "I'm going to keep her till the cows come home. Where else do you reckon I'd find a better-looking girl than Willie?"

"Boss, I wasn't thinking of how she looks—I was thinking how she acts."

"She acts that way now because she's not old enough to do different. She won't act that way much longer. She'll get over the way she's doing pretty soon."

Hubert followed Vic across the yard. While Vic went towards the porch, Hubert stopped and leaned against the water oak where he could almost see over the cotton field into the pine grove. Vic went up on the porch and stretched out on the quilt. He took off his shoes and flung them aside.

"I surely God knowed something was going to happen when he whittled that stick down to nothing," Hubert was saying to himself. "White-folks take a long time to whittle a little piece of wood, but after they whittle it down to nothing, they're going to be up and doing."

Presently Vic sat upright on the quilt.

"Listen here, Hubert—"

"Yes, sir, boss."

"You keep your eye on that stilyerd so it will stay right where it is now, and when they come back up the path from the spring, you wake me up in a hurry. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir, boss," Hubert said. "Are you aiming to take a little nap now?"

"Yes, I am. And if you don't wake me up when they come back, I'll break your head for you when I do wake up."

Vic lay down again on the quilt and turned over on his side to shut out the blinding glare of the early afternoon sun that was reflected upon the porch from the hard white sand in the yard.

Hubert scratched his head and sat down against the water oak facing the path from the spring. He could hear Vic snoring on the porch above the sounds that came at intervals from the pine grove across the field. He sat staring down the path, singing under his breath. It was a long time until sundown.

I AM DYING, LITTLE EGYPT

Continued from page 40

This dull teasing occupied two-thirds of the time of a burlesque show and, obviously, when nakedness ceased to stir comment, because it was familiar in the more respectable shows, it was all dead weight. What kept burlesque alive so long, in spite of this stupidity, was a genuine comic spirit. In burlesque occurred comic types: the stage Jew, the stage Irishman, the stage "Dutchman", the shrewish wife, the drunken judge, the corrupt policeman—characters as old as Aristophanes and as young as next week's issue of The New Yorker. You met these characters in other places: the characters in Abie's Irish Rose were from burlesque; Happy Hooligan was the stage tramp (and so was Joe Jackson, the miraculous trick cyclist); and the rich old dowager ogling a young man turned up again in The Cradle Snatchers. I mention these reappearances to indicate the vitality of these types—and it is no wonder because if you wanted to look backward, instead of forward, you would find them in the great classic comedies; in Moliere and Shakespeare and in the great comedies of the Italians.

These comedians did little acts which were familiar enough, but funny. They were called "bits" and a bit could run anywhere from a drunken stagger (like Leon Errol's) to a whole scene, like the traveling salesman's departure from his loving wife, arrival of the lover, and return of the husband. Or you might get Clark and McCullough's lion act or James Barton's drunk. The audience expected these

things exactly as audiences in Symphony Halls throughout the country expect John McCormack to sing Mother Machree—and enjoyed them just as much. All of these comedians were masters of makeup and gesture, and the reason they could be dirty—and they were—is that when the character was established as a grotesque and unreal one, the dirt did not matter too much—as if smoking room stories were told about men from Mars. These comedians, to be sure, always graduated into vaudeville or musical shows if they were talented; but they are essentially part of burlesque and are the contribution of burlesque to the higher-class stage, keeping our vaudeville and musicals from becoming too refined, too clean, and too dull. No one in the legitimate theatre ever dares to do what the burlesque theatre always did; create extravagant types. The characters of burlesque were dull to the point of idiocy, cruel to the point of sadism, amorous to the point of nymphomania—and so for all the common human emotions. In comparison with them, our legitimate stage is thin-blooded and frightened and feeble. That is one of the reasons the death of burlesque is a misfortune.

Another, over which I shed few tears myself, is the virtual disappearance of the fat lady. The difference between The Black Crook and the final Ziegfeld Follies can be measured in tons as well as taste. When Mr. Ziegfeld decided that he wanted them stately, Mr. Carroll that he wanted them pert, and all the producers together that they wanted them thin, the fat lady and with her the shapely bust of the Mae West type and the beautiful legs of the Frankie Bailey type, all vanished, except in burlesque. A few years ago a New York cabaret, exploiting some local row about the dying embers of burlesque, announced a minimum weight of 200 pounds for its chorus girls; but nothing came of it. Until fashions change again, the fat lady retires to radio and the plump chorus girl kicks her heels in the theatrical agent's waiting room.

The mention of this cabaret recalls to me the dangerous circumstance that I have not proved my first assertion, that Prohibition is in some way responsible for the decline and fall of burlesque. The argument is simple: burlesque corresponded in tone with the Saturday night toot, the great weekly orgy of the American workingman. Came the deceptive dawn of prohibition, and men began to drink whenever they could; the exclusively male ceremony of a weekly night on the town was broken into bits and as we reassembled them, we discovered that we had new drinking companions; the girls, God forbid! With the sublime hypocrisy which no male ever understood, the girls thumbed down the saloon, but were eleventh day camels when it came to drinking somewhere else; and they wouldn't be seen in a burlesque house, but their noses quivered with delighted anticipation if the same effects were produced in theatres which were socially correct. In short, when prohibition taught women to drink and made escape from them impossible, men had to bring into the legitimate theatre the elements which had once been male and malodorous. (There were a few contributing causes; that ole debbil, the War, the breakdown of morals, and all the other favorite topics of the Sunday supplement moralists.) Prohibition created a new chumminess between men and women, even their wives; the men resented it a little, because they are wayward and like to get away by themselves; but they gave in; and they sacrificed burlesque in their surrender. The only place left to the masculine gender is the pool-room, and that is in jeopardy because there is usually a bowling alley attached and women are taking up bowling.

The fundamental business of burlesque was not to amuse, but to stir the sexual appetite of a male audience. With hundreds of women around, instead of a scattering of tarts, the job became too difficult; there was, for instance, the problem of giving at least a thrill to the ladies and no red-nosed comedian with a crepe beard could do that. In good burlesque, the comic elements were carefully spaced out, because comedy is like a dash of cold water on the manly fire. But when men and women are together, and the gratification of the lust of the eye is about all you are offering, there is room for more and better comedy. Fatally, a little of the intellect arrives—and burlesque is done for. When instead of answering, "that was no lady, that was my wife," the comedian says "that wasn't a street, that was an alley," you see the operations of the mind of an Einstein, a Shaw, a Eugene O'Neill and the animal satisfaction of the pure leg show is doomed.

About seventy-five per cent of the best comedians on our popular stage came out of burlesque, including our one woman comedian of genius, Fannie Brice. By absorbing burlesque, the musical stage saved itself from becoming mincing and polite and damnably intellectual. We are getting our dirt practically everywhere, and do not need burlesque so much; but no one has yet discovered where the next batch of great comedians and dancers is coming from, and no institution has yet risen to be such a school of wild grotesque comedy as burlesque used to be.



“No-o, Mr. O’Halloran only answers four-alarms”



WITH the one exception that is receiving the attention of the *douanier*, everything on this page passes muster, in the custom of the times, for inclusion in the wardrobe of every well-dressed man. In the top row, reading northeast from the skis, are patent leather French pumps, designed for the somewhat effete specific purpose of being worn at home with dinner clothes (but they feel just as good with a lounge suit or dressing gown); a pair of Norwegian ski boots, of the square toed hooked top kind worn by experienced ski jumpers; and practical, very comfortable, hard soled slippers of python skin. In the middle row, the brown wing tip shoe for informal town wear; the black town shoe with straight perforated tip, for slightly more "dressed up" usage; and the properly proportioned patent leather oxfords for eve-

ning wear. The bottom row; Norwegian calf brogues with blucher front, in the dark shade of briar brown that polishes to a reddish near-black; the correctly proportioned patent leather pumps for formal evening wear—that is, for wear with the tailcoat. The Norwegian calf brogues are really a sports and country item, but you can get by with them in town when your clothes are of the soft rough textured fabrics that have lately come into the town and business wardrobe. As for the gloves, the following are enough to get by on, though there's nothing to keep you from having more: a pair of natural chamois for town and business; Scotch knitted gloves for the country; Norwegian knitted mittens for winter sports; white glacé for formal wear; white buckskin for business and informal evening wear; and a pair of buff pigskin gauntlets for general knock-about use.

FOOTWEAR AND GLOVES IN THE CUSTOM MANNER

POOR MAN'S NIGHT CLUB

Continued from page 107

tion at a time when the other contestants have either one fall or no falls at all, giving the crowd a protracted ecstasy of apprehension as to their chances of survival. Later on in the contest, you will see those same couples go through twenty-four grinds, where two falls in twenty-four hours will mean elimination from the contest, with only one fall—but that one taken early in the twenty-four hour stretch.

But these are the couples you like to watch. Every contest has its "Iron Man" and "Iron Woman," the stolid, efficient conservers of energy, who indulge in no crowd-baiting antics. They seldom take in any appreciable sums, in the modified beggary that is the contestant's only source of revenue, they never place high in the popularity contests, and curiously enough, they are almost never in at the finish.

Then there are the partner-killers, the spoilers. There are more of them among the boys than the girls. They will sag on their partners, who must do all the work, dragging them around the floor, until finally exhausted. Then, after a brief period as solos, they get new partners whom they wear out in the same way. This type of contestant is a good bet to win. Some of them have come through to the end, to great acclaim, and have been hailed for "out-lasting" from five to eight partners, in the course of the entire contest, when "wearing out" those partners would be a more accurate way to describe the phenomenon of their survival.

These are only a few of the many angles. Maybe you are stretching the meaning of the word sport, to include a Walkathon, but it is like baseball or football, in that it looks simple but is replete with inside stuff that escapes the casual and only occasional onlooker.

One thing is certain, and that is that it is not half as agonizing for the contestants as it looks. Being eliminated from a Walkathon, after sagging about for hours and days as a terrible sight to contemplate, is like being knocked out in the ring. It looks like a sample taste of death, but, in all but a few very rare instances, recovery is a matter of minutes rather than days.

To watch a contest, you could imagine that there is a Walkathon walk, as lasting and distinctive as the convict walk is supposed to be. You would imagine that the contestant, for months afterward, would be a nervous wreck, springing awake, after each ten or fifteen minutes of sleep, at the sound of imaginary sirens, the sirens that call the kids back to the floor after each rest period. And if you were to talk to some of the contestants, they might cannily confirm your worst imaginings. But kidding the public in their floor-side conversation is a large part of what little fun they get.

The plain fact is that you and I and the other guy could do a lot worse—and probably do—for our health, our morals, our habits of thrift, than to join up in the next Walkathon. It's two to one that you aren't getting as much sleep, in your one session per day, as those kids get in their twenty-four, that you are not eating as regularly or as sensibly, in your three meals, as they are in their seven, and even, perhaps, that you are not saving as much money, on whatever you make per week, as they are on their slender revenues derived from the sale of popcorn on one night per week and of autographed pictures on the other six. You have countless opportunities to fritter away your money, and they have none. Pitifully small as their earnings may be (and lately they've been very little—once they ran fairly high, as much as two hundred a week for the more popular contestants) they have no way to spend a dime of them, so it's that much to the good.

So who, to revive a question that once ran round the world, is loony now?

The whole thing juts with angles, but even though you know them all, and can tell in an instant just what's fake and what isn't, when you walk in in the middle of one of those grinds and you don't really give a damn who wins and who loses, you can't remember that, somehow, when the fever surges up through the crowd and you find yourself standing up and yelling brotherly advice to some blank-featured youth with a sick sinking grin on his face and a glassy glaze over his eyes and how relieved you are when he finally snaps out of it and straightens up and goes over for the ice towel to revive himself and it isn't a fall and you knew of course that it wouldn't be because you've seen him go through all that before and anyway it's all phoney but if you knew that all the time what did you go crazy for and stand up there yelling like a loon and you don't know and you feel foolish and anyway you never will again but you do the next night or at any rate within the week and if you do then you've got it and nothing can change you and that's the Walkathon.

Well, friends, you might as well join the stampede

by
"Singin' Sam"



JUST take a look at this red, white and blue package I'm holdin' here and let me tell you something—

This is the fastest-sellin' shaving cream on the market, bar none.

Now, I'm not sayin' that by way o' boasting, but just as a hint that maybe you're missin' something good if you don't join the parade.

Ever since Barbasol came out with the idea that it was smarter to shave with a soothin', healin' cream that you just rub on and shave off, folks have been chucking their old friend the shaving brush and flocking to Barbasol.

And now, maybe you've noticed, even the dyed-in-the-wool brush and lather boys are singin' our tune. Yessir, they're in the brushless cream business too, and that just about makes the stampede complete.

We're mighty happy they agree with us, because it's the best proof you could ask that a brushless cream is the right kind of shave.

So let's pass right on to the biggest question, and that is—what's the best cream to use?

Well, that's easy. *Barbasol*. It's so kind and gentle to the skin that a whole passel of smart folks even use it for *sunburn*.

Considerin' all this, it seems sensible-like that *you* ought to be shaving with Barbasol and if you'll take a suggestion from your old friend, Sam, you'll step into the nearest drug store and get a tube of this famous cream that makes shavin' one of the big moments of the day.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BARBASOL ON THE AIR!

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man with songs you like to hear, Tuesdays and Thursdays on a coast-to-coast Columbia (WABC) network, 8:15 to 8:30 P.M., Current New York Time, in the East and Middle West; and 11:30 to 11:45 P.M. Current New York Time in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States.

Edwin C. Hill, "The Human Side of the News," Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on a Columbia (WABC) network, 8:15 to 8:30 P.M. Current New York Time, in the East and Middle West.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations.





"Smith, you always go too far"

BACK HOME IN 1919

Continued from page 107

on and his German field glasses hung over his shoulder. His blue eyes were shining. "Do you see the Statute of Liberty yet Charley?"

"No . . . yes, there she is. I remembered her lookin' bigger."

"There's Black Tom where the explosion was."

"Things look pretty quiet, Joe."

"It's Sunday that's why."

"It would be Sunday."

They were opposite the Battery now. The long spans of the bridges to Brooklyn went off into smoky shadow behind the pale skyscrapers.

"Well Charley, that's where they keep all the money. We got to get some of it away from 'em." said Joe Askew, tugging at his moustache.

"Wish I knew how to start in, Joe."

They were skirting a long row of roofed slips. Joe held out his hand. "Well Charley; write to me, kid, do you hear . . . It was a great war while it lasted."

"I sure will, Joe."

Two tugs were shoving the Niagara around into the slip against the strong ebb tide. American and French flags flew over the wharf building, in the dark doorways were groups of people waving. "There's my wife," said Joe Askew suddenly. He squeezed Charley's hand; "So long kid. We're home."

First thing Charley knew, too soon, he was walking down the gangplank. The transport officer barely looked at his papers, the customs man said, "Well I guess it's good to be home, Lieutenant," as he put the stamps on his grip. He got past the Y man and the two reporters and the member of the mayor's committee; the few people and the scattered trunks looked lost and lonely in the huge yellow gloom of the wharf building. Major Taylor and the Johnsons shook hands like strangers.

Then he was following his small khaki trunk to a taxicab. The Johnsons already had a cab and were waiting for a stray grip. Charley went over to them. He couldn't think of anything to say. Paul said he must be sure to come to see them if he stayed in New York, but he kept standing in the door of the cab, so that it was hard for Charley to talk to Eveline. He could see the muscles relax on Paul's face when the porter brought the lost grip. "Be sure and look us up," he said, and jumped in and slammed the door.

Charley went back to his cab, carrying with him a last glimpse of long hazel eyes and her teasing smile. "Do you know if they still give officers special rates at the McAlpin?" he asked the taximan.

"Sure they treat you all right if you're an officer . . . If you're an enlisted man you get your can kicked," answered the taximan out of the corner of his mouth and slammed on the gears.

The taxi turned into a wide empty stone-paved street. The cab rode easier than Paris cabs. The big warehouses and market buildings were all closed up. "Gee things look pretty quiet here," Charley said, leaning forward to talk to the taximan through the window.

"Quiet as hell . . . You wait till you start to look for a job," said the taximan.

"But Jesus I don't ever remember things bein' as quiet as this."

"Well why shouldn't they be quiet . . . It's Sunday ain't it."

"Oh sure I'd forgotten it was Sunday."

"Sure it's Sunday."

"I remember now it's Sunday."

THE ART IN PUTTING

Continued from page 63

The photograph reveals some daylight between the left elbow and side. Whenever I begin to notice a tendency to pull my putts, and feel a tightening in the left wrist as I hit the ball, I turn this left elbow even farther out until at times it is pointing almost directly toward the hole. This overcomes to a great extent the locking tendency, and encourages again a stroke along the proper line.

Ample Backswing Reassuring

Many players run into trouble on the greens because they are afraid to trust a backswing which is long enough to allow a smooth stroke without hurry or effort. The inclination is very strong, particularly when trying to hole a difficult six-footer, to figure that the shortest possible backswing runs the least danger of turning the club away from the proper setting. In my own case, at least, this has been utterly disproved. I find that my troubles only multiply when I shorten my backswing—that then I begin to jab, stab, and cut, and that very soon any semblance of touch has vanished. An ample backswing, leisurely and free, not only makes my putting stroke mechanically better, but it serves also to keep me in a much better state of mind, where I am able to concentrate upon hitting the ball correctly instead of worrying about irregularities and hidden rolls in the green.



A TRICK MEN LEARN IN PARIS

The name is **FOUGERE ROYALE** AFTER SHAVING LOTION—pronounced *Foo-zhaire Royal*—meaning "Royal Fern".

For years, tired Americans have sailed to France and returned fresh-faced and smiling because of Fougere Royale After Shaving Lotion. For it's a cocktail for the face—a semi-miraculous pick-me-up after the shave . . . cooling to the skin, soothing to the spirit, and healing to the nicks and scratches of impetuous shavers.

Best of all, Houbigant has given it

a *He-Man* perfume, the woodsy fragrance of the Royal Fern. You'll get so that you just can't do without it!

Price 75¢ at fine stores everywhere. Or in sets at \$1.10 and up, together with the wonderfully fine Fougere Royale Shaving Cream, skin-toned After-Shave Powder, and other masculine luxuries by Houbigant.



SETS OF FOUGERE ROYALE SHAVING LUXURIES ARE PRICED \$1.10, \$2 AND UP.

H O U B I G A N T
F O U G E R E R O Y A L E
Shaving Luxuries

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Continued from page 7

serious consideration. He put Aristophanes over on Broadway with his translation of *Lysistrata*. He writes a daily column in the Hearst papers.

Charles Hanson Towne is equally well known as poet and bon vivant. He was at one time the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*.

Morley Callaghan is one of the charter members of the so-called tough baby school of fiction. He is a Canadian who was encouraged to write by Ernest Hemingway during the latter's days as a Canadian correspondent. His first stories were published in the "little" magazines printed in Paris before the depression.

Dashiell Hammett is the man who brought blood and thunder into the best drawing rooms. Probably his best known book is *The Maltese Falcon*. His newest is *The Thin Man*.

Erskine Caldwell is a Southerner who now lives in Maine. He has won considerable critical acclaim by his novels, *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre*, and his first book of short stories, *American Earth*. His newest book is *We Are The Living*, a collection of short stories.



DAVID HOADLEY MUNROE

David Hoadley Munroe is the author of *The Grand National*, an authoritative book on this most important of steeplechase events.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is the movie star. He made a movie at the tender age of sixteen called, if we remember correctly, *Stephen Steps Out*. Were it not for that, we could say that writing, rather than acting, was his first love. At any rate, he has been writing for a long time. At the risk of being insulting we will enter here the denial that his story is ghost written. He knows he wrote it himself, but the fact that he is a movie actor makes us feel that it is necessary to see to it that you know it. Mr. Fairbanks is in London at this writing, and is working on an article for the next issue of *ESQUIRE*, concerned in the main with the phenomenon that the movies, meticulous in so many details, pay shockingly little attention to the correctness of the attire of male movie stars.

Vincent Starrett is one of the few Chicagoans whose fame dates from the era when Chicago was considered a literary center who has resisted the

urge to move on to New York. He is the most literate of the detective story writers, and is also well known as a bibliophile. He has written numerous mystery stories, and several books on book collecting. His best book, one that never received a tenth of the attention it deserved, is *Sea-ports of the Moon*. It is not a mystery. His new book, announced for October publication, is *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*. Mr. Starrett has been a Holmes enthusiast for twenty years and has one of the largest collections of Holmes material in this country.



AUDREY WURDEMAN

Audrey Wurdemann hails from Seattle, Washington, dividing her time about equally between there and New York. She has appeared in some of the better magazines. She was a protégée of the late George Sterling and is a direct descendant—a great-granddaughter we think it is, although the statement came to us after the manner of a legend and if we are wrong about the exact relationship we would be pleased to have you sue us—of the great English poet Shelley. *ESQUIRE* is supposed to be a magazine by, of and for men only, but Miss Wurdemann is the exception required to prove the rule that we feature only male contributors. And, anyway, did you ever read more virile, masculine-sounding verse than *The Lease of Lust*, in this issue? If you haven't read it, and if you are one of those who "never read poetry" then we especially recommend it to you.

Nicholas Murray Butler is the famous educator and long-time advocate of repeal. He is the president of Columbia University. His article was dictated to S. J. Woolf, whose splendid interviews are familiar to all readers of the *New York Times*.

Frederick Van Ryn was the co-author, with the late Grand Duke Alexander, of those two best sellers, *Once A Grand Duke*, and *Always A Grand Duke*.

George S. Chappell is the creator of the famous Traprock family, whose adventures were set down in hilarious detail in *The Cruise of the Kawa* and *Mr. and Mrs. Traprock Abroad*. His next novel, of which *The Turtle of Mme. La Concierge* will form a chapter, is to be called *Shoal Water*.

Harry Hershfield is the creator of *Abie the Agent*, comic strip starring Abe Kabibble, long one of the most popular characters in the realm of newspaper humor.

Geoffrey Kerr is the well-known actor. His humorous pieces have frequently appeared in *Vanity Fair* and *Harper's Bazaar*. He will appear

again in *ESQUIRE* with *A Portrait of a Butler*.

Gene Tunney is the retired undefeated heavyweight champion. We asked for an article on anything he felt like writing about, barring only that over-discussed business about the fourteen count.

We hope you aren't half as tired of this matter of ghost writing as we are. Whenever we run an article or story by someone whose fame is based on attainment other than literary, we feel called upon to tell you that it is, or is not, ghosted, as the case may be. We don't say that we will never run ghosted material—there's a lot of good stuff that can be obtained no other way—but we do say, here, now, once and for all, that ghosted articles will always be identified, as such. While we're on the subject, let's dispose of it entirely. **Benny Leonard** wrote his story, or if he didn't we wish he had. At any rate, it has lost a little, in print, of the charm it had when he told it to us at dinner in a place on Park Avenue. We still think it's a great story, but we wish there were some way that this issue could be wired for sound, because it would be even better if you could hear him tell it.

Controlled inflation sounded to us like a contradiction in terms until we remembered Leonard's cold fury in the ring, on those few occasions when opponents mussed that slick and neatly parted hair. He would be playing along and pretty obviously taking it easy until that fatal moment when, by accident or design, his luckless opponent chanced to muss his hair. Then it came, suddenly but without bluster—that calm, purposive, cold—yes, controlled, fury. Champions come and go, but if you never saw that there's no use in regretting it. You'll never see it again. In those moments he was unique.

Charley Paddock wrote his story, too. We know that because we got an outline of it from him beforehand. Funny thing, how involved everything is since the newspapers began this business of vicarious journalism.

Dos Passos, who is a writer, can bat out a drawing and you'd never think of questioning the fact that he did it himself—in fact, it would seem very ridiculous if we gave you a solemn assurance that he did. Yet the minute a sports figure breaks into print everybody but the veriest bumpkin is prone to assume, until shown otherwise, that a professional writer did all the work for a measly fraction of the check.

Ghost writing, which started as a sort of midwifery for those who could not otherwise deliver thoughts for which there was a demand, has strayed into strange channels. The pay-off, it seems to us, arrives when a professional writer does his own ghosting! Yet it was reached last month with the publication of a book in which **Gertrude Stein** writes the *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* for the purpose of enabling Miss Toklas to deliver a biography of Gertrude Stein. That almost calls for a diagram.

Incidentally, Miss Toklas wonders, in the voice of the ventriloquist's doll, what has become of her Hemingway godchild. The obvious inference in this wonderment is that life itself, let alone cultural well-being and spiritual content, is threatened by removal from the rarefied atmosphere of the Stein-Toklas menage at 27 Rue de Fleurus. Miss Toklas is cordially referred to page 9 where J. H. N. Hemingway, the godchild in question, is

shown in the wholesome, and even literary, company of his father and a 47 pound marlin.

Gilbert Seehausen, whose "Cellophane Gown" and portrait of Ring Lardner Jr. appear in this issue, might be called the "youngest veteran" among Chicago photographers. He is one of the best all round camera men we know, and you will see a lot of his work in future issues of *ESQUIRE*.

Dan Muller was for a long time a personal assistant of the late Buffalo Bill Cody, touring with his show. We read him E. E. Cummings' poem about Buffalo Bill and at the point in which it says that Buffalo Bill could "break onetwothreefourfive pigeons just like that" a peculiar expression came into his eyes and he said that sometime he might like to explain that phenomenon for the benefit of the readers of *ESQUIRE*. We hope he will, because it's a great story. Mr. Muller looks, acts, and talks like the typical cowboy, and writes exactly as he speaks. We have given you his first recorded narrative, "Break 'Em Gentle," exactly as he put it down on paper, with no editorial kibitzing whatsoever. Mr. Muller has had some acclaim as an artist and has enjoyed an extremely localized reputation as a teller of tales, but he never thought of writing until we persuaded him to tell one of his stories to a typewriter, just as he would tell it to a group of cronies.

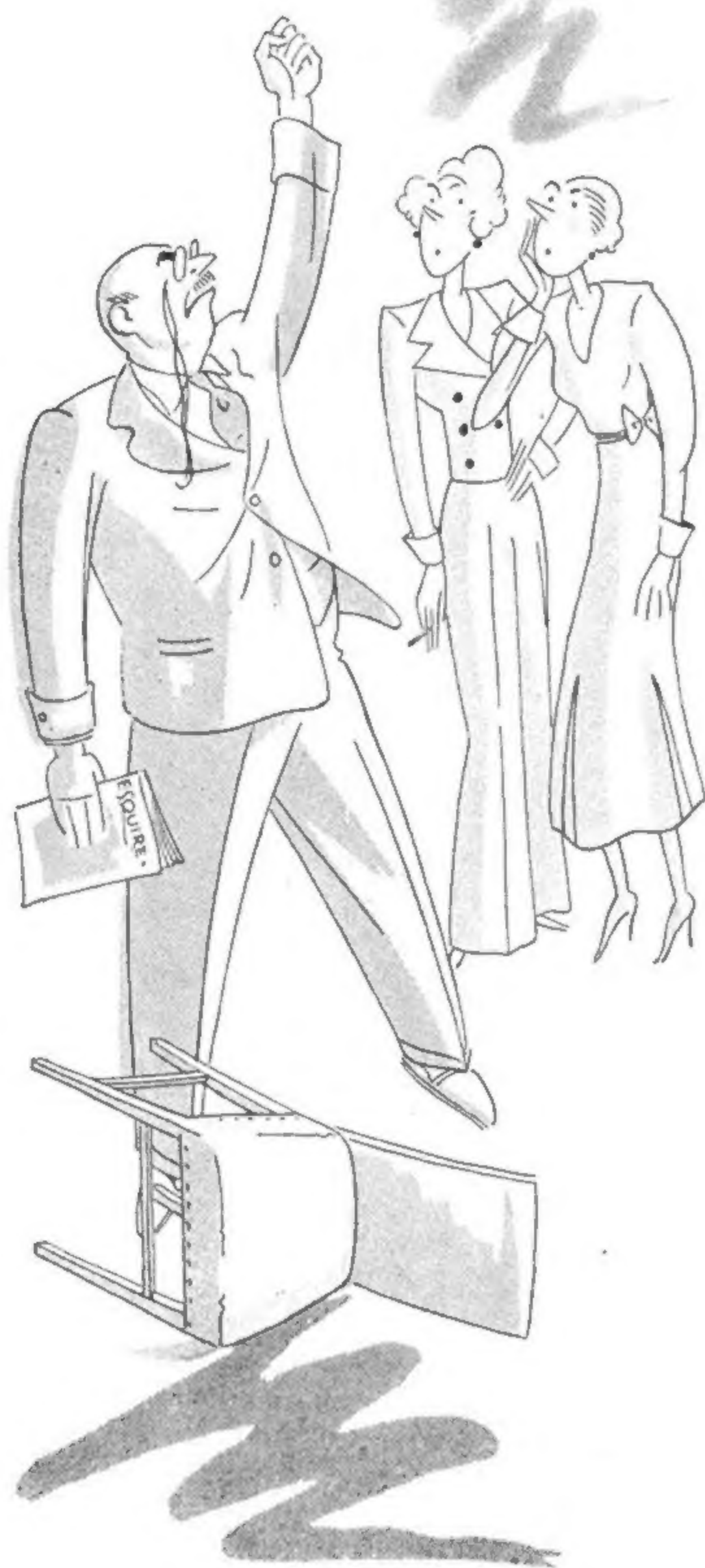


DAN MULLER

Paul Trebilcock is a well-known portrait painter. His camera work is strictly a hobby. At this writing, he is in Washington, doing a portrait of the President.

James T. Farrell, who reviews books in this issue, is an author rather than a critic, although his short reviews have appeared in a number of the magazines. His books are *Young Lonegan*, *Gashouse McGinty*, and a sequel to *Young Lonegan* which is announced for publication at about the time this issue of *ESQUIRE* appears.

Sam Ostrowsky is a Russian who has lived in Paris off and on for twenty years. The time that he has spent away from Paris, throughout that period, has been divided between Chicago, where he has kept a home, and the Catskills, where he has a summer place. He is a painter—one who has long been accepted in Paris art circles but whose reputation in America has only begun to grow. His canvases have been exhibited by the Whitney Museum of Modern Art, in New York, and by the Art Institute in Chicago.



Although
we tried to make
it as masculine
as a moustache

... there's no predicting a woman's taking ways. They've taken from man his cherished automobiles and airplanes, his cigarettes, his favorite knockabout hats and peat-smelling tweeds—even, of late, including the pants. They may even take his *ESQUIRE*. We've tried to make it unlikely—we can't make it impossible. The only remedy we can suggest is a subscription deliverable at the office, and another—in case they insist—at home.

ESQUIRE
THE QUARTERLY FOR MEN



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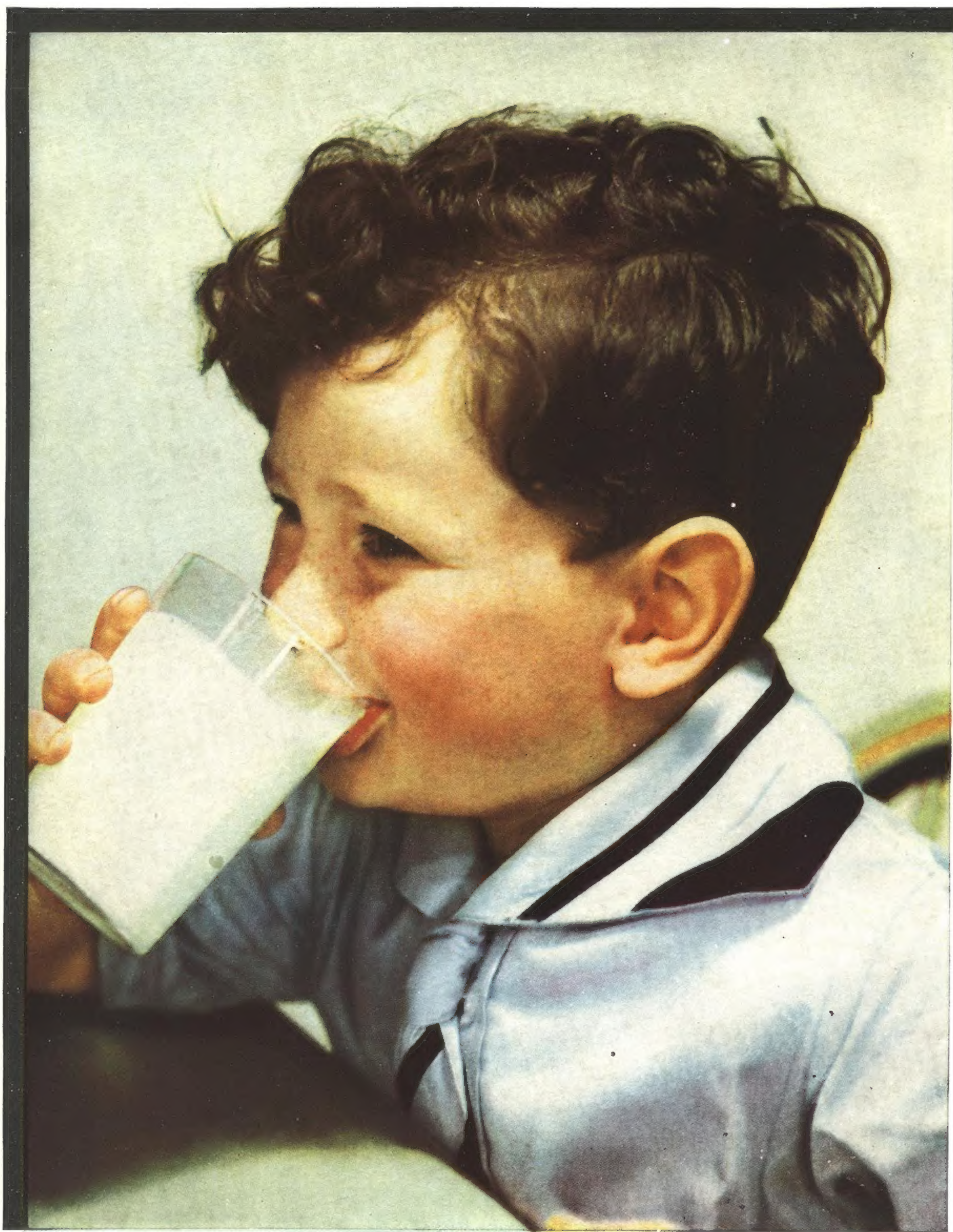
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Photograph in full color from live model by Pagano-Wilbar

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Whatever your hobby may be, you'll find that it teams up superbly with BUDWEISER, the King of Bottled Beer. The millions who welcomed beer back are finding that *there is only one BUDWEISER*. Brewed and fully aged in the largest brewery in the world.

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